



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



600055302L











Drawn by Topham.

THE DANCING ACADEMY.

THE SQUANDERS  
OF  
CASTLE SQUANDER.

BY  
WILLIAM CARLETON, Esq.  
Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," "The Black Prophet," &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.

LONDON:  
OFFICE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON LIBRARY,  
227, STRAND.  

---

1852.

249. v. 225.

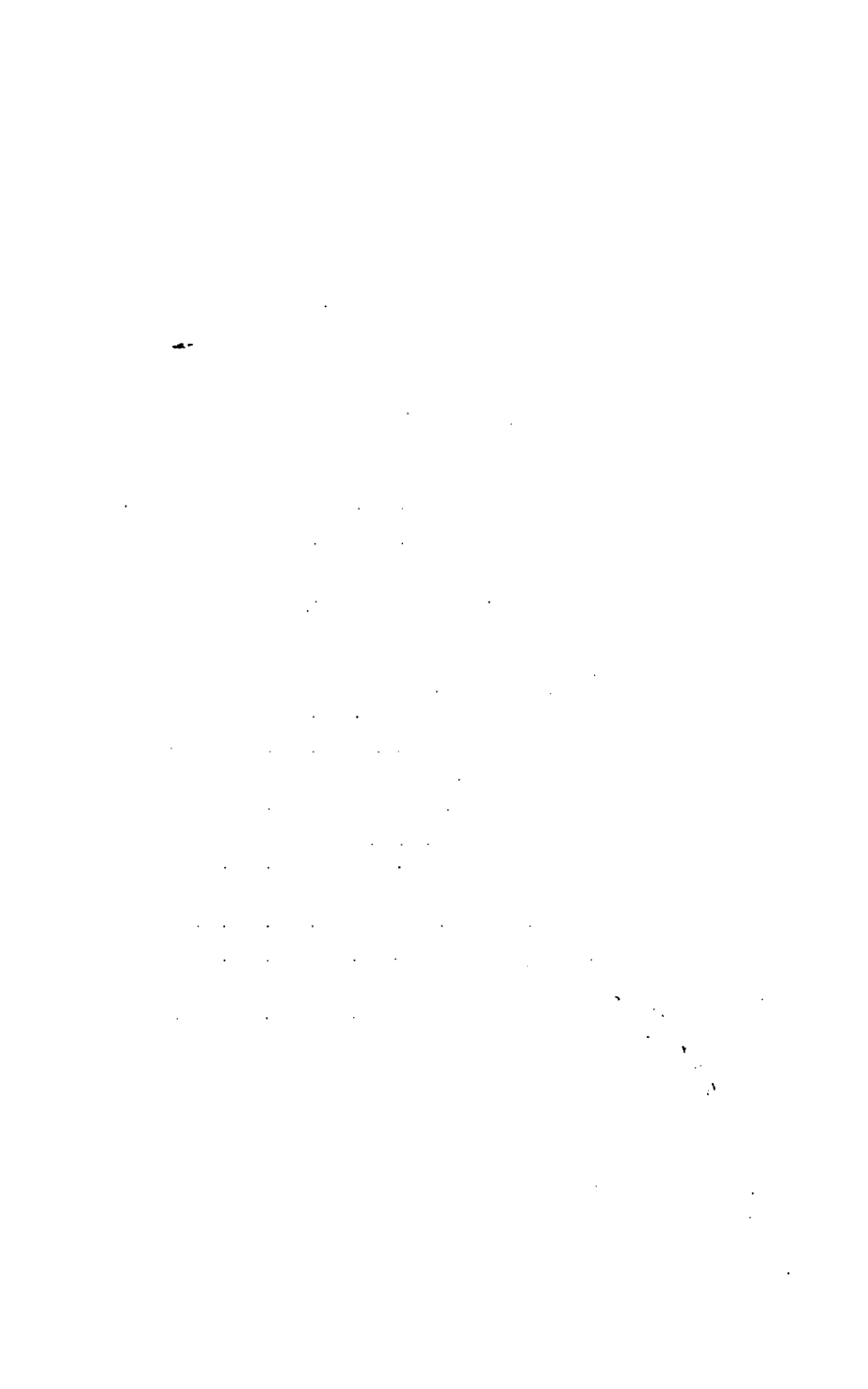
LONDON :  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.





# CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I.—A DOUBLE DUEL—POOR-HOUSES . . . . .	1
II.—THE CRUTCH CONSPIRACY . . . . .	24
III.—THE ELECTION—CONSEQUENCES OF AGITATION—A TRICK ON THE LANDLORD . . . . .	52
IV.—AN EXTERMINATION SCENE . . . . .	74
V.—THE RELIEF WORKS AND THEIR ABUSES—PERVERSION OF THE PUBLIC MONEY TO DISHONEST PURPOSES—A DECLARATION OF LOVE . . . . .	110
VI.—MRS. SQUANDER VISITS HER HUSBAND'S TOMB . . . . .	129
VII.—"GREASY POCKETS" AND PHIL FALLIOT—INGENIOUS TREACHERY OF THE LATTER . . . . .	145
VIII.—DEATH OF MRS. SQUANDER—EMILY—HER UNCLE TOM AND I VISIT THE NORTH . . . . .	170
IX.—A GLANCE AT NORTHERN CHARACTER—SAM WALLACE'S AUCTION . . . . .	189
X.—FAMINE AND PESTILENCE.—AN EVICTION . . . . .	204
XI.—DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY AFTER AN EXTERMINATION —FATE OF HARRY SQUANDER . . . . .	231
XII.—STATE OF THE POOR-HOUSES AND THE POOR—GENERAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY—THE CANNIBAL . . . . .	249
XIII.—CONCLUSION . . . . .	270



THE  
SQUANDERS OF CASTLE SQUANDER.

---

CHAPTER I.

---

A DOUBLE DUEL—POOR-HOUSES.

THE next morning, at about half-past five, Bob and the gentleman named Blake, both of whom slept in the Castle that night, were up; and, as I was an early riser, they desired me to start the two brothers. Dick had told me the night before of the arrangements that had been made for the double duel, which caused me to be up betimes. We all repaired to what was still called the school-room—already described—where the brothers always kept their pistols. The two cases were now washed, cleansed, dried, and tried, until we were all thoroughly satisfied that nothing in that respect was wrong. Bob's gig and horse had been put up the night before, and were now in readiness. Mr. Blake, Harry, and I went in the carriage, and in due time arrived on the Ballyscamper racecourse, which was the ground appointed for the meeting—the

precise spot, by the way, being not more than fifty or sixty yards from the scene of the preceding day's conflict. Our opponents were entering the course much about the same time as ourselves, and in a few minutes we met. They, also, had two seconds—one for each brother—and I should say, that we had engaged the professional services of Dr. Spiller, who was a good gentlemanly man, exactly one of those thoughtful, steady individuals whose presence gives confidence and self-possession on such occasions.

I could not help marking the distinction of character that was observable in the conduct and bearing of each brother during this trying scene. Dick evidently laboured under the influence of a more generous indignation than Harry, who appeared to feel not so much resentment as revenge. In fact, the one thought only of the insult offered to his sister; the other acted under the impulse of dark and selfish passion, that seemed less to demand the removal of a disgrace than the forfeiture of life itself. Both, however, were determined, cool, and firm; but Dick, unquestionably, the more easy and unembarrassed in his deportment.

"Well, at all events, Blake," said Bob, alluding to the seconds of the opposite party, "we have two fair men to deal with."

"But a pair of devilish sharp fellows, too," replied Blake, "for they are up to their business; however, it's always a pleasure to deal with men who know what they are about."

"Well," said Bob, "let us go to work. Gentlemen,

the top of the morning to you. Dick Heffernan, how are you? and you, Tracey, how is every tether length of you? A fine morning, glory be to God!"

"Bob, you devil, how are you? This is a bad business, and I suppose nothing can be done. Your friend, I think, ought to apologise; eh?"

"Heffernan, my dear fellow, be aisy now. Devil a man living understands a thing of this kind in all its bearings better than your four quarters. An apology to a man that deliberately insulted one of the best and sweetest and modestest girls in the country we stand in! Could he not have seized upon Dick's horse, or Harry's, or even hers, when in his own stable; but before the world, in an open race-course, too! By the hand of my body, if there had not been a living man belonging to her, with a drop of the family blood in him, I would have called out the sheriff myself for such conduct. If he chooses to apologise to Dick, I will accept the apology; but, at the same time, I must be allowed to dictate it, and no mistake."

"God bless you, Bob—we know you, my man! Ask an apology from an official gentleman who was publicly horse-whipped on a race-course for only discharging his duty!"

"But whose life, Heffernan, was saved by our interference."

"No matter for that; the blow was given, and there's nothing for it but the twelve paces."

"Very good, Dick; we are ready; but let us charge the blazers, and a fair toss-up for position. It was a

very cowardly act of your principal—and I say so because I know—and so do you—that he took this unmanly method of gratifying his vindictive grudge against the family.”

“Bob,” said Heffernan, “I am here to act for him ; and no private opinion I may feel upon the subject shall prevent me from doing my duty. I would rather it had come into other hands ; but it matters not now ; the duty I have undertaken, and I shall discharge it, I trust, like a man and a gentleman. You understand me, Bob ? ”

“I do, perfectly, Dick ; and it’s only what I could expect from you. The distance shall be twelve paces.”

“Twelve paces. I am satisfied. Will you step them ? ”

“I am much shorter in the stride than you are,” said Bob ; “but I leave it to yourself. The thing, I know, is always safer at eight or ten paces than at a longer distance.”

“I know that, too ; but I think twelve a fair and reasonable distance ; and, if you have no objection, twelve let it be. Shall I step them ? ”

“Do so,” replied Bob ; “and then we are ready.”

The men took their ground ; for the change of partners, already alluded to, had been arranged ; to wit, that Dick and the sheriff’s brother should meet, leaving the sheriff to Harry, as had been his wish.

“Now, gentlemen,” said Bob, “the signal shall be, one—two—three ; and, at the word ‘three,’ you fire.”

“I must confess,” said the sheriff’s brother, that I would much rather have before me the man who has left my face in this condition,”—and, indeed, his countenance

was sadly disfigured. "However, it does not matter much. I am ready."

"Dick," whispered Bob, "keep your elbow on your hip, to preserve a steady hand, and you will groin him."

The principals then took their ground; eyed each other sternly; the word was given: one—two—three, and Dick only fired, his opponent's pistol not having gone off. The latter, in the first instance, instinctively put his hand up to his whisker, and immediately looked at it; then, with remarkable force and a deep oath, dashed his pistol with tremendous strength into the earth.

"Perdition seize you, Heffernan!" he exclaimed, addressing his second; "did you bring me here to be murdered? Get me another pistol!—Quick!"

"The fault was not mine," replied Heffernan. "I wanted you to clean your pistols; but you were in such a hurry, and had such confidence in them, that you would not do so."

"Another pistol!" he shouted, stamping with the most violent rage upon the ground.

"That's all right, Dick," said Bob. "More of that to him! Do you, in the mane time keep cool, like a good steady lad as you are. Well as the same chap is practised at the work, he couldn't help betraying himself. You shaved his whisker, my boy; and I tell you that to encourage you."

"Bob," said Heffernan, taking him aside, "your friend won't fire now, or, at least, only in the air. This is

only fair ; then they can have a third shot upon principles of equality."

"Heffernan," replied the cool and unflinching ex-sheriff, "I have been engaged, either as principal or second, in fifteen little affairs of this kind, and that is my reply to you. If your pistol did not go off, Dick, that was no fault of ours ; and we are not going to pay the penalty of our lives, may be, for your mistakes. Place your man, then, Heffernan ; you know whom you have to deal with."

Heffernan shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and said—"Bob, there's no finding a soft corner on you. Come, then, let us to business."

"Now," said Bob to Squander, "upon my honour and conscience, you're a jewel ; you have every advantage, for he has lost his temper ; and all I have to say is, *just as before.*"

The signal was again repeated—both pistols went off ; but neither of the belligerents was touched, and each stood looking as sternly as before at the other.

"I must have another shot at him, Heffernan," shouted his principal again.

"That can't be," replied his second, "without the consent of our opponents ; which is altogether a matter of discretion with themselves. What do you say, Bob ?" he asked ; "you've heard his wishes."

"I withdraw my man, Dick," replied the little fellow ; "that's what I say : he has done all that a man and a gentleman ought to do. We have now concluded



our battle-piece, and it is time the others should appear."

"What do you mean?" shouted the other principal. "You shan't sneak from your ground in that manner, sir;" he added, addressing his opponent.

"It's all over, sir," said Bob. "The curtain's down, and we wish you a very good morning!"

"Your principal is a coward, sir," he shouted; "if he were not, he would stand his ground for another shot."

"You have spoken too late, my friend," replied Bob; "You're a day after the fair. You have seen no cowardice here."

"Come, Bob," said Dick, "I will gratify him; get me another pistol."

"No, Mr. Squander," said Heffernan, "it shall not be—at least, under my sanction. I now tell my principal that, in consequence of the ungentlemanly language he has just used, I deeply regret that I was concerned for him at all; and that if I could for one moment have anticipated the application of such language, I would have cut one of my arms off sooner than have taken any part whatsoever in the affair."

The men were then taken off the ground, and we all went to witness the other affair—or, to speak more truly, they joined us—for both duels were fought upon the same spot. This affair did not last long. The men were immediately placed, and each fired without any apparent effect. Harry was cool and firm, but a slight paleness came over his cheek, which did not escape the sagacity of Bob, who, on

approaching Blake, whispered—"Tace, Blake, your man's hit. I see it in his face. Upon my honour and conscience, he's a trump though. Go on."

"Gentlemen, are you satisfied?" said Blake.

"No," said Harry; "we must have two shots as well as apologise the others."

"I shall ask your principal," said Blake, "if he will, for the insult offered to Miss Squander."

This the sheriff peremptorily refused to do, and the men were placed once more. Again they fired, and the sheriff fell; having been hipped by Harry's second pistol. The eye of the latter blazed with an inhuman glare of savage triumph as he saw his opponent on the ground. "He has it," said he; "he has it."

"Not a word," said Blake; "remember that you are a gentleman—but *you* are hit."

"In the leg," said Harry, "by his first fire; but it won't signify. I am satisfied, and Emily is avenged."

The two doctors—for each party were provided—examined the sheriff's injury, but were unable to decide then as to what the result might be. It was a deep flesh wound; but as none of the arteries were found to be touched, they apprehended that, unless inflammation strongly set in, he might recover. Harry would not even lean upon Bob or his second as far as the carriage, which having entered, it was found that his opponent's ball had passed between the two bones of his leg without touching them, but the wound promised to confine him to bed for some time.

Thus ended this double duel, leaving the parties, as such savage and unjustifiable encounters too frequently do, filled with deeper and deadlier resentment against each other than they had, if possible, entertained before.

A few weeks, however, set Harry upon his legs once more, and the family struggled on as usual for some time in the old way ; striving, by an occasional entertainment, to deceive the public as to the state of their circumstances. "Greasy Pockets" had now made himself thoroughly acquainted with the condition of their property, and became, consequently, more jocular and tyrannical. That property was certainly infested by what might well be termed a *squad* population. In other words, there were thousands upon it who stood in no other relation to the landlord except that of mere occupancy—persons who were not, nor ever had been, his tenants, and who certainly, in point of truth and justice, had no more claim upon him than they had upon the Grand Turk. But if that were the case—as it was—the landlords themselves, by ignorance and neglect of their own duties, as such, were the original cause of this monstrous abuse and confusion of landed property. They not only gave leases in which there was no clause to restrict the tenant from sub-letting, but in general—at least so long as the forty-shilling franchise existed—they found it in accordance with their political interests and their political influence to encourage it. The head landlord, for instance, let a farm, say of two or three hundred acres, to one tenant, at a moderate rent ; that tenant, knowing the

---

insatiable and insane appetite that exists in the country for possessing land, and moved also by a love of gain, sublets that farm, perhaps a hundred acres to one man, and another hundred to another, occupying only one hundred himself. These men again subdivide and sublet; the hundred-acre man reserving, probably, only thirty or forty to himself, the remainder being let out to tenants who hold from ten to twelve and fifteen acres a head. At this stage generally the subletting stops; but the rent, in proportion as the quantity of land is diminished, becomes increased by the subletting; so that if we suppose the first tenant, or him nearest to the landlord, to pay only fifteen shillings an acre, the greater portion of it pays probably thirty, two pounds, or two pounds ten, in proportion as you descend in the scale. But we must proceed still lower down. The farmer of twelve or fifteen acres has a large family—for population increases as you approach the confines of poverty—this man, we say, has a large family. They grow up, and must be provided for. The eldest son marries a wife; the father allots him a portion of his small tenement. The second son marries, and is allotted another portion. Upon these fragments the population increases in a ratio with their poverty, as we said, until their miserable tenements are scarcely able to support them with food, putting rent out of the question. Here, then, the depression progresses up from one tenant to another, until at last the head landlord becomes involved in the general embarrassment. Under such circumstances, the landlord is affected by the inability of the

first tenant ; the first by that of the second ; the second by that of the third ; until, in many cases, he is obliged to come down on the property itself for his rent. Many knavish middlemen have been known to withhold their own rents, in order that the landlord might sweep it off the property of those under-tenants who had already paid their rents to such middlemen.

The classes we have named, however, are all comparatively respectable when contrasted with cotters, squatters, or daily labourers, who have a shed and sometimes a bit of garden, and who labour from daybreak to sunset, at a wage of from sixpence a day to tenpence and a shilling, for middleman No. 1, middleman No. 2, and middleman No. 3. The latter class are generally the produce of the last or lowest division of the soil, who when they find their families increase and grow, are forced to let them shift for themselves, their subdivisions being too small to admit of coming to the homœopathic or infinitesimal system.

Such being the deplorable and gloomy condition of Irish property, encumbered as it was with hordes of helpless and starving paupers—and why it became so encumbered, we have already shown—the Imperial Parliament felt that for a country and population so circumstanced some legislative enactment was necessary. The Irish Poor-law was accordingly passed, but upon data so meagre and insufficient—data that involved such extreme ignorance of the country and the habits of the people—that we are no more surprised at its partial failure, than that it has itself become, unintentionally of course to the

purposes of its framers, one of the most tremendous scourges that ever afflicted a country. We are not, however, to judge of it either by its merits or demerits, because in its infancy and even up to the present melancholy hour, it was set to contend with circumstances of such unexpected and gigantic difficulty as no infant institution could possibly grapple with or overcome. We have been pretty severe upon the landlords, but within the last few years there have existed elements of ruin and calamity in the country which we cannot with justice ascribe to them. What the Irish Poor-law may become to the country, is yet to be proved. In truth its principles could not have been fairly or honestly worked out; and until a gradual development of our national wealth and resources takes place, by a reasonable mitigation of rents, and a more enlightened knowledge of agricultural labour, it would be premature to call it up for judgment. *Adhuc sub judice lis est*; but we know that the best medicines, when improperly administered, may destroy the patient. We must reserve any further observations, however, on this topic, until we shall have got farther advanced in our narrative, and come more closely to the management of the Castle Squander property.

Even then, however, there began to dawn the commencement of that under-current of improvement which will, we trust, ultimately make its way in the country. The landlords were alarmed at the gloom which was gathering about them, and began to encourage, both by precept and example, principles and modes of tillage

that, with some modifications, must ultimately tell upon the general prosperity. But these principles, at the period of which we write, were, as we said, only beginning to make their appearance. They had not consequently assumed such an importance as to constitute a distinct feature in the national aspect.

In the mean time, the poor-laws were coming ; and such a collision between the two great waves of hope and terror as agitated the class on whom they were more immediately to operate, was scarcely ever witnessed. Those who were poor by necessity welcomed them as a relief from Heaven ; whilst the vagrant and professional mendicants dreaded them as a curse. The moment, however, that their principles became better known, a melancholy despondency fell upon the virtuous poor. The instincts of the national heart became alarmed, and all those tender and beautiful principles which make up the pure and enlarged enjoyments of domestic life among our people, were startled into dread at any arrangement that was to separate the toiling husband from the converse and society of his faithful and loving partner—of her who had in early youth and with devoted attachment associated her destiny with his, and partook—sometimes in smiles, and oftener in tears—of all the trying vicissitudes which marked their humble and neglected lot. Then their beloved little ones, whose innocent play and caresses had been frequently their only consolation, when all beyond the precincts of their wretched cabin were indifferent to their existence and ignorant of their cares. And were *they* to be parted with?

Were these new establishments to come in and devastate their very hearts—to blight their holiest instincts, and extinguish those affections which bound them to each other, and so often rescued their spirits from the influence of temptation, of despair, and of crime? Then, again, were those beautiful superstitions of the heart, founded upon charity to the poor, and assistance to our distressed fellow creatures, to be for ever abolished from the land? Was the habit of benevolence to be checked and undone? Was the handful of meal or the double-handful of potatoes to the wandering and houseless mendicant, to be no longer a gratification to the humble, who knew and felt that what they gave to the poor they lent unto God? Was “the well-remembered beggar,” whose chimney-corner tale or legend amused the old and delighted the young, never more to be welcomed to the hospitable hearth, nor his solemn blessing at departure, on whose efficacy such simple confidence was placed, never again to sound in their ears, and make them feel what a consoling principle is the love of our fellow-creatures? Were all the various classes of the wandering poor who had subsisted so long upon the virtues of the people, to be swept away to the sunless wards of the poor-house, and the land which they had traversed upon the strength of Christian charity to be turned into a still and unchristian desert, where the wild rhyme of the prophecy-man—the news of the *cosh-er*—the love-secret of the matchmaker—the song of the *boccach*—and the battles of the old soldier, were never more to be heard? Alas! what a host of warm, simple,



benevolent, and evangelical virtues, living, multiplying, and working in humble obscurity, were then in existence ! But where are they now ? Absorbed and dried up by famine, extermination, and the antinatural discipline of the poor-house.

As general description, however, gives, after all, but a faint notion of these matters, we will ask our readers to accompany us to a poor cabin or hut, where we will place a single affectionate and virtuous family before their eyes. They will then have an opportunity of witnessing the force of that which we wish to explain, as well as of the beautiful domestic love and tenderness of the Irish poor.

At the time the incidents we are about to relate occurred, the poor-houses had been already established, and the hard impress of legislative comfort—administered, as it was and is, at the expense of our best affections—was tolerably well known to the people.

Peter Cassiday, an humble daily labourer, who lived in the immediate vicinity of Castle Squander, was a quiet, unassuming man, with good features, in which might be read thoughtfulness and care, unless when conversation took a light or cheerful turn, and then would be observed that strong perception of our national humour in the comic force of expression which lit up his whole countenance, as into one general illumination of mirth, to which, indeed, his own easy mother-wit—free and natural—abundantly contributed. When seen and heard in *one of these moods*, a stranger might imagine that the spirit of that man was light, unruffled, and by no means susceptible

of the serious business of life, or the tenderer emotions of the heart. He who judges of an Irishman, however, upon ordinary principles, will in general find himself woefully mistaken. In Ireland you almost uniformly discover the deepest pathos associated with the richest and most irresistible humour, which, in fact, is a law of nature prevalent in all countries, and in all dispositions, but proverbially so among Irishmen. He had married a sweet, innocent, mirthful girl, called Mary Murray; one of those light-hearted creatures on whose countenances the simple spirit of remote and unadulterated life impresses a character of that beautiful ignorance of conventional vice, which can be found nowhere but in the still glens and far-off pastoral districts of this and every other country; for in these districts only can the household virtues and the artless confidence placed in that truth, which is the natural guide of the heart and its affections, be read at a glance in the freshness of feeling and moral purity that beam even from the plainest face. The face of Mary Murray, however, was not a plain one. Innocent-looking, open-hearted, she was one of those delightful country maidens whose pure and simple character is seen like the light of a precious jewel, in the countenance, of which beauty is only the setting.

Such was Mary Murray, and such was her husband; and such are hundreds of thousands in the same country, who, if they had only proper attention from those who derive the means of life from their toils and cares, would not be the neglected and degraded people they are.

Poor Cassidy had a family of five children, altogether depending upon his daily labour. He had never been a strong man; and his family had been afflicted with an hereditary tendency to decline. For two years and upwards, previous to the scene we are about to describe, he had been suffering severely from it. He had struggled on, however; for he knew that on the labour of his now feeble hands depended the lives of those whom he loved with a tenderness that was sacred.

It was on a Saturday night, and two of his children were ill—one of them his favourite; for where is the father, who, however enlarged and affectionate his heart may be, does not feel that there is *one* on whom the whole fulness of affection is more abundantly poured forth? We know the fact, but we cannot account for the principle.

We said it was Saturday; and our readers are not to be told that, with persons of his class and condition in life, the close of the week is always a time of meagre and scanty subsistence. Two of the little ones, we say, were ill; and on that day they would have been without medicine suitable to their complaint, and the other children without their day's food, had it not been for the angelic benevolence of her whom we shall presently name to the reader. Peter, however, came in, and his little flock ran to him, with the exception of the two who were sick, and, one after the other, putting their little arms about his neck, embraced him, and he in return embraced them all, and pressed them to a heart whose pulses he knew would not beat long for them.

"Peter dear," said his wife, "you are better than usual to-night."

"How are the two cratures?" he asked, not replying to her; "how is little Peter and Rose?"

"Not worse, thank God."

"I must see them," said he.

"Yes, Peter; but wait,—don't be sheddin' tears,—dcn't, darlin'; they're better, and we are not without food, as you thought."

"I must see them," said he; "I must see my sick childre."

"Well, dear," said his wife, "do so; but poor things, as they are asleep, don't do or say anything that might waken them. But Peter, don't cry, dear; for we had food since you seen us."

He went to the little truss of straw upon which his beloved ones lay, and having looked upon their pale faces, and seeing that they were asleep, he withheld expression of the father's affections and his grief together, and in silent sorrow returned to the fireside.

"You say, you and they got food, *avillish ma chree* (sweetness of my heart); how did that come? for I left you wid scarcely any breakfast, and no dinner."

"Miss Emily," said she, "from the castle, heard of the children being ill, and she came to see them. Pether, dear, that girl isn't a girl, but an angel from heaven. One word brought on another, until she found out how we wor distressed; then she looked at the sick cratures, and desired me to call to the apothecary's, sayin' that

she'd see him on her way home, and that she'd call back in a couple of hours. She did so, and brought half-a-crown wid her—which she said was all she had—and which made my heart come to my mouth wid joy, *for the sake of the little ones*. But Peter darlin', there was more than that, and betther too; I could take the money wid a grateful heart, for oh! we wanted it sorely; but when she looked at the two sick ones, and then turned her eyes upon the house, and the place, and then upon me—ah! you know, changed I am now, Peter!—upon me, I say, and the childre, *she cried for us!* As God is marciful, that beautiful, elegant crature, that never knew anything about distress herself, cried for me and for my childre—what signified the half-crown, ay, or if it had been gould itself, *to that?*”

“She's always doin' good,” replied her husband, cheered by this intelligence; “but the family isn't what it was in the ould man's time; and the darlin' lady hasn't now so much in her power as she used to have.”

“Well, but what ails you, Peter? I see that, for all the good news, there's something wrong wid you.”

“There is, Mary darlin': this poor cabin was a comfort to us, but we must give it up. Mr. Harry tould me to-day that I was'nt able to do a man's work any longer, and I knew, God help me! that he spoke nothing but the truth. He says he wants to remove all these cabins, and that we must lave this.”

“Lave this! but where, on God's earth, are we to go, Peter dear?”

"He says," said the poor man, breaking into tears, "that he'll get us into the new poor-house that has been built, where we are to be clothed and fed, and have nothing to do."

"And am I to lead a life of idleness?" replied the poor industrious creature. "It might do very well for you, darlin', as you are now hardly able to work; but am *I* to be idle? and, what is worse, are our childre to be brought up in idleness?"

"That's bad enough," said her husband, "but it isn't the worst of it. We are to be separated, I from you, and both of us from our childre."


"You from me, my heart's life, and you in the state of health you are in! and the mother from the childre! My darlin' life!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about his neck, and bursting into a flood of tears, "no, never! any change, any misfortune, but that. Whatever fate God in his goodness or anger has sent upon the country, our hearts wor never divided. The wife, in all his sickness and sorrow, was allowed to attend to her husband and the father of her childre, and the mother to her poor darlins, who would die under the hand of a stranger. Oh, merciful God! what 'ud become of these two darlins that are so ill, if their dim and sickly eyes could not turn to me, and to you too, for that love and tendherness which no stranger could give them as we could? Oh, never, Peter, never shall we put a foot into that house. Let us beg—starve—die; but let us be all together."

"It is," replied her husband, "if what is said of these

houses is true, Mary, it is just breakin' the hearts of the poor by act o' Parliament."

"Come here, darlins," said his wife, all the tenderness of the mother gushing at once out of her heart, "come here to your father and me; to that lovin' father, that would sink and die if he hadn't yez to be about him, and to look upon, and to spake to. Come here, darlins; come here to him and to me. Oh, what would we do without you! In spite of misery, and poverty, and distress, wasn't every hour of the day pleasant to our hearts, so long as we had you with us? Your little cares, your little quarrels, even your love and your affection; the necessity of watchin' you, of lookin' to you, your complaints, your little prayers at night and in the mornin' at your mother's knee—the girls with me, the boys with him—the washin' of your little faces, and the combin' of your heads, and this——. Come, Peter," she exclaimed, with her arms about her little group, "come, Peter, in God's name, on next Monday mornin' let us take the world on our heads, and bear any hardship that won't tear our hearts asundher."

"Mary," said he, with deep emotion, "there is only one thing that will ever part me from you and these childre, that is death. So long as life is left me, come what may, we will spend it together. Whisht, childre, whisht," he added, for the elder portion of them had begun to cry on hearing and witnessing this painful scene. "Whisht, darlins; you won't be separated from us. We'll go nowhere but where we'll be together."



"I would let nobody take my daddy from me," said the eldest boy; "sure I would'nt, daddy?" he added, kissing him as he spoke; "and when I get a little bigger I'll be able to work for yez all; and my poor daddy that's sick needn't work any more then, at all."

"And I, too," said the eldest girl; "if I was able I'd work, too, Tom; and when I am able I will work, and we'll help them as well as we can; and poor Peter, that's sick, oh, wait till *he* gets big—him that my daddy loves so."

"Don't I love you all, darlins!" exclaimed the father.

"Ay, daddy; but you love Peter best, because he is called afther you, and because he is so like you, and because he's always the first to run out every evenin' to see if you are comin'."

A feeling of inexpressible tenderness for his sick boy smote the father's heart on hearing these affectionate traits of his favourite detailed. He got up, and going to the little straw shake-down on which the two sick children slept, he stood over both, and the bitter tears ran copiously down his cheeks. He stood and contemplated them for a time, and said, in a low, broken voice, "poor darlins of my breakin' heart, well as I love you, we'll be separated soon and for ever."

The favourite, who was asleep, and heard not what he had said, threw his little emaciated arms out from the scanty bed-clothes, and, in one of those feverish ebullitions in which the tongue of the sleeper gives utterance to the predominant feeling of the heart, said, "yes, yes, daddy, and I will go with you."



The father started, but the mother, observing his agitation on hearing the words, checked his alarm.

"You know, Peter dear," she said, "that these are the very words he says every Sunday mornin' when he wants to go with you to mass."

"Ay," said the husband, much relieved, "and so they are, Mary. God bless you, darlin', for bringin' them to my thoughts. I was frightened, for I thought it might be his guardian angel that spoke in his name. But, my God, Mary, dear," he exclaimed, "is the poor-house to destroy all this? Small and humble as this cabin is, yet who could tell, except ourselves, all the happiness we've had undher its roof. Oh, let them take our health, our time, our labour if they like; let them take away our very liberty, Mary, but, in the name of God, and of the lovin' hearts he has given us, let them not take away *our affections*."

Alas, alas! little did Peter Cassidy anticipate the scenes which took place at a subsequent period in these melancholy and ill-fated institutions.

We are glad to say, however, that, owing to the interference of Emily, and even Dick himself, with their brother Harry, poor Cassidy was not disturbed from his cabin until death removed him, which was in about four months after the occurrence of the scene we have described, of which we were a witness.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE CRUTCH CONSPIRACY,

So much for the feelings of the virtuous poor on this painful subject. Now, however, we come to a different class—by which we mean the multitudinous tribes of professional vagabonds and mendicants, who looked forward to an immediate loss of liberty with a feeling of lofty patriotism, that would have done honour to the whole sapient body of the Young Irelanders themselves. And, indeed, we have good reason to believe that it was principally upon the strength of this powerful party that these young gentlemen relied in achieving Irish liberty by the statesman-like effort of forty-eight. It is well known that the establishment of poor-houses did not diminish the number of the class we are speaking of. On the contrary, there is not an Irishman living who does not know that the vagabonds and mendicants, of every description, seemed rather to have increased upon the establishment of poor-laws, until the country became actually paralysed with astonishment. A negotiation had certainly been carried on between them, in which the Young Irelanders—some of whom had been reading a

loose translation of "Machiavel"—completely overshot the mark. The object of the latter was to supply themselves, from the class we write of, with two of the most important items in a rebellion—to wit, *officers* and a *commissariat*. The funds were to come from the Provisional Treasury as soon as it should be formed, and the money coined by a patriotic and travelling tin merchant, who undertook the coinage, having had some experience in that art before. Upon a closer understanding, however, the mendicant party began to foresee that they were likely to be misled. Their object was the possession of the public offices, Bill-i'-the-bowl insisting that he had a right to that of Prime Minister, inasmuch as, whatever state of public feeling predominated, he could shift himself round upon his bottom, so as to face it very like a man, and still more like a minister. This caused a rupture between the parties, because, in the closeness of discussion, it was discovered that the Young Irelanders were determined to keep all the places and public offices to themselves.

"And what are you to give us?" said the tatterdemalions, headed by Bill-i'-the-Bowl.

"Why," replied the Young Ireland party, "have you no soul—no spirit for universal freedom? Have you no lofty aspirations?—no humanity?—no fire?—no lightning?—no thunder?"

"No," said Billy, "the devil a taste of anything o' the kind we have stronger than brimstone; but what are you goin' to give us, if we officer you and commissariat you?"

"Why, LIBERTY!!!"



"Liberty?" replied Billy; "and is that it, you schamers? Liberty? Why we have as much liberty as we want. Can't we spake what we like, do what we like, sing what we like, ait what we like, and get drunk when we like? And here for our finding yez officers to lead you on, and a commissariat to feed yez, you're comin' 'to carry coals to Newcastle,' are yez? and to offer men liberty that have been at liberty all their lives. No: and now I tell yez, that if I had found you honest, I had strong notions of takin' the field at your head in my own 'bowl,' and leadin' yez on to eternal glory, where very few of yez, I am afraid, would follow me. Go and mind your books, childre."

So saying, Billy hopped away, leaving the opposite party to do the same; which they did.

The class we speak of, however, were struck with a panic on hearing that they were to be deprived of their liberty, and shut up in the poor-houses. The effect of this apprehension was extremely ludicrous; but so serious was it among them, that a general combination is said to have taken place, which was denominated the "Crutch Conspiracy." The national mendicants and vagabonds by act of Parliament were determined to assert the rights and privileges of vagrancy, and to maintain those hereditary usages which naturally flowed from the wealth and superabundance of so rich a country. Accordingly, with this glorious purpose in view, the first thing they did was to hold several meetings, in order to discuss the question in all its bearings. An old dilapidated inn in the town of

Ballyscamper, which for some years had been closed for want of custom, and in which "the free citizens" had been in the habit of holding their riotous rendezvous, was selected as that in which they should meet and give expression to their sentiments. I had got a hint of this important palaver, which I communicated to Dick, who expressed a wish to attend it if possible. The meeting being deliberative, and preparatory to a general demonstration of vagabond strength, was to be held with closed doors, and none were to be admitted but the initiated, or those who could give the pass-word. Now I may say that Bill i' the Bowl—a wag and a satirist—was an individual whom almost every one in the country knew personally. He stood (if we may be allowed a little liberty of metaphor) at the head of his class; for he had no legs, and consequently hopped along with a fiddle-backed stool in each hand, and a copper-fastened bowl strapped to his under-parts. I consequently made a point to see Bill, and express to him a wish that I and Dick should, if possible, be present at their meeting. Bill shook his head, and said—

"I'm afeard, Mr. Randal, dat de ting's impossible."

"Half-a-crown from each of us, Bill."

"Oh, it isn't dat," he replied, "bekaise in point o' fact it's a free meetin'. We never levies contributions from ourselves, but only from de public, but—well, I dunna—de ting might be done, but den it could only be by disguise—and where could yez get de disguises?"

"Oh, as to that, Bill," I replied, "Mr. Squander has a

lot of them. Many a time he and I have 'been assisted' by Dr. M'Claret as "poor persons"—for the joke's sake, you know."

"Well den," said Bill, "if Mr. Squander has de disguises you spake of, let him not part wid 'em, in regard dat he may find use for 'em some o' dese days yet, and dat not for de joke's sake eider."

"Well, but can the thing be managed, Bill?"

"Hem! half-a-crown a-piece?"

"Yes."

"Paid now?"

"Paid now, Bill;" and I handed him the money.

"Well den—tanks, Mr. Randy—well den, as we don't issue tickets of admission—dere will be no *soup* in question—" he added, with a villanous grin; "de best way is to give yez the pass-word, and dat is, you come to de door wid your pockets turned inside out—and by-and-by, I'm afeard, Master Dick won't find *dat same* very difficult—wid your pockets turned inside out, and when you're axed for de word, say 'Ireland and Beggary for ever!' Den you'll be admitted."

"Faith, Bill, upon the principle of both the pass-word and the pockets, you might hold a monster meeting if you wished."

"I know dat," replied Bill, "but dis is a select meetin'. We wouldn't admit de common poor, bekaise we look upon ourselves as de aristocracy of de class. De common poor have no hereditary rights and privileges, as we have. Oh, no, dis is a select meetin' of de higher classes."

“‘Ireland and Beggary for ever!’ is the word, you say?”

“Yes, dat is de word, bekaise if beggary was to be done away wid in de country—which may God forbid!—what ’ud become *of uz*? Any one wid a fixed residence or a roof at all over deir head, we look upon as plebians. Even ‘Dan’ himself *I* supported only so long as he went *on Circuit*, for we considered him den as one of ourselves—somewhat like myself and my bowl—travelling from ‘Sizes to ‘Sizes. Accordingly we supported him antil he came to de Tribute and a fixed residence, and den we could not conscientiously support him any longer, at laste *I* couldn’t, widout violatin’ my political integrity. Up antil that he joined us in opposin’ de poor-laws; but he ratted, first in givin’ up de ‘forties,’ and next in supportin’ de same poor-laws aginst us, so dat he sacrificed us to de Whigs. What, den, could we do but widdraw *our* support from a political traitor to his country?”

“At what hour do you meet, Bill?”

“At ten o’clock de business of de night commences; and if Master Dick ’ud ordher a gallon or two to give *spirit* to de debate, you know, it ’ud be no harm to eider of you in case of a diskivery.”

“Well,” *I* replied, “*I* shall give him a hint on the subject.”

“And remimber,” added Bill, “that if you’re diskivered to be strangers, *I* must introduce yez as a pair o’ vaga-bones from de far part o’ de country—may God pardon me for tellin’ de truth, which is aginst our principles.”

*I* could have tumbled the scoundrel out of his bowl in

consequence of the grin which accompanied the last words; but as I looked forward to the meeting with a good deal of curiosity, I determined to treat the satirical cripple with forbearance.

A little after ten, Dick and I arrived at the ruinous old inn—which indeed might be considered as an emblem of the country—and by virtue of our disguises, and the password, were admitted. We found that most of them, by a vagabond kind of freemasonry peculiar to themselves, knew each other as belonging to the class. On entering, there was no particular attention paid to us—a circumstance by which we were considerably relieved; but even if we had been suspected, each of us, from previous practice, could have distinguished ourselves pretty well as a master of both the brogue and slang of the meeting.

The room in which we found ourselves had been the dining-room of the inn in its days of prosperity, and we could not help reflecting upon the significant change which it had undergone.

All the varieties of imposture were now about us; most of them stripped of their mechanical accessories of deceit, but by no means all. Healthy cripples, with limbs that would have shamed those of Hercules, were there; the “have compassion on the poor blind creature” class had—the female portion of them at least—as good-looking and tempting eyes as ever I looked upon in my life. The cancerous cases were, for the healthiness of their skin when stripped of the daily malady, perfectly enviable. The blind, with the exception of the cripples,



were the most active among them, and both conducted the visitors to their seats. As we went in, a paralytic case was in the act of dancing a hornpipe, which he did with a vigour and activity that I have seldom seen equalled. A fellow, with a distorted limb, who had forgotten himself into honesty, quarrelled with a man who had been born blind, and a prettier or more athletic use of the said limb, nor a better perception by a keen pair of eyes, of an open point in his adversary than was exhibited by both, I never expect to witness. There were five or six females, "who had seen better days," but who were certainly determined to make it up by the jollification of the nights. The boy who could only grunt like a pig sang some of the sweetest songs I ever heard. The villain was gifted with an exquisite tenor, which, had he been possessed of a better ambition, would have made his fortune on the stage. Some of the female ballad-singers, too, who squalled so execrably on the streets, sang beautifully. But of all the skeletons I ever witnessed, the dropsical case, who, in his garb of imposture, might have acted Falstaff, was the greatest. The fellow was afflicted with an enlargement of the liver, and had, consequently, such an excess of gastric juice, that, although he possessed the appetite and voracity of a wolf, he could not succeed in getting flesh upon his bones. The epileptic cases, however, were, so far as I could observe, in the highest and best spirits of any present. Their mirth and cheerfulness were excessive, and I found more wit and jocularity among them than I did among any other class. There

were two or three reduced gentlemen, too, who, as I discovered in the course of the evening, had been footmen and butlers in families of rank, but having been dismissed for theft and dishonesty, after going through all the descending gradations of imposture, were forced to fall back upon their knowledge of high life and gentility. Crutches, false eyes, wooden legs, artificial cancers, scrofulous necks, artificial wens, sore legs, and a vast variety of similar complaints, were hung up upon the walls of the room, and made me reflect upon the degree of perverted talent and ingenuity that must have been necessary to sustain such a mighty mass of imposture. Had this intellect, thought I, been devoted to the exercise of honest and virtuous endeavour, how much advantage, in the shape of energy and example, might not society have derived from it.

Bill-i'-the-Bowl himself was sitting in an old crazy arm-chair, his bowl still under him, which was considered as the emblem of his authority—the throne of his power. His case, so far as defect of formation in the limbs—or, rather as their actual absence was concerned—could not be considered as one of imposture—that is, setting the habits of his life aside. But along with him there were, in fact, quite as great a number of really blind and decrepid as there were of impostors. All who were assembled here, were, however, impostors either in a single or a double sense. Habits of mendicancy had made impostors of the *naturally* blind and lame, whilst skill and adroitness of personification and deceit had transformed





about one-half of the others into the appearance of that which they were not.

Truth, however, is due even to the class of the poor. Many a poor creature and family were in the habit of wandering *for their bit* through the country, full of simplicity and honesty and piety, whose morals had never been tainted, and whose principles remained firm and true to religion and virtue. Of such, however, there were none present here on the night in question. *They* were partaking of the hospitality of those who knew the melancholy history of the circumstances which had brought them low, and were then reposing in that humble comfort, whether by the farmer's hearth, or in freshly cut rushes in the humble cabin of the day-labourer or cottar.

Whiskey, neat, and in all its strength, was the drink of the company, and briskly indeed did it circulate among them.

"Come," said Bill, "you know I'm standin' chairman upon all matters of public business. De time for discussion is arrived. Let all of you who have travelled to-day on your own legs take deir saits, and de cripples, as is usual, must stand, bekaise *dey* can better afford it. I was touchin' glasses wid Funny Eye here, and a sweet creature she is, oderwise I'd have called on public affairs before now. Where are de dummies? Come forrid, gintlemen, and debate our rights. If you knew de value of your own talents, it isn't here, but agitatin' de 'country upon a larger scale ye'd be. Yez won't give silent wotes to-night any how."

"Three chairs for our cheerman!" exclaimed a wag from the lower end of the room, in allusion to Billy's sedentary habits and the extension of the part next the chair which they had produced.

"Ah," said Billy, "dat fellow is a linen manufacturer in reduced circumstances; he has spint most of his life on the *tread-mill*."

"He has just tired of thread," said another, "and intinds to pathronise hemp."

"I don't doubt it," said Bill; "de fellow is fond of ornaments, and will die wid a state collar of it about his neck. Dat will do dough; silence now, and to business. Let de minutes of de last meetin' be read."

"Mr. Chairman, or Mr. Bowlman," said one of the 'reduced gentlemen,' "you are already out of order; there has been no secretary appointed yet."

"Sir," said Bill, "isn't cripple Bradley de standin' secretary as I am de standin' chairman?"

"And becouse," said another, "devil a leg your arguments will have to stand on."

"We'll bottom them upon sound principles for all dat," said Bill. "Cripple Brady, read de minutes of our last proceedins."

"You must first place me on de table," said that gentleman, "to put me upon an equality wid my fellow-citizens."

This was accordingly done, and the secretary, who was placed upon an old trunk, began to read as follows:—  
"Minutes of de last night's proceedins'. Moved by Bob

Beatty (of de falling sickness), ‘Dat de introduction of Poor-laws and Poor-houses into dis country is at vaariance wid natural liberty and de rights of supplication of her Majesty’s loyal subjects, to whom de state and condition of de country render sich rights a work of needcessity ; seconded in a long norration by Barney Bates (a dummie from his birth, and the seventh son of a dumb family)—’

“Dat will do,” said Bill ; “we all know—dat is, sich of us as wor sober—what passed on de last night of our meetin’. Dere is a good deal of business to be done, and a great deal of whiskey to be drunk to-night—I see two gallons has been handed in dere by some one—and as de proceedins’ of to-night is of particklar importance, I tink it necessary dat we get trough our business before we get trough our liquor. I hope de Cheerman will be supported, I mane in de business, bekaise I know he will in de liquor.”

“I know,” said one of the “reduced gentlemen,” rising up, “that although the conduct of our excellent and worthy Chairman is a little irregular in omitting the minutes of the last night’s proceedings, yet I feel that as the heart of the meeting appears to be with him, as indeed it always is (*hear, hear*), we are bound to proceed directly to the business before us ; which consists of two gallons of—”

“Oh, for heaven’s sake,” exclaimed the Chairman, “keep dat unfortunate ‘reduced gintleman’ from de whiskey. We know his habits ; he won’t be contint wid havin’ reduced himself, but he must reduce de liquor. If de National Debt were an ocean of it, I’d take my oat

he'd drink de British empire free. Keep him from de whiskey, den, or we won't get on to-night. I call upon Sam Swag to move de first resolution."

Sam Swag (born deaf and dumb) got up to move the resolution accordingly.

"Ladies and gintlemen," said he, "I have been born deaf and dumb, as you all know, but when I look upon de resolution, which has been put into my hands widout a moment's notice, I feel dat miracles will never cease; de truth of it, you see, makes de dumb to hear and de deaf to spake. It is to de following effect, and I will read you de very words: 'Resolved, dat blast de poor-house ought to be left in de country.'"

"Who's to second dat resolution?" asked the Chairman; "Is dere no gintleman to second dat dere?"

A pock-pitted villain named Tom Trump, with red hair, a laughing face, and a squint so strong and humorous, that it was impossible to look at it without laughing, now got up, and said:—

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gintlemen:—I have de honour and, thank God, de ability to rise and second de resolution proposed by de honourable gintleman, Sam Swag, my broder dummy. I am very sorry dat de resolution did not fall into abler hands. For de sake of our society and de nation at large, I wish it had been a purse, for den I could do it justice (*hear, hear*). De resolution is preg—preg—bedad I forget de word—but it is in de family way wid sarious considerations for our liberty and rights. De introduction of sich a measure to a country



like dis, is a proof dat de 'base, brutal, and bloody' Whigs know nuttin' at all about our sitivation. Here dey trate us as paupers—faugh upon de base term!—and take it for granted dat all de country is poor (*hear, hear*), and nuttin' will sarve 'em but dat dey must give us poor-laws. God knows de laws we had war poor enough before, widout makin' dem poorer by dis measure. What is it but a stroke at *our* liberty? Do dey tink to lure us, purty birds, into deir cages, and get us to sing for dem as dey like? If dey do dey are mistaken. A country dat is able to support a million of independint ladies and gentlemen, who act as ornaments to de population, cannot be a poor one. A country where more dan one-eighth of de population is beggars can't be a poor one. Dat country dat is able to support de greatest number of beggars is de richest country (*hear, hear*). Likewise de number of well-supported beggars is de strongest proof of prosperity. Dat country dat can afford to let de largest number of its population enjoy demselves in gentlemanly aise and idleness must be de richest country. Here are a million of us, or a million and a half, glory be to God! dat neider work nor toil. De lilies of de valley are we. Who, den, are de aristocracy of a country if we are not? Dem dat lives in pleasure upon de labour and toil of oders (*hear, hear*). Deir are, den, two classes of aristocracy in dis country; one dat live, as we do, on de toil and labour of de people. Dat class go in deir coaches and carriages, and don't care about de people. We, dough, lead as easy and pleasanter lives dan dey do; but we *do* care for de people, and will

continue to be supported by 'em, please God, as a proof dat we respect and love and patronise 'em, as deir own legitimate aristocracy. Ireland is, and must be, de most enlightened and bril—bril—och—brilliant country on de face of de eart. She is a great candle dat is burned at bot' ends—dat is, by de two classes of aristocracy, de 'go in coach' class, and ourselves. What, den, does dis poor-law come to, but de puttin' down of our freedom, and de 'bolishin' of the natural aristocracy of de people? Is a country, den, so rich wid beggars, so abundant wid paupers; where idleness—our own sweet privilege—(*hear, hear, and cheers*) is encouraged and supported; is sich a country, I say, a subject for poor-laws and poor-houses? 'Bolish us, and you destroy, Mr. Chairman, de very sowls of de people. Charity is destroyed if we are destroyed; and we all know dat de charity dat covers *us* covers a multitude of sins, glory be to God! 'Bolish us, and you 'bolish de salvation of de people. (For God's sake, give me a glass o' whiskey.) I beg, den, Mr. Chairman, to second de resolution, dat 'Blast de poor-house ought to be left in de country!' "

The honourable gentleman sat down amidst loud and protracted cheers.

"Mr. Chairman," said an able-bodied tyke, with only one eye, "I trust you know me, sir. I'm Con de Convulsionist. I do de convulsion cases betther, wid the help o' God, dan any man livin', barring Bet, my wife, who bates me in frothin' at the mouth. I envy her dat gift; but it's all bekaise she has de use o' de tongue more betther

dan I have ; but I bate her at de salt,\* bekaise it always recovers me, which proves de truth of de convulsion, you know, and brings me in de coppers. (*Question, question*). What de devil are yez at ? Isn't any ting dat brings us in de coppers de question ? (*Hear, hear, and cheers*). Well, den, I say, dere is not so natural an Irishman here as I am. Isn't Ireland always in a convulsion of some kind or oder ? Isn't her mimbers o' Parliament always in a convulsion of freedom for her ; and when dey fall down in de fit, afther frothin' at the mout' in the House o' Commons, arn't dey recovered de moment de Prime Minister *puts de bit o' salt upon deir tongue*, jist as we do upon de bird's tails in ordher to catch 'em ? Very well, den ; I say I ought to be returned as mimber for Ballyragged. I've been actin' de part of a mimber o' Parliament for years widout ever bein' in de House. Where's de difference between us ? I fall down in a fit o' convulsions, and lie dere till some one puts salt on my tongue ; and, mark me, I do all dis to bring in de coppers. Very well, de Irish mimber falls down in a fit o' pathriotic convulsion for de sake o' his country, you know, and immediately de Prime Minister puts de grain o' salt upon his tongue, when he gits up, stares, and looks about him ; licks his lips, and says to himself, ' I am better nor I was ; I've got de coppers, and all for the sake o' my beloved counthry.' What is the raison, den, dat we are what we are ? Bekaise we're not properly misrepresented in Parliament. Let us, den, jine ourselves into a great league,

\* Fits of epilepsy are supposed by the people to be cured by putting salt into the mouth, and I have reason to believe that the fact is so.

and select de honest mimbers from our own class dat will misrepresint us properly. We must have de press at our back ; bekaise dere is no men so honest as dem dat keeps newspapers ; no men so honest to de interests o' de country or deir papers, which is de same ting, bekaise de more de sells deir papers de better dey loves deir country, which is all in raison and fairity. Let us, den, establish a newspaper—dat is an honest newspaper—dat will bring in de coppers, in de first place, and vindicate our rights, in de next. I will edit de paper ; we will call it de Ballyragged Telegraph ; and, what's more, I'll go to Parliament for de burrow of Ballyragged itself ; and all bekaise I'm an honest and independtent man, dat loves my country and (*sotto voce*) de cappers." (*Hear, hear, and cheers*).

"No doubt," said some one, "but you'd have an eye to business, Con."

"Mr. Chairman," said one of the 'reduced gentlemen,' who was dressed in a black suit extremely seedy, "I beg leave to offer a few observations upon the speech of the honourable gentleman—Con the Convulsionist. I am perfectly aware of his great talents as an impostor, and no man, I assure you, admires and appreciates them more than I do (*hear, hear*). His genius for contortion and twisting himself into all possible attitudes is superb ; that is to say, in the professional sphere of his exertion. I am afraid, however, that there exist many reasons why we should not return him to Parliament, and with your leave, I will enumerate a few of them. In the first place, I very much fear that, as an Irish member, he would become a

complete failure in the House of Commons. My honourable friend evidently over-estimates himself. I do say solemnly that, as an impostor, he would have no chance at all of distinction in the presence of our Irish members. That, sir, is their *forte*; and, to do them justice, I don't think my honourable friend ought to risk a competition with them in the exhibition of that valuable quality."

"I beg de honourable gintleman's pardon," replied Tom. "I shall give him a proof dat he is mistaken; bekaise if de Whigs won't do us justice, I'll die on de floor o' de House o' Commons, and be found well alive (to my own interests) afterwards. What do you call dat, now?" (*Cheers.*)

"Then, again, Mr. Chairman," said the decayed gentleman, "he is great at convulsions, I grant, but—upon his own showing—is not that the very malady with which he admits that our Irish members are afflicted—so much so, that they can only be cured by the application of ministerial salt to their tongues? Now, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I ask, is it safe to allow such a man into the House of Commons? Is it not reasonable to fear that he may be seized with such a powerful fit of patriotism, as will oblige him to have recourse to the ministerial salt for his cure? (*Hear, hear.*) Again, he talks about establishing a newspaper. Now, I must confess, this looks suspicious—"

"You're a liar, sir, and a scoundrel," said Con, "de ting doesn't look suspicious!" (*Order, order.*)

"Mr. Chairman," replied the decayed gentleman, "the man who has applied these epithets to me, is a knave, an impostor, and a villain!" (*Order, order.*)

"Con, my boy," said Bill, "you are out of order—but you must either apologise, sir, or drink a pint o' salt and water."

"I bow to de chair," said Con, "and beg to assure you and de House dat when I called my honourable friend a liar and a scoundrel, I meant nuttin' personal or offensive to him."

"I am perfectly satisfied with this explanation," said the decayed gentleman, "and beg to say, that when I called him a knave, impostor, and villain, I meant the honourable gentleman no offence."

"De honourable gentleman's explanation," replied Con, "is quite agreeable to my feelins', and de whole ting is creditable to bot' of us, and to *dis honourable House.*" (*Cheers.*)

"I will now omit what I was about to say," proceeded the decayed gentleman; "but I think I have proved that he is not a fit or proper person to be sent into Parliament, in consequence of his unfortunate malady, which, if I may say so, is our national complaint, requiring as it does the ministerial salt; but, as it is necessary that we should have some competent person to represent us, I very humbly, and with all due modesty, beg leave to recommend myself." (*Hear, hear.*)

"What's your claims?" said Bill; "Dat's de point."

"Political honesty," replied the decayed gentleman,

placing his hand upon his heart; "upon that I take my stand."

"Aye," said Parra Rackan (Paddy the Rioter), "like a weadercock, dat's always stationary, but still turns as de wind blows."

"Dick, my lad," said Bill, "we know you too well. How long is it since you stole your master's plate, my boy? And besides, aren't you one of the most notorious gamblers and blacklegs among us?"

"I stand on my political honesty," replied Dick Dodger, for that was his name. "As for the other charges you are pleased to bring against me, I maintain that, for an Irish member, they are considered—and properly considered—high qualifications. Private roguery and political honesty, as they now go, are generally considered to mean the same thing—at least, so think the Irish constituencies. I am willing to take any pledge you wish."

"Well," said Bill, "upon my conscience, now, if we had a Parliament of our own, I tink it would be one of pawnbrokers—yet I don't know, eider—de pawnbroker mostly keeps his pledge till it is redeemed, but de Irish mimbers are more generous, for dey never keeps 'em at all. Dick Dodger, my boy, it wont do; you've brought round de discussion to your own interests, and we can't hear you any longer. Who's to move de next resolution?"

A gentleman named Peter Prig got up, in order to comply with the wishes of the Chairman. He was dressed in ornamental frieze, gracefully tattered into a great variety of imaginary embellishments. His habits were

evidently primitive, with, it was said, a good deal of the patriarchal quality about him, although he himself acknowledged only to four wives. He wore no cravat, and came under the category of the *happy man* mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, in his comic tale of the Eastern monarch, who travelled so far in search of a shirt worn by such an individual. He was not, however, without strong prejudices, some of which went not only against the use of the garment we have mentioned, but also against that of shoes and stockings. The fellow was fond of patriotism and whiskey, but was at the same time a desperate innovator, and, if he had his will, would reduce matters to their first principles. He was fond of singularity, and frequently introduced propositions to the meeting that startled them considerably; for he prided himself on being a practical philosopher, and his grand theory was that of a community of property.

"I beg lave, Misther Chairman," said Peter Prig, "to propose the next resolution. It has been concocted by myself, and owes nothing to nobody, barrin' the price of half-a-pint, that I got on the strinth of it, at the Sheebeen house above. Peg Finnigan, seein' that I had no *mornin'*, wanted me to pledge my linen for the sperits; but I tould her that I had a scruple o' conscience against that, but said I had no objection to pledge my honer, if she'd give me anoder half-pint. The poor crature, however, is widout pathriotism, so she refused the pledge I offered her; and as she insisted on my written promise, I left her a copy of dis resolution, by way of security. I like to



come to de naked trewth; and although I've hard a pair o' schamers puttin' forrid their claims to represint the counthry, yet where is there a man o' them, or a man among yez all, so fit to represint the counthry at large, and the borough of Ballyragged in particular, so well as I am? I'm a picture, your sowsls, of the ganius o' my counthry: aisy, free in all respects; and, if the wind, and rain, and sleet were philosophers that could convince a man, yez cannot deny but I'm *open* to conviction. Yez are after talkin' about poverty; but poverty, I maintain, is often a blessin'; and why?—If we weren't sometimes poor, and forced to prig, how the devil could we know the pleasure of takin' from the rich?—a piece of philosophy at which I am myself, thank goodness, pretty handy. The first principle, then, that we should lay down is, that the rich man is made for the benefit of the poor, and that it's the duty of the poor to take a benefit from him as often as he can do so, wid safety to himself. I know that the rich man makes the laws against the poor man; but what's to prevent the poor man from making a little Act o' Parliament for himself, and takin' a thrifle, whenever he stands in need of it, from the rich? I, Mister Chairman, don't pathronize the use of linen, nor of shoes and stockins, for a raison that I have. To be sure, no man, nor woman either, should be too particular about their dress. Adam had nayther shoe nor stockin', and Eve's laundry bill wasn't throublesome to her bankers, no more than my own. But, on the other hand, although we weren't born wid clo'es on our backs, yet we were born

wid teeth in our heads, although they didn't appear till we were ready to use them; and I maintain that any man wid teeth in his head is bound to keep them in practice, if it was only out of gratitude for the gift, and by way of amusement, let who may suffer. These poor-houses is not established on free and aisy liberty. That's the liberty that we must maintain. It isn't enough that we may ait, we must ait and walk,—ait, and go abroad,—ait, and become acquainted wid the blessed elements of heaven—glory be to God! Is there any man here, then, or woman, that has teeth in their head, that will oppose me? ('No, no.') No; I thought not. But we must use our teeth as freemen and freewomen. It won't do to use them locked up in a poor-house. It won't do to turn them into machines for grindin' bad food from government, widout any advantage to ourselves. It won't do to make us believe that we are aitin' when we know that we are not aitin', just like gettin' up stairs on a tread-mill. And now, as to liberty, show me the man who will presume to tell me that we haven't enough, and too much of it; and they say that too much of one thing is good for nothing. May the Lord put it into their heads to deprive us of a great dale of it! I'm a bit of a slave in my way. Haven't we liberty to go widout linen, if we like?—an' don't we exercise it? Haven't we liberty to go widout shoes or stockins?—and don't we exercise it? Haven't we liberty to beg?—and don't we exercise it?—to look upon our naked childer wid pleasure, if we can? Haven't we liberty to walk de hills when we're put out of our little

cabins? Haven't we liberty to starve between our two good friends, Hunger and Could? And, at de last, haven't we liberty to die before our time, when we're not able to live any longer. Yez see, then, that it's too much liberty we have; and all I wish is, that they'd take nine-tenths of it away from us. Now, one would think—and they'd only do us justice in thinkin' it—that all this liberty is our birthright—and so it is. In that sense we are a free people. In fact, is there anyone present who is base enough to be fed by Act o' Parliament? (*No, no, and cheers.*) The House o' Commons, indeed! Is that the *commons* they're givin' us? (*Cheers.*) We're hungry and we're dhry, and they hand us an empty *stone jug*. Some of us have seen betther days I tell you—no offince to Nell Swag and Kate Clark, in the manetime. I remember once havin' half a shirt; but that was in the good ould times, when we wor comfortable and independent. In the manetime, let us presarve our liberty, and stick to the elements. I love the sun myself, although he does *tan* me now and then; but the moon, God bless her, has my heart, and a wholesome breeze isn't a bad thing after a full dinner. .What, thin, do they want us to do? To be locked up and *fed*. No sich thing. I have spoken the truth if you lave out the *feedin'*. How the devil would the cripples bear this? they that has sich active use of their limbs, glory be to God! To starve at the sign o' the Lock and Kay! No; we'll never submit to it! I now move, that 'Blast the poor-house ought to be left in the counthry.' "

"But dat was moved and seconded before, Peter," said the Chairman.

"I know it was," replied Peter, "and we'll move and second it agin. It's a proof any way that, numerous as we are, we're detarmined to stick to the *one resolution*."

A grave old man, who leant upon a pair of crutches, and had just come in, now got up, and, after looking about him with a wild but haggard glance, spoke as follows:—

"Yez had bettther be cautious as to passin' this same resolution, bekaise if it happens to go abroad that we passed it, the public will think that we're in lague wid the landlords. I have an amindment to propose, but, before I do it, I want to spake to yez a little. You say that no poor-house ought to be left in the counthry. I say so too; and I wish to Heaven there wasn't a poor-house in it. But unfortunately, isn't nineteen houses out of every twenty over the whole face of the counthry poor-houses? (*Hear, hear.*) Now, if there was any way to prevent these houses from bein' poor by makin' them that live in 'em aisy and comfortable, that way would be the best for gettin' rid of poor-houses. But you all know well enough—too well indeed—that there's another way of gettin' rid of 'em, and that is the landlord way. Ah! it is they that undherstand gettin' rid of poor-houses; and of the poor that's in them too. The crow-bar and the pick-axe are their instruments of charity. In wid the door and down wid the roof, and out wid the poor father, and may be the sick mother, and may be the sick childre, and may be the

sick grandfather—for I have seen it all, and felt it too—it is to it that I owe these crutches, and the helpless limbs they support (*sensation*). The humble roof where, in the middle of all our misery we wor often happy in the affection of our own hearts; that humble roof, I say, was stripped from over us. I saw my only child and daughter lyin' a corpse before my eyes in a fortnight after, (*sensation*), and I lyin' ill of could and fever beside her. She was buried somehow, but I couldn't attend the dead body of the best child that ever brought happiness to a father's heart; no, I couldn't attend my darlin's body to the grave. I got up a cripple, widout the use of my limbs, and now here I am."

"Give poor Paul a glass o' whiskey," said Bill, drawing his hand across his eyes.

"No," replied the old man; "I will have no whiskey. I am dhrunk as it is, but it is wid vengeance. It is not long since my heart was as soft and kind as the heart of a child—when I loved and prayed for all my fellow cray-tures. What is that heart now? Hard and bloody (*sensation*). I am an ould man, but I hope never to close my eyes in death till I know that the blood of the tyrant that murdered my child, and left myself as you see me, is shed. Here's these Squandhers—their ould father had a great dale of good about him, and a great dale of evil—the last, how-an-ever, was betwixt himself and his God; but he wouldn't do sich an act as that. His eldest son resembles him both in his good and in his evil; but the second, called Harry, is goin' to commence the work of

pullin' down the poor-houses I'm spakin' of. He manages the property, and has a heart as hard and hot wid wickedness as a pavin'-stone from hell. An ould villain, called 'Graisie Pockets,' is their agent—a miserly oppressor that you'd smell the stink o' the rotten Court o' Chancery from over a whole barony; and a young scoundrel, the son of a bailiff to ould Squander, which bailiff was honestly shot for his doins—a young scoundrel, I say, that lives wid 'em, and goes about dressed like a gintleman—that scoundrel is the under agent. Now, what I want to tell yez is this. Mark the three, and if they begin their oppression, down with them. There are hedges enough in the neighbourhood (*cheers*). I never thought," he proceeded, "that it would come to this wid me. I never thought that the heart of a man and a Christian would be taken from me, and the heart of a wolf and a devil put in its place. If I had my will, there's not an oppressin' villain, that puts his feet upon our necks, and tramps the very lives out of our bodies—that strikes the defenceless, sick mother, and the ould man that is defenceless, both by age and sickness—ay, and the innocent child that looks to that poor mother for support—I say if I had my will, there's not a proud and heartless oppressor among them that I wouldn't shoot as soon as I would the maddest dog that ever ran frothin' through the counthry."

The old man's features assumed such an expression as I never had witnessed, and as I hope I never may witness again. His cheeks, as he spoke, got deadly pale, his lips became contracted, and again they relaxed and quivered

with rage, and his eyes kindled with such a glare of vengeance, as made me absolutely shrink with a feeling approaching to dismay. His last words were followed by a stern and solemn silence that was appalling. Altogether, the exhibition of this once kind, virtuous, and affectionate old man,—fallen, as it were, from the Christian charity of our common humanity, to the vengeance and perdition of a devil, was probably one of the most terrific changes from good to evil ever witnessed.

At all events, it put an end to the mock debates, and suggested to both Dick and me the prudence of withdrawing, as quietly as possible, before we might happen to be discovered.

## CHAPTER III.

THE ELECTION.—CONSEQUENCES OF AGITATION.—A TRICK  
ON THE LANDLORD.

DICK, on our way home, spoke very little. The close of the scene we had witnessed seemed to make a deep impression on him. That impression unfortunately did not last long. The next day he talked of it in a light and jocular spirit, which I felt sorry to witness. Harry's wound had completely reinstated him with his sister ; and as a grand levee and drawing-room were to take place in a few days at the Castle, in Dublin, he succeeded, with the aid of his mother, in prevailing upon her to accompany him to the metropolis, in order to be presented. For this purpose he sold his own hunter ; a proceeding on his part which surprised none more than myself. Even poor Tom never suspected his motive, nor did either Dick or I, until after the mischief was done and irretrievable. An election was to take place soon after ; but as Harry was prudent enough to keep his projects to himself, it was very difficult to understand his movements. In the meantime the levee was attended, and the drawing-room on the evening



afterwards, and in about three weeks they returned home, Harry in the best of spirits.

"Dick," said he, one morning at breakfast, not long after their return, "I have good news for you."

"For *me*?" replied Dick. "What the deuce can it be, Harry, for I never wanted good news more in my life?"

"I'm going to stand for the county."

"The devil you are! and who is to stand for the expenses?"

"Never you mind that," he replied; "I support Government, and Government will give me a touch at the Treasury."

Dick's face became somewhat overshadowed. "I believe, Harry," said he, "you look upon yourself as head of the family. If any man should stand, I think that I, the owner of the property, should be the person. At least, I am humbly of that opinion; and I question whether it was altogether fair in you to steal a march upon me at head quarters."

"Upon my honour, I never thought of it, Dick. The whole thing was the result of accident. I and Emily, as you know, dined with the Secretary, who is in dread of a certain hostile interest in the county coming in. I believe, indeed, his object in asking me to dine with him was to know my opinion as to its political state. I told him, as nearly as I could guess, how matters stood; and after listening, he at once suggested that I should become a candidate, and try what could be done. There was no great, certainly not much, sacrifice of principle in my

supporting him; for the truth is, Harry, that the old nonsensical doctrine of consistency has gone to the dogs, and people of sense must adapt themselves to the current of public events. The day was, when ministers could contrive to manage public feeling and public opinion, but now public opinion manages not only ministers, but Parliament itself."

"I grant that there certainly is a good deal of truth in what you say," replied his brother; "however, since you have ambition to become a senator, and I have not, go on. I leave the course open to you; but I have considerable doubts of your success, I must say."

"Time will soon tell," replied Harry; "I, myself, am full of confidence, especially with Government at my back. I shall commence my canvass to-morrow, and, I trust, you will assist me. It is very fortunate that we did not give leases to those fellows in the Five Town-lands. They are now under our thumb, where it ought to be our duty to keep them. Let such of them as choose vote against me at their peril."

"Why, surely you don't mean to punish them for voting according to their consciences, and the best of their judgment?"

"Don't I, faith? All I can say is, that as sure as they oppose me, out they go. I have no notion, Dick, of a tenant having, or, at least, exercising, political privileges at variance with the wishes and interests of his landlord. It is unnatural, and should not be permitted."

"Why," replied Dick, "you might as well apply the

same argument to religion. What right have they to hold a different religion from their landlord?"

"What the deuce need we care what religion they hold, provided we can make a political use of them? In point of fact, so long as we are able to command their votes, I'd rather have them Catholics ten times over, than either Protestants or Presbyterians. The Protestant or Presbyterian has independence; but when the Catholic is a slave, he is the most abject and convenient of all slaves, and the most easily corrupted. Let him retain his *religion*, then, but he must give me his *politics*."

"I do not agree with you, Harry," replied his brother, "that the Catholic, as such, is more slavish than a Protestant."

"It is a fact, however, for all that," replied his brother; "and he may thank his creed for it, which is essentially arbitrary and tyrannical, and at variance with all the principles of true liberty. The man whom his Church will not permit to think for himself in religion, surrenders the first rights of freedom, and is very easily made a slave in politics, or indeed in anything else. The first spring of independence is broken."

"Well, Harry, my dear fellow, that may be true; but, in the mean time, consider, that in Ireland, for many a year, there have existed but two parties—the oppressor and the oppressed. You have first made him a slave—but, in God's name, is it fair that you should tax him with his slavery?"

"Tax him? God bless you—not I!" replied Harry;

"I was only stating a fact. His slavery, for me and you, is the best thing about him."

"But," said Dick, "to come closer to the point—" ("Oh, certainly," he exclaimed, parenthetically, "every oppressor despises the tools he works with.")—"Here, now, is your own case. You are about to stand for the county very soon. There are the tenantry of the Five Town-lands, and you say, very simply, that if they don't support you, *out they go*. Very well: to what point do you bring the question? Why, to this—that you will thank them for their support, and despise them for their slavery."

"Whisper, Dick," he replied; "if you will allow me to *think aloud*, you have come pretty near the truth."

"Well," said his brother, rising; "go on. I will have a day's shooting, at all events, and leave you to your canvass." And so the discussion terminated.

In due time the election came on. Harry started upon the Whig interest. He was opposed by a Tory or Conservative, who came into the field much about the same time as himself. And yet it was singular that, although these two men opposed each other upon what might be termed imperial politics, they harmonised like brothers upon all those principles which affected the interests of their own country. As Irish landlords, they were perfect twins—each feeling it his duty to support the principles upon which the British policy was based; and for a very good reason, because British statesmen took their lessons of Irish government from a particular and an interested

class, who could not afford to tell them the truth without criminating themselves, or diminishing the excessive and irresponsible power which they held over the people and abused so shamefully. Each of them then, so far as the general interests of their own country were concerned, was corrupt and profligate; but about three weeks previous to the election, behold a third candidate was announced upon what was supposed to be a distinct and more national interest—that of Daniel O’Connell. In the mean time, the whole country was wrought into a ferment. Dan set the priests to work; for in truth he was the only man that ever was able to cajole that very respectable but unmanageable body, and cajole them he did to his own heart’s content and theirs. Landlords, squires, squireens, middlemen, Government officials, bailiffs, and drivers were all at work, whilst O’Connell in the newspapers, and the priests from their altars, took a much warmer interest to prepare their congregations for the coming election than ever they did to prepare them for Heaven or the day of judgment. The passions, the prejudices, the bigotry, the hot and devilish malignity of feeling that were called into action by the vulgar and unchristian ribaldry that was spewed forth from the altars of God, was shocking. Whilst, on the other hand, corruption of the deepest die was making its hideous way through the country. God help the unfortunate Irishman! for in sooth he is deeply to be pitied. On the one hand, he is assailed by a fire-brand priest, who, roasts him upon purgatorial coals, or sends him a grade

or two still further down to a hotter berth, unless he shall vote as he (the priest) dictates to him. So much for the soul. Then comes the landlord at the body. Pains and penalties, ejections, evictions, and exterminations, raising of rents, and withholding of leases. How can poor Paddy be pure and honest, when placed between a battery of spiritual corruption, on the one hand, and one of temporal corruption on the other? The consequences are obvious; and we say deliberately that, what between tampering with and brow-beating the conscience by the priest and the vindictive tyranny of the landlord, Ireland rejoices in one of the most corrupt and corruptible constituencies on the face of the earth: without honesty, without gratitude, without truth, or any single tie, unless that of the bribe, that can bind the individual to a particular course of action. We talk now of the people in general; for we admit that, amongst eight or nine millions, there must be a great number of exceptions. We are deliberately of opinion that no priest of any creed should be suffered, unless at the expense of his ears, to take part in or appear upon the hustings during an election. If he has a vote, let him come and give it. But it ought to be remembered that he did not enter into, or undertake his sacred mission, for the purpose of becoming a public politician; nor is such a purpose compatible with the pious and conscientious discharge of that mission. He may plead that he has a right to exercise his privileges as a citizen or freeman; but let him remember that he can exercise those rights as the great majority of his

countrymen do. We maintain that he has no right to deliver exciting and inflammatory speeches at an election, when he must know that the effects of those speeches, upon an ignorant and excitable rabble, must operate to the detriment of morality, religion, and those laws which bind us to peace, quietness, and sobriety. The priest sets himself apart for the discharge of different duties. His mission is with the souls, the errors, the crimes, and the frailties of his fellow creatures, as well as to preach peace and good-will among men; but when he desecrates the altar of God with the filthy politics of life, and the speculations of human ambition—or when he transfers the solemn or appropriate denunciations of the altar to give darker bitterness to the diabolical outrages of the hustings, he is no longer a priest of God, but a curse to morality, religion, and the peace and welfare of his fellow creatures.

Let us not be fastened on or abused for giving expression to these sentiments; but let it be remembered by the political priests we speak of, that their own bishops deemed it necessary to publish a general address to them, soon after the passing of the Emancipation Act, in which they embodied the same opinions we have written, and told them that their altars were built for other purposes than those of discussing public politics, or fomenting human enmity and ambition.

We believe that there is no such blessing to the poor of Ireland, as a pious and conscientious Roman Catholic priest, who faithfully devotes himself to the discharge of

his spiritual duties—nor a greater curse than a political firebrand, who exacerbates the passions and prejudices of men, and sows dissension and enmity, instead of peace and affection, among them, whether that man be a priest or a bishop.

The election, however, came on, and with it all the outrage and storm of contending interests and contending passions. The public mind of the county became heated, fermented and corrupted by this interest and by that. All was passion, headlong fury, and political insanity. Non-residents, who had votes in the county, were sent for, however distant; and according as they made their appearance, crowds of ruffians of the opposite party broke their carriages, or demolished the public vehicles which brought them. All was disorder, tumult, riot, destruction. Their sense of public liberty was beautifully exemplified on both sides. The moment a friend belonging to the Squander party got up to speak, he was hooted and groaned down, with shouts and execrations. The moment his Tory opponent got up, he was treated still worse. When Dan's friends, however, rose to speak, they got a kind and patient hearing, owing to the sacerdotal influence. The whole scene, however, was grievous to contemplate. Public-houses and inns were kept open for the respective supporters of the opposing parties, and nothing but drunkenness, riot, bloodshed, and debauchery were to be seen or heard. When a man voted for Squander, the letter S in chalk was streaked upon his back, as a mark to determine whom he voted for, and a hint that he should



be punished ; and so on with all the rest. Personation, perjury, and deceit were just as rife as in the time of the "Forties," only upon a more limited scale. There was, in point of fact, as much wickedness, but less fun. It not unfrequently happened that some unfortunate wretch, stupid with heat and violence, and drunk with whiskey—solicited by this party—threatened by that or the other—on going to the poll-booth, had forgotten the name of the candidate who had corrupted him ; in which case, whilst standing puzzled and distracted, ignorant whom to support, the wrong name would be whispered to him ; and he found, on recovering his sobriety, that with the bribe of one man in his pocket, he had voted for his opponent. Such conduct as this was frequently deliberate, and by no means the result of either confusion or liquor.

The election, however, on the whole, was considered to have been rather peaceable and exemplary ; only about a dozen or two of limbs having been broken, and two or three lives lost.

Harry and his agents worked as if their very salvation depended on success ; and indeed, to tell the truth, they ran their enemies a close race of it. The Tory was returned by a small majority, which neither of the others felt himself in a position to contest ; and so far as Dick was concerned, Government, in consequence of the trimming speech he had made on the hustings, refused to support him in a petition.

There is no parallel in the storm created by a contested election, and a storm of the natural elements. In the

former, the unfortunate people are fermented into fraud, falsehood, violence, deceit, perjury, and there they are left, without any purification of the moral air they breathe. Agitation has had a similar effect, and I feel confident in asserting, that the long course of agitation conducted by the late Mr. O'Connell—of whom it is not my wish to speak disrespectfully—has inflicted upon the Irish people injuries of so serious a nature, that it will take years to raise and purify them from the consequences. Before that agitation commenced, the more respectable class of the peasantry were simple, honest, and sincere lovers of truth. There was something of moral dignity about them, and an hereditary love of integrity, accompanied by a fine, mellow tone of character that was full of primitive simplicity and candour. Their minds, however, became so unconsciously imbued with the political tricks and dishonest manœuvres of agitation, that their simplicity and love of truth were gradually corrupted and destroyed. The tact, adroitness, and cunning of the agitator, together with the examples of his unscrupulous habits of accommodation and expediency, under the pressure of public events, were admired by them as virtues, because they were successful. What they admired in a man who was possessed of their confidence, they soon began to imitate; and in due time the habit of political juggling, in public matters, was transferred to those of private life. The consequence was, that all the genial and racy old virtues of the country were nearly abolished, and our people became cunning, fraudulent, and disingenuous, uncertain,

unsteady—without the old integrity and love of truth, and altogether stript of their primitive simplicity. At present, they are not remarkable for much private principle and very little of public. Such is the legacy which agitation has left them.

Now, I do not wish to be understood as deprecating agitation, which, although the word is a vile one, is only another name for the rights of the people. Agitation, however, must possess one grand element, in order to make it beneficial to liberty and public morals; because that which promotes the one, at the expense of the other, is death to the ultimate independence of a country. The element we speak of is honesty; and this we contradict from sincerity. The rogue is sincere when he wishes to pick your pocket; the mountebank is sincere in his wish to deceive you, by making your eyes administer falsehood to your understanding. Agitation, then, may be sincere without being honest; sincere in its purpose, but dishonest and unscrupulous in its means.

Let us, for instance, look back to the agitation of Henry Grattan, and we will be able to perceive, at a glance, the value of agitation when conducted with honesty and honour. Then there was no trick—no dexterous manipulation, no leer, no grimace, no tongue in the cheek, no plastic and dishonest adaptation to circumstances, nor any shameful departure from expressed opinion, or avowed principle. No: the agitation of Grattan was possessed of grandeur and simplicity, because its two great elements were a love of liberty and a love of truth.

It stooped to nothing mean, nor base, nor sordid. It was never personal, apart from the manly working out of a great public principle. It indulged in no resentments, except such as it felt for its country. It scorned to trade upon popular credulity, or to shape public feeling to its private purposes. It never reduced discussion to the low and undignified limit of personal invective, nor dragged the errors of private life into the arena of political controversy. It disdained the use of dishonest and unbecoming means, and went on in its great course guided by every principle of public virtue and personal integrity that could advance the cause of liberty and purify a people.

Such was the agitation of Grattan, who never for a moment substituted himself for his country, nor narrowed the circle of patriotism into that of selfishness. And what was the consequence? The brilliancy of his genius—the transparency of his honesty—the unselfish energy of his patriotism—were seen and felt by the people. As the great struggle went on, all the virtues of the man, and all the honour of his cause, flowed down among them, until they became exalted and ennobled by his example.

I admit Mr. O'Connell's vast talents, his superhuman perseverance, and his incredible labours. But he fell a victim to his own power, and was gradually corrupted by the slavish credulity of the people, who became blinded to his political errors, and looked upon his changes of principle only as necessary manœuvres against the enemy. Had that man, by the power of any great revolution, become a monarch, he would have become a tyrant. As

it was, he could bear no man but a slave about him ; and, perhaps, a more melancholy proof of the moral degradation to which he reduced his country was never exhibited, than in the disgraceful fact, that he was able to muster in his "Tail" upwards of thirty asserters of personal independence and public liberty, not one of whom durst exercise his own judgment, or vote in the House of Commons, unless at his dictation. When a country comes to such a state, it is scarcely fit for freedom.

I have already said, that Harry had, for a considerable period, completely changed his habits, which had been intemperate, and generally, when intemperate, either coarse or hypocritical. On the evening of his defeat, however, he drank excessively. His moral courage appeared to have abandoned him. So sanguine had he been of his return, that he asked a party of his friends to dinner, in order that they might share in his victory. It reminded me of the affair of the Races ; and, by the way, I could not for a long time discover the means by which he was enabled to meet his engagements on that occasion. The wound he had received in the duel prevented those to whom he had lost from pressing him for a settlement, until he was able to go abroad. A settlement, however, they had, and he came out of the affair without any disgrace.

In the mean time, it was observed that Emily, after his defeat, began to grow pale and thin, and to labour under an impression of deep care and melancholy. Harry's manner was embarrassed, his countenance dark and surly, and his temper irritable and inclined to outrage. His

mother continued much in her former disposition and feeling, but began to break down in strength and personal appearance. Her hair was getting quite grey, in spite of Macassar, and every earthly description of oil that could be procured. She even went so far as to purchase an unfailing hair-dye from a pedlar, which she was unlucky enough to apply; and for three days and three nights endured excruciating agony for her pains. The only benefit she derived from it was the agony we have described, and the comfort of beholding herself in the looking-glass with a head as smooth and polished as the egg of an ostrich or a bladder of lard. This, however, was rather a comfort than otherwise, as it forced her to the use of a very nice wig, which seemed, by the glossiness of its rich brown ringlets, to make her look upon the catastrophe with great complacency, and as a piece of exceeding good fortune. So vain, indeed, are the minds of some women, that I question if, for years, I had witnessed her in such a state of apparent happiness and good spirits, as upon the acquisition of the wig.

That election-dinner, I may say, was the last of the family; and it is a melancholy thing to see an old race, with all their rude virtues, and their errors of position, gradually decaying under the influence of a bad system, which they themselves have kept up more from ignorance, the force of habit, and a want of knowledge of their duties, than from any deliberate inclination to go wrong. The great sin of the landlords and gentry of Ireland was an unsuspecting confidence in their position, and an

indolent reluctance to arouse themselves to a full perception of it. Instead of retrenching their expenditure in time, and reducing their style of living within moderate and reasonable bounds, they went on mortgaging and encumbering, until they found that they could neither mortgage nor encumber any longer. This piece of information, which they ought to have known in time, came too late ; and the consequences we will describe in the course of this truthful history.

The expenses of the election had deceived a great number of the neighbouring gentry as to the position and circumstances of the Squanders. It was certainly known that Government supported Harry ; but, at the same time, it is generally understood that the candidate himself must bear a proportionate share of them. I myself could not avoid observing a confident swagger in the strength of his purse, which characterised him during the contest. Many persons were taken in by this, and by the prodigality of the bribery on his part, which was both open and barefaced. Indeed so much so, that it made me despise and detest my countrymen to see them walk up to vote, and take the bribery oath, with the bribe, to my own knowledge, in their pockets at the moment.

I feel that I have got upon a painful subject, or, at least, upon a painful part of it. The landlords of Ireland have, as a class, not only oppressed the people by the operation of laws made by themselves, and to protect their own interests, but they have tampered with and corrupted the moral honesty of their tenants. Need we feel

surprised that the tenant, to whom the landlord taught the demoralising lesson of corruption and perjury, should practise fraud and dishonesty against himself? We bear no ill-will against the landlord proprietors of Ireland; and we say that there does not exist a greater mass of fraud, falsehood, and deceit in the universe than they have often to contend with in the persons of their tenantry—or, in other words, than they have created by their own conduct. The instances in which landlords, not disposed to proceed to harsh measures, have been robbed and cheated and defrauded out of their just claims, are so numerous, that I know not whether shame or indignation prevails in my breast while I write. I shall illustrate this by a case which is well known to be too common in the country—a case in which the landlord was not in any direct way to blame—a case which we beg to point out to the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, as one which we think is justly liable to throw upon them the imputation of a very culpable omission of duty. There is no doubt that the tenantry hear enough, and probably too much, of the conduct of the Irish landlords, and of the gross neglect of duty with which they may be charged; but I doubt whether they hear so much upon the duties which they unquestionably owe to those from whom they hold their property. Gross and barefaced frauds of the kind we are about to describe are never noticed by the priests as they ought to be; but if the priest or curate of the parish happen to be a political character, and a maker of speeches, a tenant may rob his landlord openly without



a single reproof; but may God look to him, if he vote against his reverence's will!

Not long after the election, one of the tenants upon the Five Townlands, who happened to be pretty considerably in arrears, that is to say, to the amount of about two years and a half, was understood to be preparing to emigrate to America, without any intention to pay his engagements—a trick which, in too many instances, is practised by the people without the slightest remorse. Upon understanding what was about to take place, a distress was sent in, and keepers placed upon the property, which consisted chiefly of several large stacks of wheat. This man was entitled to no forbearance from the Squanders, for the very sufficient reason that, with Mr. Harry's bribe in his pocket, he was induced by his priest to vote for Mr. O'Connell's nominee. Now I am far from insinuating that the priest was at all aware of the bribe, nor am I disposed to limit the exertions of any priest in his private capacity to teach the people a true sense of their political rights, and the best manner in which to exercise them. But, as I said, they have certainly no business to make a public display upon the hustings, where their appearance is out of all keeping with their spiritual character, and where, unfortunately, their speeches are characterised by such bigotry and bitterness as are calculated to leave a vast deal of moral mischief behind them. This man, then, who received Harry's bribe, and afterwards voted against him, had keepers placed upon his property, one of whom was my scoundrel

step-father, a man who, like every one of his class, was incapable of honesty to any party. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which he and his brother keepers were treated by the farmer. They got the best of eating and drinking; but for two or three days the drink was very virtuously limited. On the third day, however, a loose swab of a young fellow came to the house about nine o'clock at night, and entering the kitchen, where there happened to be nobody but the keepers, deposited a large jar of whiskey, adding, "Here, this is for—whoa, Grattan, whoa, will you—curse that horse, he won't stop—this is the whiskey, Mr. Brannigan," he said, purposely mistaking one of the keepers for the man of the house. "It's fresh from the still-head—three gallons—whoa, will you—there, I must be off, that horse won't stop—whoa, will you:" and with these words he disappeared.

"Be Japers," said one of the keepers, "this is a god-send, and I think the best thing we can do is to say nothing about it."

The dishonesty of the villains took the bait, and, in consequence of the roguery, and the restraint which it imposed upon them, they drank without limit; and when Brannigan, in the course of the night, came in, he found them nearly drunk. They had stowed away the jar, however, after having filled two or three jugs with whiskey, and, on his expressing his surprise at the comfortable state in which he found them, they assured him, that his kindness to them was a thing not to be overlooked; that they had sent for liquor, and were determined to treat him

this night, as he had treated them before. He accordingly sat down, quite fresh, and the computation was resumed; healths were drank, songs were sung, and stories were told, until Brannigan saw the three keepers stretched helpless and insensible. In the meantime there were about a hundred pair of flails at work upon the wheat, as many doors having been borrowed from the neighbours on which to thrash it; and by the time the drunken knaves awoke the next morning, at a late hour, there was not sixpence worth of wheat upon the property. The pound, too, in which the cattle had been impounded, was broken open, the cattle conveyed to a distant part of the country and disposed of, and by daylight next morning nothing remained for the landlord but a beggarly account of empty houses. Brannigan and his family sailed for America in a day or two, with a hearty laugh at the trick they had played off upon the keepers and the landlord.

Now, this is a circumstance which deserves a few words of observation from us before we close.

An Englishman will take it for granted that, in the transaction just described, Brannigan was, unquestionably, a most confounded rogue; but in this inference the Englishman would be most confoundedly mistaken. There lived not an honester man than this same Brannigan. He would not have defrauded a human being of a single farthing—neither did he. In fact, he paid every shilling he owed before his departure from the country, and was so highly respected and trusted, that he could, even on the eve of setting sail, have got credit to any amount.

The affair between him and his landlord, however, was of a different complexion. The moral code that subsisted betwixt them was corrupt and rotten to the very core—arbitrary oppression on the one side, deceit and fraud upon the other. The principles, in fact, begot each other ; and the reader, in the instance we have adduced, may perceive the moral. Here was a man, essentially honest in all the ordinary transactions of life, who would not defraud a child of a farthing ; who was a kind husband, an affectionate father, an obliging neighbour ; who paid all his pecuniary obligations, yet who felt no moral scruple in defrauding the landlord of his rent. This is a bad state of things ; and when such a want of confidence is found to exist between landlord and tenant, how, in God's name, can the country, of which they form the two component parts, be either prosperous or happy ? In this instance we do not defend the tenant. His conduct to his landlord was indefensibly dishonest. But let us look farther. This man, who was rather wealthy, and one of the class whom the country cannot afford to spare, had expended large sums of money upon his farm, and he knew that in getting a new lease, he would be obliged to pay for these very improvements, and that his rent would have been raised exactly in proportion to the capital he had expended upon it. He consequently felt no encouragement to enter into a new tenure, and deemed it a wiser and more prudent course to seek a country where industry and skill might meet a better recompense. The moral feeling was relaxed by a sense of original injustice, and he felt no scruple in

defrauding his landlord of the rent, whose system had defrauded him of his industry. And such is the state of landlord and tenant in the south and west of Ireland. Had that man lived in the north, he could have sold the tenant-right of his farm, and secured to himself a compensation for his improvements and his capital; but, labouring as he did under an unjust system, he felt himself justified in an act of positive dishonesty to his landlord—an act which he would not have suffered to influence him towards any other man.

## CHAPTER IV.

## AN EXTERMINATION SCENE.

THE state of the family now was deplorable. Chancery suits were coming on them thick and threefold. The greater portion of their immense property was under receivers.

In order to show our readers the havoc which law necessarily made upon Irish property, we shall give them a quotation from a very fair and able article in the "Dublin University Magazine" for March, 1851. Upon the point of receivers, the writer very truly says:—

"The legal difficulties against which the receiver had to contend in the management of property, and his direct interest in its bad management, led to the results which always flow from such a state of things. The tenant was exposed to constant hardships and difficulties, and at the same time deprived of the encouragement (*like angel visits, few and far between, were these same encouragements*) he had hitherto received from the approbation of a kind and generous landlord. In his place he found a person generally harsh, unjust, and

ignorant, and, even in the few cases in which he was willing to exercise his functions of an indulgent landlord, so hampered and tied down by the regulations of the court, and so practically unacquainted with the wants and characters of the tenants, as to fail signally in his exertions to make those over whom he was placed happy or prosperous. Under such circumstances the tenants soon became discontented and impoverished, and the best properties were rapidly brought to the verge of ruin.

“As an example of the almost incredible manner in which property deteriorates under the management of the Courts, we may mention the estate of Mr. Darcy of Clifden, on which, during the period it was subject to receivers, eight years of rent were supposed to accumulate; and *in re Perceval*, where in a rental of 800*l. per annum*, the arrears due in 1849 amounted to 6000*l.*!

“The following table taken from the parliamentary Reports will place these almost inconceivable facts more strongly before the reader. We omit fractions. [These Returns, we should suppose, are from the Court of Chancery].

	1841.	1842.	1843.
Arrears of rent due when receiver last accounted . . . . . }	£347,226	£299,554	£290,992
Arrears due at his appointment . . . . .	39,358	3,105	39,265
Difference . . . . .	307,868	296,449	251,727
Costs paid by receiver since his appointment . . . . . }	25,529	15,357	19,741
Gross loss to both debtor and creditor .	£333,397	311,806	271,468

“It must also be borne in mind that where an estate

was affected by several mortgages or judgments, it was impossible to sell a portion, no matter how advantageous the price offered, without the concurrence of all the creditors, or without a suit in Chancery, even although every farthing were paid to the prior incumbrancer ; and it was a rule of law that a judgment creditor who released a portion of his debtor's lands from his judgment released the whole ! Bound in these mazy and inextricable difficulties the landlord found himself unable by a sale of a part of his estate to reduce the rent to a more manageable form, and was obliged to refuse any offer made for the purchase of a portion of his property, no matter how agreeable to himself and how advantageous to his creditors ! ”

By this most able and comprehensive sketch our readers will see at a glance the frightful state in which Irish property lay at this period of our narrative, and that of the Squanders in particular. In fact it was eaten up by Chancery suits, receivers, and law expenses, with such voracity that the family were hard pressed even to live, and the struggles to obtain credit and food, together with the incessant pressure of difficulties which hemmed them in on every side, were fearful beyond belief.

One day about this time the baker came as usual, but refused to leave bread unless the amount was settled. This was the first time that such a circumstance ever occurred, or was even dreamt of. The family had been for some time forced down to the closest limit. The housekeeper had been gone long ago, and no servants were retained unless such as were indispensably necessary.



The duties of housekeeper Emily took upon herself, for under no circumstances could Mrs. Squander be prevailed upon to look into or undertake the management of her own domestic affairs.

"Ma'am," said Nogher the old butler, who was now forced to act in a manifold capacity: "ma'am," said he, approaching his mistress with a face of dismay, "will you allow me to say a word to you?"

"Certainly, Nogher; why should I not allow an aged and faithful servant to speak to me on all becoming occasions? I suppose it is concerning the arrear of your wages, Nogher, which Miss Squander spoke to me about. I am truly sorry for your daughter's illness and that of her family; but until the rents come in she can have bread and other matters from this house. The wealthy and high-born, Nogher, should not overlook the distresses of their dependants. I except against mere tenants and cases of sickness or contagion—cases in which, I am sorry to say, Miss Squander, from a mistaken principle, runs foolish and unjustifiable risks. Let your daughter then and her children have bread and other provisions from this family until the rents come in."

The old man was touched by this unexpected instance of generosity from his mistress, and the tears stood in his eyes as he spoke.

"I scarcely know how to tell you, ma'am," he replied; "but I'm glad that the old master's gone, for it would break his heart; it's hard enough upon myself, ma'am," and the tears fairly ran down his cheeks.

"What is it, Nogher?" she asked; "I am not now what I have been. I cannot bear suspense or agitation. What is it?"

"The baker's below, ma'am, and he says he won't lave any more bread, unless his masther's account is settled. You'll excuse me, ma'am, but if he doesn't lave the bread—"

Mrs. Squander rose up, and swept through the drawing-room with great dignity, and greater passion. "You don't tell me, Nogher—you can't presume to tell me, that this man—this insolent fellow—this plebeian baker, refuses to leave his bread?"

"Don't blame me, ma'am, but I'm forced to tell you so."

"I must see him," she replied; "I must see this ungrateful creature; does he know—"

She went down in a high state of indignation to the hall, on the steps of which the baker was standing.

"What is this," she exclaimed, "which the butler has told me? It cannot surely be true that you have refused to leave bread as usual?"

"Don't blame me, ma'am, but my master," said the man; "I'm acting only according to his orders."

"Who is your master, my good man? Nogher, who is the person that has been serving this family with bread?"

"Mr. Brennan, ma'am," replied the butler; "an honest man by all accounts, and a good baker as you know."

"Does your master, my good man, know who *I am*?" she asked, with a swell of pride that was rather ludicrous.

"Does he know that my father was a peer? that I am the daughter of a nobleman? Does he know all this?"

"It's more than I can say, ma'am," replied the baker; "but he knows that there's nearly two hundred pounds due, and I know that he forbid me to lave any more bread unless I was paid. It's not my fault, ma'am; but he says the times is hard, and that he can't afford to lie any longer out of the money."

"Does he know, sir, that I am the daughter of the late Lord Gallivant? Does he know that my noble father was the particular friend of the great statesman, Lord Castlereagh? Go home, my good man, and tell him who I am, and see then if he will presume to—"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the baker; "but I'm afeard that if I tould him all this, it would only make him worse."

"The thing's impossible, my good man; explain yourself."

"Bekaise, ma'am, my masther's a Repaler, and he hates the very name of Castlereagh, because he brought about the Union; and I'm sartin, ma'am, that if he had suspected you to be the daughter of any friend of his, he'd have stopped givin' credit long ago. It's upon the strength of the ould Squire himself, ma'am, that he gave credit so long as he did. At least, so he says—"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I can understand that—I raised the position of my husband, and brought him high connection, my good man. The character of his wife was reflected on him, and being son-in-law to a distinguished

nobleman, his memory is yet, as such, treated with respect."

"Am I to be paid for the bread, ma'am?" replied the blunt baker; "bekaise if I'm not, I can't lave it. I was forbid to do so."

"I never enter into domestic matters," she replied; "but, in this instance, I desire you to let your master know that I am the only daughter of the late Lord Galivant, and that he ought to consider it an honour to have such a lady, or the son of such a lady, his debtor. If he is ignorant of the honour we have conferred upon him by allowing him to give us such liberal credit, I can only say that I shall transfer my patronage and the influence of my name to some baker who may be better acquainted with the Peerage."

At this stage of the discussion, Tom and I happened to come in, when, after listening to his sister-in-law for a few minutes, he requested her to withdraw, which she did, and taking out his purse, he paid for that day's bread, and sent away the baker with a promise that the bill should be settled by instalments.

"Come up to my room, Randy," said he, "I wish to speak to you." On seating ourselves, he lit his pipe, and with a deep sigh, proceeded—

"Randy, this most unprincipled scoundrel of a nephew of mine has beggared his sister—poor, trusting, foolish girl that she was!"

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "when he brought her up to Dublin,

to be presented at the Drawing-room, he contrived to get her consent to draw her whole fortune out of the funds, and the poor girl is now penniless. The election has swallowed it up. She hasn't a shilling left, and is now breaking her heart—not for the mere loss of the money, so far as she herself is concerned, but because she has it not in her power to assist the family in their struggles.”

“But upon what authority do you make this statement?” I asked.

“Upon that of Emily herself,” he replied, “who told me all about it yesterday. At present nobody is aware of it, except the parties themselves, and us. It will break my heart, Randy. That fellow is an incarnate villain.”

“I must confess,” I replied, “that I am of your opinion. An incarnate villain he must be, indeed, to act so base a part by such a confiding creature as Emily is. I can now understand his change of conduct, his temperate habits, and, above all, his affectionate bearing towards her. He is a deep, ambitious, and hypocritical villain,” I exclaimed, for, to tell God's truth, I felt a degree of indignation at his treachery, such as I had never experienced in my life. The family was now literally steeped in poverty, the wages of the servants in long arrears, and their insolence in proportion. Dick, like his father, was upon his keeping; and matters came occasionally to such a crisis, that he was sometimes hard set to get a supply of whiskey.

“I fear,” said I to Tom, after having heard his communication—aware besides, as I was, of the condition of the family—“I fear,” I said, “that I am too long here.”

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"There is no use in disguising," I replied, "the knowledge I possess of the family struggles; I fear I am only a burthen."

"Bad as our condition is," said he, "it would be far worse without you. You are the only practical man amongst us. Even my sister-in-law told me the other evening, that you were extremely useful to the family. I fear, however, that this depopulating system that Harry is about to take up won't end well. The consolidation, as it is called, is a thing I don't like either, Randy. I understand you are going to evict several families, as you term it, on the day after to-morrow."

"Yes," I replied, "and to tell you the truth, Mr. Tom, I have no heart for it. Harry is anxious to consolidate; but whilst doing so the misery he must inflict upon a large mass of helpless humanity is dreadful even to think of. All those wretches who under the forty-shilling franchise were encouraged to squat and multiply must be now turned out without shelter or provision to beg—to starve—to die. God help them! Yet it is undeniable that since the Emancipation Act they have no claim upon the head landlord; but the truth is that the landlords, by encouraging or at least conniving at the subdivision of their property, are answerable for its present condition, and bound by every moral tie to make some provision for those unfortunate instruments of their own corruption."

"Well," said Tom, "I don't like the principle, and

yet the landlords must do something to retrieve themselves. But somehow I'm afraid it won't end well, as I said."

In order to let the reader understand more fully the extent to which sub-letting had been carried on in Ireland we shall give another quotation from the same able article already quoted:—

"To receive even a faint impression," says the writer, "of the extent to which subdivision of land had been carried in Ireland, it will be necessary for a person who has not the opportunity of obtaining personal information to turn to two maps given in the Report of Lord Devon's Commission. (Appendix xiv. 1.) The first figure shows the subdivision effected in one generation. The townland contains 205 acres, and was formerly held by two tenants, but had been subdivided at the date of the Report into 422 separate lots! held by twenty-nine tenants.

"'The people,' says the Commission, 'had been in the habit of subdividing their lands, not into two, when a division was contemplated, but into as many times two as there were qualities of land to be divided. They would not hear of the equivalent of two bad acres being set against one good one, in order to maintain union or compactness. Every quality must be cut into two, whatever its size or whatever its position. Each must have his half perches although they be ever so distant from his half acres. And this tendency is attributable to the conviction of these poor ignorant people that each

morsel of their neglected land is at present in the most productive state to which it could be brought.'

"The next figure shows the new division proposed by the tenants, by which each building would be in two lots distinct from each other. The united length of an average farm would be about *one hundred times its mean breadth*; and one of the farms containing one acre, one rood, 15 poles, would have had a length of 266 perches, and a mean breadth of four-fifths of a perch, or the length would have been *332 times its breadth*.

"'The cause,' says the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the occupation of land in Ireland, 'which most frequently at the present day leads to the eviction of tenants on a particular estate, is the wish of the proprietor to increase the size of the holdings with a view to the better cultivation of the land;' and when it is seen upon the evidence and in return upon the size of the farms, how minute these holdings are frequently found to be previous to the change, it cannot be denied that such a step is in many cases absolutely necessary, and called for by a due regard to the interests of both landlord and tenant. It frequently happens upon the expiration of a long lease that the landlord finds his property occupied by a multitude of paupers, who had obtained an occupation of a few roods or a few acres, either through the want of a clause against sub-letting in the former demise, or the failure of the landlord through some legal defect, or his own neglect to enforce that covenant, if existing. Many of these poor



people are found living in a most miserable way, and quite incapable of managing their land property, or so as to derive from their small holdings a sufficient supply even of food for their subsistence."

Now, as to the foregoing paragraph, we must say either that it is a dishonest veiling over of the conduct of the Irish landlords in general by the Commissioners, or they (the Commissioners) have been studiously misled by the landlords. The facts stated in the quotation are undeniably true; but the true cause of these facts is suppressed. How did it happen, for instance, that such a state of things was ever suffered to take place? Answer this question as you may, the landlord must plead guilty. Perhaps he was an absentee. A bad argument in his defence. Why was he an absentee? Why not stay at home, and look to the condition and management of his property? If he was a resident, the case is still more indefensible. Why not superintend, examine, and look to the estate from which he draws his income? If he were too proud and haughty, or too profligate and voluptuous, to do so himself, why not employ proper agents? No: it is idle to say that shoals of poor squatted upon his property—although it is truth; it is idle to say that his lands were sublet into patches and fragments, although it is truth. Where was he all this time? Perhaps dissipating in England, or on the continent. But why not at his post? Why permit such a state of things to occur, when common attention and reasonable vigilance would have prevented it all? Here, then, the

landlords, upon their own showing, are convicted of such gross neglect of duty as gradually occasioned the confusion into which they allowed their property to fall. That is the negative charge, and "guilty, my lord," is the verdict. But there is still a positive charge; and that is the corrupt system of the forty-shilling freeholders which they supported, and in supporting which the squatters and paupers we speak of were multiplied *ad infinitum*, by their own direct means and connivance; and now they or their sons are only reaping the crop sowed by themselves or their fathers, reaping it unfortunately with the sickle of destruction to the wretches whose numbers and condition were generated by the selfishness and corruption, and, in any event, by the neglect of the landlords of Ireland.

Dick and Harry now became poor-law guardians, as they had been grand jurors for some years. Grand jurors of the present day are not certainly the adroit gentlemen at the perpetration of jobs which they were some forty or fifty years ago. Even still, however, they contrive, in a quiet and delicate manner, to take a slight lick at a bit of management. Road-making, however, is the most excusable of all jobs, inasmuch as the more any man's particular property is opened up and intersected, the greater the advantage is to the country at large.

On the third day after Tom had communicated to me the hideous piece of villany which Harry had perpetrated against his amiable sister, we went out to commence the system of extermination. As I said he was a consolidator; and if consolidation could have been accomplished without

violating the first rights of social existence and humanity, it is not a principle for the adoption of which the Irish landlords could be blamed. There, however, is where the difficulty lies. Consolidation and the natural rights of life, are, in the present state of Ireland, altogether incompatible. You may consolidate your farms ; but if you do, you must destroy a certain quantity of human life ; for this is precisely what it comes to. You turn the wretches out of their little sheds ; you level those sheds ; the scorned poor, whether sick or well—whether in want or otherwise—and when are they *ever* otherwise?—are left without house or home or shelter,—the young, the sick, the old and decrepid, as the case may be—to look to the four points of heaven without hope, without food—cruelly detached from the soil, and turned adrift, without compass or rudder, to be dashed and wrecked upon the stormy ocean of the world.

In this state of things, the landlords arose one morning and found themselves bankrupts. They had forgotten that in conniving at or encouraging, for political purposes, the subdivision of land, they were also increasing a pauper population. The fatal facility of producing the potato crop rendered the means of life easy to a class of persons, whose standard of comfort was based only on slavery and wretchedness. They forgot, that a young married couple in the poorest hut, will generally breed with a fertility in proportion to their poverty. They forgot that, by suffering such a mass of national misery to accumulate under their eyes, they were throwing these creatures into the hands of

the agitator and the demagogue, who, in point of fact, cared as little about them as the landlord did, and only made a political use of them as a stock in trade, precisely as the landlord himself had done before them. There they were, however, a gigantic and multitudinous Frankenstein, created by corruption, and their unholy creators saw that their own safety as landowners consisted only in their destruction. Hence the unnatural and inhuman crusade against their very existence into which these landowners have considered it their duty to combine ; and hence those horrible and terrific outrages, in the name and under the sanction of law, against the rights of life, and the claims of common humanity to live, so long as the individual is not stained with crime.

The morning of the day on which we went to commence the work of extermination was both bitter and cold. All the regular and legal steps had been in due and proper course taken, and nothing remained but the expulsion of the unhappy people. But before I proceed further, I must make this business a little better understood. Ever since the election, Harry had exhibited, by his conduct, a dark and vindictive feeling against certain tenants upon the Five Townlands, who had sufficient independence to vote against him. Though vindictive, however, he was not without caution, and on this occasion he was aided and instructed by "Greasy Pockets." In his case there were two principles combined, both of which were calculated from their nature to operate against the unfortunate tenantry. The first was that of the public class, to which

he belonged—because, although only acting for his brother, I consider him in the capacity of a landlord—by which I mean the determination, at all risks, to *clear* and consolidate the property. This he held in common with almost all other landowners; but it did not involve any personal feeling of ill-will against the tenant beyond that which necessarily resulted from the act itself, and drove the unfortunate men to ruin. Many such men have cleared their property—frequently with regret, I admit—but in every case from a principle which they conceived to be only an act of justice to themselves, and a step essentially necessary to save their property from destruction. In addition to this, as I have said, Harry entertained a principle of personal enmity against a number of the voters alluded to, which was pretty well known to originate from their unmanageable recusancy at the election. Here, then, were two motives in existence; one upon what was considered by the landlord as the undoubted exercise of his public right; and the other upon a matter of private and vindictive feeling.

“Greasy Pockets” had written to persons in England and Scotland, to look out for intelligent agriculturists with sufficient capital for the management of large farms; and at this period several conditional offers from such individuals had been made. As yet, however, the lands in question had neither been seen nor examined by the strangers; and now we shall proceed with the business of that melancholy day.

The morning, as we said, was cold and bitter, and ere

we had been long out, it began to rain. In this remorseless campaign against the poor, those who conducted it experienced no principle of combined and public resistance as was the case in what was called the Tithe Rebellion. This patient submission to the law of the land infused a character into such proceedings that was calculated to smite almost any heart except those which were engaged in them, and reminded one of the calm and unresisting heroism with which the primitive Christians endured the persecutions of martyrdom. It is true there were exceptions, in which nature and the original impulse of self-preservation attempted to assert their rights as well as they could ; but in no country on the face of the earth was there ever witnessed such a pitiable mass of unresisting misery subjected to a tyranny which no humane man would inflict upon the dog of his enemy.

As we went along, the purpose of our journey was perfectly well known, in consequence of the obdurate official crew who attended us ; but I cannot, nor shall I, omit this opportunity of bearing my humble testimony to the kind, and firm, yet forbearing spirit in which the Irish constabulary, on this, and on every other occasion, discharged their duty. They manifested none of the low, diabolical tyranny—none of that habitual and revolting hardness of heart—none of that wanton, unnecessary, and inhuman cruelty which collects its black venom in the slavish and derisive spirit that uniformly animates the atrocious minions of oppression and the law. They are, perhaps, the finest, firmest, most humane, and faithful

body of men in existence ; recognising no principle but that of their duty, which they discharge with incorruptible fidelity to the government which employs them, and with unprecedented humanity to the public at large. I cannot express the abhorrence with which I listened to the hardened and heartless jests of bailiffs, drivers, and all the other low scoundrels of a similar kind who accompanied us ; and who made the miseries they were about to inflict, and the sufferings that they knew must result from them, the topics of most frightful mirth.

The very aspect of everything around us seemed to catch a painful and disheartening character from our contemplated proceedings. A solemn and dismal spirit, apprehensive of calamity and full of dismay, pervaded, as it were, the very atmosphere which these poor people breathed.

What I am about to describe took place in the month of November, in 1846—for to that period we have now arrived—and, as every one knows, the failure of the potato-crop had been as general as it was dreadful and unparalleled. The people, as we met them, had a subdued, worn, and hopeless look ; and whilst they put their hands to their hats to us, it was heart-rending to read the misery and destitution that were so frightfully and pitifully visible in their hollow, dull eyes and wasted features. I felt as if my very bosom would burst with the struggle of contending emotions which went on in it—compassion, horror, and indignation. This was, we repeat, the first year of the potato blight.

So uncertain is the growth of this great curse of our country, the potato, that we question if, within the memory of man—certainly not within ours—there has passed a year in which it has not failed among us in some particular districts. The variable nature of our climate, and the liability of the root itself to failure, either from excessive moisture or drought, has made it a curse to our people—especially when millions of them, depending on it as their sole and staple food, are, without a moment's notice, or any alternative of sustenance upon which they can fall back, precipitated into all the horrors of famine. Living, at all events, upon the very verge of destitution, what a frightful calamity must not its failure inflict upon the land?

On this mournful day, such a combination of many-shaped misery, brooded upon the country as, perhaps, since the time of the great plague in London, was never witnessed. As we proceeded along, we could see that the fields, and drains, and ditches, and morasses had over them, in them, and upon them a number of suffering wretches, who moved from place to place—crawling languidly and with difficulty; some tottering, some creeping upon all fours, like savage beasts of the field, and others hurrying with feeble speed to convey a portion of the wild and innutritious weeds, which they had picked up, as a means of sustaining life in such of their helpless families as were unable, either from illness or hunger, to go abroad as their own providers. Dismay, wretchedness, desolation, despair, famine, and death were in all their




most terrific aspects about us and around us. This to be sure is a dreadful picture, even to him or her who may read it under the shelter of a comfortable roof, or when partaking of an abundant or luxuriant breakfast; but what must it not have been when witnessed on such a day as I have described, in all the horrors of its inconceivable reality as existing in a Christian land? This, however, is only a mere faint outline, without vividness or power, when compared to the appalling pictures which we shall be forced, ere long, to draw—pictures of the sternest and most deadly truth—reminding one more of those fearful and supernatural punishments which the angels of destruction, commissioned by an angry and offended God, poured down upon perverse and wicked generations, in times when the Almighty bared His arm with wrath to punish them. No; terrible as the circumstances were that surrounded us on this day, the natural clay of the earth had still received the dead; nor had the entrails of the wolfish dog become the grave of the unburied Christian. Through such a scene as this we moved—the cry, the groan, the insane howl—the still more frantic laughter, and the solemn death-prayer falling on our ears, with sometimes a curse so piercing and vehement, that it bore the same relation to the gloom which overhung the country as the midnight lightning does to the black and lowering cloud from which it proceeds, serving only to reveal its horrors.

At length we reached the first village in which our political engine of death was to commence its operations.

I had never yet witnessed anything of the kind, and felt as if the act we were about to commit was actually one of sacrilege and murder combined. I knew there was no necessity for my presence, but Harry, who was so perfectly aware of the state of the country, with his usual caution insisted that "Greasy Pockets" and myself should accompany him, in order that the odium of the act by being divided, as it were, between three of us, should be the less likely to fall heavily on himself. This was like him; but with all his cunning he miscalculated the sense and shrewdness of the people, as will be seen before we conclude.

In the first house we came to there was none sick, or, as far as we could see, ailing of any complaint. The family consisted of a man aged about sixty, whose countenance must have been naturally placid, if not mirthful, in earlier and better days. At present, however, the expression of deep care and dread of what was to take place, together with a knowledge of the consequences to him and his family, spoke so plainly, so pathetically, of the domestic desolation which had come upon him and them, that I actually looked at Harry to make myself certain whether after all he had been in earnest in this proceeding, and that it was only his intention to give these persons a good wholesome fright, and let it end there. How with a human heart in his bosom he could turn that old man out who had lived, himself and his ancestors, so long upon the family property, was a matter to which I could scarcely lend my assent. His wife was



much about his own age, and most of the family which resided with them were females. There were three of the latter, and two boys, somewhat younger, one about the age of twelve, the other about eight. The girls were fresh, modest-looking creatures, and their mother, though now, like her husband, worn and pale, had yet about her a decent and comely look. I saw at once, from the appearance of the whole family, that the proceedings of this day were considered by them as hopelessly and irretrievably ruinous to them all. They trembled, as I could see by their arms and hands, by their parched and colourless lips, and the tears which no effort could suppress, and as I could hear by their deep sighs and the hopeless tones of their low and hollow voices, which could only with difficulty be lifted into anything of a sustained conversation. Even this, however, I could bear, but the looks with which they surveyed each other, so full of despair, so indescribably wo-begone, so full of the tumultuous expression of misery, so conscious of the want of friend or protector—terror, too, and that awful and impenetrable darkness of the future which lay before them, through all of which glanced the beautiful light of domestic tenderness and affection rarely to be witnessed in any other country—this I say I could not bear. When I saw how this calamity was deepened and aggravated by such a communion between these loving hearts and tearful eyes, I felt a sense of injustice that almost turned my sympathy into madness, and prompted me to drag the aggressive villain out of the house and trample him under my feet.

"Come out," said I to "Greasy Pockets," "I want to speak to you."

"Well," he asked, when we had got outside the house: "what is the matter?"

"Why," I replied, "I think this is a hard and a harsh proceeding. To turn this unhappy family out when they have neither house nor home, is cruel in the extreme! What in God's name is to become of them?"

"Hang it, Randy," replied the villain, "I have a much more pertinent question to ask. What the devil is to become of *me*? for I'm as hungry as a hawk. I wish to God you'd send some one up to that *sheebien* house, or whatever it is, that we were in some years ago, and *see* if they could provide a snack of any kind. Why what the devil I, say again! is it compassionate you've got? Upon my soul you are a disgrace to your father's memory. Go in and kiss one of the girls—the second, she's a pretty creature, and doesn't look the worse for her paleness—and say that if she calls to you in a day or two you will give her hope and consolation. I have often done it, and when you come to know these things better, so will you."

I looked at him, for in fact my heart had been full, and I experienced such a revulsion of feeling, as drove me for a moment out of all my sympathies for this unhappy family into a different frame of mind.

"And is it possible, now," I asked, "that you feel nothing for the utter ruin that is falling this moment upon the heads, ay, and the hearts, of these unfortunate people?"





1

2

3

4

"I am in a state of feeling," he replied, with a grin, "much stronger than yours. I feel, for instance, the strongest possible sympathy for a smoking plate of rashers and eggs, and after that a noggin of poteen grog. But I'll tell you what, Randy; I didn't think you were such a green goose as you are, to talk about such a scene *as this*. Why, man, wait till we get through the village—wait till we come to the sick cases—the sickness is spreading everywhere now, you know,—and that will open your eyes for you."

"I may be a green goose," I replied, nettled at the degrading comparison, "but, upon my soul, if I am, you are an old vulture, without heart or feeling, or anything but a gluttonous and insatiable voracity."

"Why, now, Randy," he repeated, "*it is* astonishing what a green goose you *are*! Here, you blame me, a hardened old sinner, spawned, I may say, in Chancery, begotten, nurtured, and bred up to an iniquitous degree of strength, amidst its most dishonest fostering corruptions, and yet you expect me to feel sympathy in a case like this, where the landlord is only exercising his just rights? Me! Randy, my boy, think of yourself. Think of the man of rank, of birth, of breeding; the polished, the accomplished gentleman, who, with his humanity and his country in his mouth, will send out that fell brigade to do, in his own absence, and by his own free will, what I, a hardened sinner am *obliged* to do; think of the pious parson, who, with the gospel of love upon his lips, who will scarcely talk to you in secular conversation, or out of spiritual



phraseology, and who is all zeal for the salvation of your soul, but who will, nevertheless, *roup* you, as the Scotch say, out of house and home; think of the benevolent humanity of what the tythe system was. Me! God help you, man: think of the peer in his coronet and carriage; his dinners and his drawing-rooms, his courtesy and urbanity; and yet out go the poor wretches under him, *under all of them*, with as little remorse as they would under 'Greasy Pockets.' However, the fact is, Randy, that, with every respect for your sensibility and your sentiment, the thing must be done, let who may suffer; there is no other means of saving the worthy Irish landlords from ruin. We feel that *the people must die off—die out of the way*—and it is not the first landlord I have heard say as much. This is a blessed famine, God be praised! If we could only get one or two more of them we would be able to reconstruct our property, and proceed with success, because we could then get rid, in a natural way, of 'the superabundant.' Blessed Jasus, I'm lost for something to eat! I feel as if this famine was inside of me. If all fails, I must take to a hinge of the door there, or some stray piece of iron about the place, for, as it is, I could digest anything."

"Have you any relish for lead?" I asked; "for I should not feel surprised, knowing, as they do here, the strength of your appetite, if they took it into their heads to give you a 'snack' of that."

"May Jasus forbid!" he replied. "I that am one of the instruments who relieves them from the imprisonment

of four walls and a roof, and commit them to unrestrained liberty and the open air. That would be ungrateful."

On looking still more closely at the man, I felt it impossible to say whether he was serious or ironical; but in a moment I remembered his character, and felt, with too much of conscious truth, that he was not the first human hyæna who could gorge himself on his victim, and then grin in savage laughter over its mangled carcase.

"Mary, dear," said the old man, "we must go. The law and the world is against us."

"Yes," replied the wife, wiping away her tears; "but, thanks be to the Almighty! there is a better world than this."

"Where's your priest now," said Harry, "who instructed you to vote against your natural protector, the landlord? Let him provide you in a house."

"My *natural* protector!" replied the old man; "there's one of those words you might lave out, sir; and as for my priest, he will provide me with a better house than ever you could give me."

"I remember the day I came with these gentlemen to inspect the state of the property, and I can't forget how every man of you dressed himself up in the worst rags he could get, in order to make us believe that you were hard set to live."

"And who drove us to sich shifts?" replied the old man. "Wasn't it our *natural* protectors? Sure, if one of you or your agents happened to see us or our children with plain dacent clothes upon our backs, we were taxed

wid it as proof of wealth, and the harsh and cruel word was—that man and his family is wearing upon their backs what I ought to have in my pockets. But I never wore those rags, sir, unless when I couldn't help it—which was too often, God look to me! Come, Mary," said he, "come childre—come Owen and Harry! This child, my youngest, sir, was called after yourself. Come, my darlings, we can't oppose the law. You see we go out wid submission, sir; and now to what quarter of the earth we will turn ourselves is what none of us know. But come, bad as you think the priest, sir, we have it from him that we are to be obedient to the laws."

The family were in deep, silent, and submissive sorrow, with the exception of the two youngest.

"Father," exclaimed little Harry, in violent grief, "are they goin' to put us out of *our own house*?"

"Come, darling," replied his father, looking on him with a breaking heart, "don't cry—God will provide us with a better house. Ah, Mr. Squander," he added, addressing that humane gentleman, "this is what your father never would a' done."

"It was he that did it for all that," said "Greasy Pockets" to me, in a whisper. "There will be nice work in the country soon—but, in the meantime, I feel as if I was an embodied famine. Upon my soul, I think I represent the country. I feel a combination of the ostrich, the wolf, and the shark strong in my stomach. This air has turned it into a gastric Maelstrom, Randy, that would swallow down anything that came within its reach."

Three or four men—one of them a keen, vindictive-looking fellow, with black brows that met across his face, and a triangular countenance—were standing immediately behind us; and after having heard “Greasy Pockets’” complaints, they removed a little from us, and entered into a conversation, of which it was evident, from their occasional glances at him, that he seemed to be the subject.

I do not wish to detail the hard-hearted insolence of the hacknied bailiffs, as, with the same spirit of ribald irreverence which had characterised them on our journey, they pulled down and dragged out everything in the house. The poor, trembling, agitated old man took his distracted wife by one hand, and his youngest child by the other, and beckoning the rest of the family to follow him, they went out into the stormy atmosphere of the day—for it blew and rained with great violence.

Now, we have described these evictions before, and have been complimented by the landlord press—or rather by one paper belonging to it—with the highly *poetical* beauty of our description; and an insinuation was made, but indeed very gently made, that the reader would find a most extraordinary difference between the sentimental misery of our fiction and the reality of the actual facts. The description we allude to appeared in “Valentine M’Clutchy,” and was both marked and peculiar in its details; indeed, so much so, that a great many persons, ignorant of the reckless and inhuman brutality with which such proceedings are conducted, might have been justified

---

in concluding that the one alluded to owed more to imagination than reality. In the course, however, of about three years *after* the work in which that scene appeared had been published, there occurred in the west of Ireland an extermination so miraculously parallel to it in every circumstance, even—as far as we can recollect—to the very Festival on which both occurred, that it would almost seem as if the exterminators alluded to had gone with “Valentine M’Clutchy” in their hands, in order to perform—act by act—the identical scenes recorded in it, precisely as if they had previously rehearsed them from it. The extermination we allude to made a considerable noise in the House of Commons at the time, and as we despise useless and unnecessary mystery, we beg to state that it occurred on the property of Mr. Blake, a Connaught gentleman, who gained unenviable notoriety by its character and cruelty. We pause here to mention this fact, lest our English readers might feel disposed to compliment our imagination at the expense of our veracity. The truth is, that many—too many—of these scenes, transcend the force of the strongest invention, and, if they were not witnessed by hundreds—by thousands—and faithfully reported, too, imagination would never have even dreamt that they could occur, or be suffered to occur, in a Christian country; or that the frightful sounds of misery which they occasion could have been ringing so long in the ears of, what we were—God forgive us!—almost about to say, a Christian Parliament.

When the family came out, two of the daughters

approached their father, and exclaimed, "Father, what will become of us? Where will we go to?"

"Poor girls!" he replied, with a look of despair and agony, "that is more than I can tell you. Unless into the famine and fever of the poor-house, I do not know; may God pity us! for I see that man will not. Oh, Mr. Squander, you are scattering my little flock! you are sending the aged father and the heart-broken mother, and the affectionate and loving daughters to utter ruin; I am willing to remain and pay my rent; and now that you have put us out, I hope you will have compassion on us, and let us in again, even as care-takers. Before God, we are houseless and homeless this bitter day! and you see it, sir, and you know it. What are we to do? How and where are we to live? I didn't think that the like of this could be suffered to happen in a Christian country. We have always been told that the laws are ready to protect us; but is this the protection they give us? They say," he added, bitterly, as he wiped away his tears—"they say there is one law for the rich and another for the poor—but for my part, I think there is *no* law at all *for* the poor, but every law against them. I trust the day may soon come when there will be such a law; for, until it does, there will never be peace and prosperity in this neglected country."

It would be painful to dwell minutely upon the proceedings of this day, or to describe the remorseless wreck of furniture, and the beating of the heavy rain into beds and bed-clothes, which took place as we went along.

In the case selected, we have made it a point studiously to avoid that in which there existed fever, dysentery, and other such complaints, as follow in the desolating footsteps of famine. We saw the sick, the old, the young persons of all ages, and of both sexes, thrust out, and the men who performed our behests, after clearing and gutting every house, immediately set about the demolition of the house itself; which was immediately unroofed, and a portion of the walls—in some instances all—undermined and levelled. To such a pitch of dexterity did these fellows arrive, that, after about six months' practice, the rapidity with which they accomplished the clearing out, and demolition of any elevated dwelling, seemed more like magic than the ordinary exertions of human skill. They combined their strength—became so dexterous by experience—organised their knowledge with so much ingenuity, and made such strides in the progress of *civilisation*, that their talents were recognised so far as to have assigned to them a distinct position in the executive of the country under the appellation of "The Crow-bar Brigade."

As heap after heap of furniture were tossed out under the pelting rain, and as house after house was gutted and levelled down, the unhappy groups joined each other amidst the clamour of wild and irrepressible grief. It was an awful thing, indeed, to mark how every individual eviction deepened this fearful expression of misery. At first there was the grief of only a single family, then this was joined by that of another, afterwards by a third, and

so on as we proceeded, until this deep *diapason* of wretchedness and sorrow grew into something so utterly unprecedented in the annals of human life, as the mingled mass of agony was borne past us upon the wild and pitiless blast, that we find ourselves absolutely incompetent even to describe it. We feel, however, as if that loud and multitudinous wail was still ringing in our ears, against which and the terrible recollections associated with it, we wish we could close them and the memory that brings them into fresh existence.

God of divine mercy ! It was pitiful ! alas ! how feeble and inexpressive is the word ! It was pitiful to see the aged man, hoary and decrepit, even although in health—and still more the poor old companion and partner of all his cares, afflictions, and struggles, turned ruthlessly out—expelled without the least shadow of compassion—in one blasting word—EVICTED from those humble habitations in which they had spent their lives, and brought up their children : where they had wrestled with the world together—where they had endured their sorrows together—where they had partaken in those humble joys which their lot in life had afforded them together ; where the Festival was looked forward to with sleepless nights by their little ones ; where the whole, though limited circle of their existence lay—where they lived, loved, wept, and prayed ; alas ! to them their little world—it was pitiful, we say, to see the aged and helpless thus expelled, even when they were affected by no illness. But, alas ! we must deepen the scene. There was age, manhood, youth,

---



and infancy all, in many instances, ill—some of them hopeless—some of them dying, some of them dead. This tumultuous scene of misery—these daring outrages upon humanity—this cowardly striking of the defenceless sick—this savage and sacrilegious treatment of the dead, we cannot and shall not describe. It is enough, and too much, to be obliged to say that such scenes have occurred in our unfortunate country, and are occurring every day in thousands.

We now draw this painful scene to a close. There was one little cabin at the extremity of the village to which we went. It had been newly erected, and was built upon a height that rendered it more liable to suffer from wind and storm than any of the rest. As we approached it I observed a tumultuous but calm motion among the people—for the expression is quite correct—and a peculiar interest seemed to pervade the melancholy multitude about us. Whisperings and glances and secret discussions among small knots of them took place, but with what object I could not at all divine. At length when about to enter the house a large man, strong and formidable in appearance, almost fifty years of age, approached Harry and said,

“You had better pass *that* house by, sir.”

“Tell him, Connell, tell him at wanst,” said a voice from the crowd.

Connell turned round, and in a deep startling voice said, “The first that does I will murder before the sun goes down.”

Then there was a solemn murmur which subsided into a still more solemn silence.

"Sir," proceeded Connell still addressing himself with a stern gloominess of aspect to Harry, "You will do well to pass *that* house."

"Why so?" asked Harry, "why should I pass this house any more than the others?"

"There is a girl in it, sir," replied Connell, with a calmness that had something startling and terrible in it; "there is a girl in it—a child—about fourteen years of age, and she is just between life and death; the removal will kill her, and I shouldn't wish, sir, for your own sake, that you should be the man to do it. It's a case of fever, sir."

"Ah!" replied Harry, "there's too much of this going; sickness is a very convenient excuse; however, I'm up to all that. Go on, you fellows—clear the house."

The murmur again arose, hurtled like the noise of a coming storm among the multitude, but gradually as before, sunk into silence. Connell again looked at the people, raised his hand, and said,

"Not a word."

In a few moments a young creature was carried out into the open air, but in such an unconscious state as prevented her from feeling the full extent of the merciless exposure to the elements to which she had been subjected. Some old women surrounded her as she lay upon a bed of chaff; but on opening her eyes, and finding herself exposed to the severity of the weather, she

---

shuddered, and after one or two spasmodic throes expired.

"Is she dead?" exclaimed Connell in a deep voice, "is she dead?"

"God has taken her, blessed be his name!" replied one of the women.

"I must be sure of it;" said Connell, approaching the young corpse. "I must see."

He stooped, he examined her, he felt her pulse, he felt her heart, he raised her arm, and let it fall, which it did lifelessly; he put his mouth to her ear, he called her, but all was silence—silence, deep, and without motion. The solemn stillness of death was there.

"I am satisfied," said he; "that will do; it is enough."

He then approached Harry, and said, "Come here, sir—come here a moment."

"Why should I go there?" replied Harry. "What have I to do with it? The men must discharge their duty."

"Come here, sir," repeated Connell, seizing him by the arm and transferring as if he were a boy, down to the bed where the dead girl lay. "Look here, sir," he proceeded, "look upon the face of that innocent girl, and when you examine it well, then let me tell you you have murdered your own daughter, and my granddaughter."

"Why did you not tell me this before?" said Harry, throwing him off, and looking into his face with a mingled expression of anger and shame.

"Ah!" replied Connell, "why does a butcher fatten

the beast in ordher to make it ready for the knife? Because I want to prepare you for what's before you. You have seen one part of it—you will feel the rest—in your conscience may be," he added with a stern smile. "Let God take care of you; your business for this day is done, and that is enough now."

## CHAPTER V.




THE RELIEF WORKS AND THEIR ABUSES.—PERVERSION OF  
THE PUBLIC MONEY TO DISHONEST PURPOSES.—A  
DECLARATION OF LOVE.

IN the progress of decline, whether individual or national, there are regular gradations, which, although scarcely perceptible, are nevertheless true. Dick and Harry were, as we said, grand jurors and poor-law guardians. 1846 had now come on, and no rents were to be had. The failure, so general and disastrous, of the potato crop, falling upon such a multitudinous population—a population, Great God ! of several millions ; a population, too, always depending upon that pernicious root as their food—now, that it had utterly disappeared, had sunk them into such a state of famine and despair as can never be imagined by an Englishman. In the month of July, in that disastrous year, the Irish people went one night to bed , with every prospect of an ample and abundant crop of their staple food, and on rising the next morning, found the whole breadth of the country in which it was planted one blackened and blasted mass of absolute putrefaction, rank with rottenness

in a single night, and every field steaming with the intolerable stench of the putrid haulms. Black and deadly, indeed, and rife with the certainty of approaching destitution and utter hopelessness, was the appalling prospect now before them. Dark and deadly, however, as were their terrors, oh, how immeasurably did they fall short of the frightful and desolating reality ! The peculiar season at which the blight occurred, was exactly that in which the Irish peasant, the labourer, and the cottar, are in all seasons subjected to the greatest privations. It was that calamitous blank of the year in which the labour, and frequently the food, of one season do not extend to that which succeeds it. It is the critical and trying period to the unhappy poor who, now that there is a cessation of labour, are obliged to flock in ragged shoals to England, where there is an earlier harvest, and there seek for employment, leaving their destitute wives and children to support themselves as well as they can by mendicancy until their return. All our English readers, we are certain, must be well aware of this melancholy state of things, and that it has existed for God knows what a length of time.

At such a moment, then, came this terrific scourge upon the doomed and devastated country. It was as if some strong man should strike down another in the very moment of his weakness, when he is utterly incapable of self-protection and defence. We mean that the analogy holds good only in the external act ; for we dare not question the justice of Almighty Providence, who, for reasons with which we can never become acquainted, visited our people with



such a transcendant infliction : not the people alone, however, but those at whose hands they experienced so little consideration and sympathy.

In the meantime the dismay of the country was beyond all possible powers of description. The landlords felt that their fate was sealed ; that their habits of extravagance and expenditure, so senseless and profligate, were now returned to them in something like a judicial punishment ; and the prospect before them was bleak and bitter. As far as the people were concerned, the famine was without parallel. All classes were struck down as if with a national paralysis, and the general feeling and state of the country were unexampled in the history of nations.

Now one would naturally imagine that the common calamity, dreadful and sweeping as it was, would have softened or humanised the landlord class, and taught them at last some sympathy for the destitute and hapless condition of their unfortunate tenantry. At this period there was scarcely a single estate in the country that was not steeped in incumbrances—most of them beyond redemption—and yet it was at this very period, or shortly after, that the moral but actual murders of the exterminating system set in with full force. A community of distress seemed only to harden the hearts of the Irish landholders, many of whom, as we have already said, looked upon the famine as a godsend to clear their property of the squatters and other superfluous myriads, whom their own former corruption had created.

At length came the "Public Works Act" of Sir Robert

Peel. That the motives of that good man and great statesman were pure, humane, and noble, there can be no earthly doubt. Of course it was not to be expected that he could calculate upon a second failure of the potato crop, and a second famine, much less a third; and indeed, were it not for the promptness of his measures and the relief they afforded, hundreds of thousands that were saved would have perished. But as the Act was managed in Ireland, it became a grievous obstruction to public and national industry. In the hurry and scamper—in the wail of real misery, and in the outcry of such desperate distress—there was necessarily a want of time for investigation and reflection, which occasioned both neglect and abuse. The struggle among the people—the impetuous rush for relief—the endless and incessant clamour, and the riotous demand, half supplication, half menace,—confounded those who administered the public funds, and in many instances caused the latter to be misapplied and diverted to improper objects; in other words, to thousands of persons who did not at all stand in need of them; but who were not ashamed to represent themselves as paupers in a starving condition.

It would be well if we could rest here; but, unfortunately for the character of the country, we cannot do so. Truth must be told, and always shall be, as it always has been, by us. A greater mass of selfishness and corruption was never witnessed in a civilised land, than was created by the administration of this public money. We have alluded to the rush which the starving people made for a participation



by employment in the parliamentary grant, one-half of which was a loan, to be levied on the baronies. If the rush of the people, however, was great, the rush of the landlords, though better modified and regulated with more plausibility, was still greater. It is an undoubted fact, that landlords, instead of applying it honestly to the destitute and famishing pauper, sent it into the pockets of many of their own tenantry, who did not require it, on the understood condition that it should be returned to them again in the shape of rent. A kind of mutual concession was made at the baronial meetings, through the means of which *I* am permitted—we will say—to have a new road made through my private property; and I again aid *you* and others, as you and they have aided me, in achieving a similar job. At a baronial meeting which shall be nameless, an honest and high-minded baronet, a gentleman and sincere friend of the people—whose father distinguished himself, and nobly earned his laurels and baronetcy, at the battle of Bunker's Hill—leaving the Court-house, was so completely disgusted at the corrupt rapacity of the magistrates and landlords assembled, that he exclaimed, with a good deal of epigrammatic point—“Robbery and Jobbery, by G—!”

In point of fact, it was perfectly amazing to witness, during that period, the extraordinary attachment that had sprung up in the hearts of those gentlemen towards their tenantry. Every landlord—already determined that the Government wages should come round, as Lumpkin says, by a *circumbendibus* into his own

pocket—fought for his tenant—like a very devil—from a principle of novelty, as it were, but,—oh, not at all of selfishness !

“ Paddy Cummiskey,” says the landlord, “ provided I can get you and your three sons ‘ the Government money,’ you must save it up for the rent, and pay me the outstanding gale.”

Of course this is assented to, and the father with his three sons, who are absolutely not at all ill off, get pay and employment, *as paupers*, through the influence of their kind-hearted landlord, who thereby works up a snug little job for his own benefit.

Never, indeed, was a sum of such magnitude so monstrously absorbed and misapplied. There is not on record anything at all to resemble it. One would imagine that such an enormous grant—about ten millions—would, by its application to the industry of the country, have left some permanent and beneficial traces behind it. On the contrary, there is not at this moment one single vestige of public benefit to be found throughout all Ireland, as resulting from it, or to remind us that such a sum was expended in the country. The public roads, instead of being improved by it, were cut up and disfigured in such a way, that I believe in my soul they were left much worse by the magistrates and Government inspectors than they found them. Lord George Bentinck, an honest man, and possessed of shrewd sense and sagacity, without a very high order of intellect,—in point of fact, a practical and working man—proposed a plan for the construction of

railroads, which would, had it been acted on, have thrown Ireland forward half a century in prosperity and improvement. As it was, the Government money went—at least an immense portion of it—into the pockets of the landlords, and the rest to pay the people only for *unproductive* labour. In point of fact, its effect upon the private industry of the country was in itself little less than a calamity. That there was a great deal of fraud and evasion of labour, especially when we consider the vast multitudes employed, no one can doubt. In many instances it was grievous and shameful to witness. But almost in every case, the fraud and evasion were to be found in those who had no just claim for such employment. The unfortunate paupers, from an apprehension of being dismissed for idleness, and thus losing their only source of support, were anxious to work as well as they could. The whole thing was grievous and shameful to witness. Sir Charles Trevelyan says, in his pamphlet:—"The first symptoms of neglected tillage appeared in the spring of 1846, and they were worse in those districts in which the relief works were carried on to the greatest extent. The improvements in progress on the Shannon, and the arterial drainages, were also impeded by the preference which the labourers showed for the relief works."

That the private industry of the country was still further injured and retarded, is proved by the same indisputable authority; and we know, from our own personal knowledge and observation—for we were for some time in the internal parts of the country at the period in question—that his

statement is perfectly correct. He adds :—"The Lord Lieutenant in vain directed that no person rated above 6*l.* for the poor-law should, except in very special circumstances, be eligible for employment. Thousands upon thousands were pressed upon the officers of the Board of Works in every part of Ireland, and it was impossible for these officers to test the accuracy of the urgent representations which were made to them. The attraction of *money wages*, regularly paid to them from the public purse, or the 'Queen's pay,' as it was popularly called, led to a general abandonment of other descriptions of industry, in order to participate in the advantages of the relief works. The fisheries were deserted; and it was often difficult to get a coat patched or a pair of shoes mended; to such an extent had the population of the south and west of Ireland turned out upon the roads. The average number employed in October was 114,000; in November, 285,000; in December, 440,000; and in January, 1847, 570,000. It was impossible to exact from such multitudes *such a degree of labour* as would act as a test of destitution."

This last sentence is rather difficult of comprehension as Sir Charles has written it. His meaning, however, can be made very plain. If he had seen those unfortunate men, nineteen out of every twenty of whom had a wife and children to support with this six shillings a week; if he had witnessed their feeble limbs and emaciated features, he must have remembered that it was the throe of hunger and destitution which had brought them to that state, and that it would be as unreasonable for him to expect the

same amount of labour from a sick man as from a man in health, as to expect a full day's labour from those unfortunate creatures, who were utterly prostrated by want and wretchedness, and who had *nothing else* on which to subsist but the bare shilling a day for themselves, their wives, and their children, and that, too, in a year of famine. In other seasons they might live upon it, and maintain their natural strength and energy; because they had always their stock of potatoes on which to depend, and the wages came in merely as a collateral support. On the occasion in question, however, the potato was extinct, and neither the labourer nor his wife and family could fall back upon it as before. This was what constituted the difference, and if the test of destitution, to which Sir Charles Trevelyan alludes, was the amount of labour endured by these unfortunate men, we think that no Government officer, acquainted with the frightful state of the country, and the utter failure of the potato, could be at a loss to furnish himself with such a test.

It is true the landlords made a job of it, not from sympathy with, or humanity for the people; it is also true that thousands got employment, who had no right to it. The process was this:—a Government officer, a perfect stranger in the locality, was sent down to attend a baronial meeting, and ascertain from the resident gentry the names of those who, from their poverty and destitution, were best entitled to relief. This man was necessarily obliged to be guided by the advice and judgment of the landed proprietors and magistrates, who were acquainted with the

population. The consequence was that, as we have stated before, these worthy gentlemen often recommended individuals of their own tenantry for employment, upon the understanding that the relief-wages, so earned, should be paid to them in rent. The distinction between the real pauper and the landlords' farmers who presented themselves for relief on their recommendation, but who in multitudes of cases had no claim to it, we believe, upon second consideration, constitutes the test of destitution to which Sir Charles Trevelyan very properly and truly alludes.

This, however, after all, but slightly affected the enormous mass of misery which pressed down the country. It is not for a moment to be supposed that more than one-half of the destitute in Ireland obtained employment in the public works. No Government in the world could afford employment to at least four millions of desolate paupers. The thing was impossible, and the consequence was, that large bodies of the unfortunate and starving wretches paraded the country; going sometimes to a baker's shop, and taking by violence all the bread they could find; and at others, to the houses of private gentlemen and wealthy farmers, from whom they extorted by threats and intimidation either food or money.

It is not our purpose, however, at this period of our story, to enter directly into the description of the famine, because we must return to the family of the Squanders, with whom we have to deal.

Dr. M'Claret was now more seldom than usual at the

Castle. This, however, proceeded neither from coldness of heart nor want of sympathy; but from a natural delicacy which prompted him to avoid a participation in the knowledge of their distress, lest it might occasion them pain. Mr. Brooks, one evening about this time, happened to be down at the Castle, and, on inquiring after Miss Squander from her uncle Tom, was told by that kind-hearted creature that he would find her in the garden. That an attachment subsisted between him and her was a fact which had not escaped the observation of her uncle, who was the only person, except myself, that was aware of it. They met on the steps of the hall-door, and the affectionate old man, who loved his niece with the tenderness of a father, looking into the curate's face with an expression of deep sorrow, said—

“Mr. Brooks, would you have any objection to take a turn with me in the lawn?”

The curate was somewhat surprised, inasmuch as he felt by some secret conviction that whatever Tom intended to say to him was with reference to his niece. This conversation her uncle himself disclosed to me in the course of the same evening.

On reaching the lawn, Tom, with an emotion that did honour to his amiable heart, addressed the curate as follows:—“Mr. Brooks,” he proceeded, “you need not be surprised at what I am about to say. I am aware of the affection which you entertain for my niece.”

The curate hesitated for a moment, but replied, “I am perfectly conscious of my presumption in entertaining

such an affection—an affection which I would have disclosed long ago, were it not that I felt myself unworthy of that admirable girl, and by no means in a position to maintain her in the rank which is not only her birthright, but due to her many virtues.”

“Well,” replied Tom, “that admission, joined with the motive of your conduct, does you honour; but I can tell you that Emily has experienced so many of the trials and vicissitudes of life, that she is altogether above the reach of vain ambition; and I can add besides, that she loves you. Calamity has, as you know, come heavily upon her father’s house; she is too sensitive, and feels the struggles in which we are involved with too quick and susceptible a spirit. I fear her health will go, and to tell you the truth, I wish she were taken from among us, and removed from the greater evils which are still to come. I do not mean by death,—God forbid; for she is now the only living individual in this family to whom my heart clings; her death would kill me; it would leave me desolate and alone in the world, without a single heart with which I could communicate my feelings or my affections. I tell you she loves you.”

“You know, Mr. Squander,” replied the curate, “that my expectations are such as would justify me in entertaining an attachment for her. Even now my income, added to that obtained from my curacy, is something better than four hundred a-year, and if I thought she could be content”—

“To which,” said Tom, interrupting him, “you may add



three hundred per annum from me. But no, Mr. Brooks," he added, correcting himself, "I cannot abandon this unhappy family *yet*; nor could I, for the love I bear my brother's memory, leave his widow in a state of such trial as she is even now obliged to suffer; and I see that worse is coming. It is not probable that this awful blight which has prostrated the country will occur again; things will then brighten, I trust; but in the mean time, you and Emily might make arrangements for your marriage at a future day; for I question whether the affectionate girl would leave her mother, who is now, as you may perceive, fast breaking down, if not nearly broken down altogether. I hardly think she will live twelve months, perhaps not six. At all events, as I know that you and Emily love one another, go to the garden where you will find her—and may God bless you both!"

The poor old man took Brooks's hand in his, which he pressed, and as he did it the tears ran down his cheeks.

At that moment I chanced to be sitting in a summer-house, which was so thick with foliage as to be quite impenetrable to the eye, no person sitting within being visible from without, unless at the front opening. Beside this, within at least a yard of it, was a rustic seat that commanded a beautiful view of the fine old garden, which, however, had felt the decline of the family, as well as the house itself and offices. Emily, who knew not that I was in it, had been walking along a broad gravel walk (now partially covered with grass) that ran behind it, and was not, consequently, in a position to

see me at all. At length the curate came in, and, approaching her, said—

“You seem to be fond of solitude, Miss Squander.”

“I cannot say that I am, Mr. Brooks,” she replied. “I cannot understand how those that are unhappy can enjoy solitude.”

“How can you say so, Miss Squander? for surely one with so pure and benevolent a disposition as you are possessed of, cannot be unhappy.”

“If I am not unhappy on my own account, Mr. Brooks,” she returned, “surely I cannot but feel—and deeply, too—the painful decline of my family. You cannot yourself be ignorant of the dreadful reverses which of late years have taken place amongst us, and which are now likely to be consummated in our utter ruin.”

As she spoke, the bitter tears gushed from her eyes, and both were silent for a time.

They had now arrived at that point where the walk I have described ran into that on which the rustic seat was placed, when Mr. Brooks said—

“My dear Emily, don’t allow yourself to be cast down; the prevailing calamity is not peculiar to your family alone; it is general over the country.”

“But you do not mean to offer me that by way of consolation, Mr. Brooks?”

“In some degree it is a source of consolation,” he replied, “because you can see that your family are not worse off than others.”

“I cannot perceive,” she replied, “how I am to draw

any comfort from that reflection. To me it is only a proof that the habits of the gentry have been contagious, and that, by a blind and infatuated course of life, they have involved themselves and each other in universal ruin."

"Pray sit down on this seat," he said; "you seem somewhat fatigued."

"I certainly am not strong," she replied; "I feel how much care and anxiety prostrate the physical powers. Indeed, I am a proof of it; for although I can complain of no particular malady, yet I experience in my own person the debility which care alone—unaccompanied by any positive complaint—is capable of producing."

"I have observed that care, my dear Emily," he said, and with deep sympathy—nay, with profound sorrow,—“you will excuse me for prefixing the epithet *dear* to your name; for, truly, and in the presence of God, you are, and have been, for a considerable time, most dear to me. Hear me—and permit me to ask if, for the present, you could be contented with an humble competence—with a man who loves you beyond the power of language to express—who loves you for your affectionate heart—for your noble conduct under such severe trials—for your charity to the poor when you could afford it—and for those gentle and admirable domestic virtues which are the theme of praise, and the cause of admiration and love and honour, throughout the country? In the discharge of my clerical duties, I have learned what you have done—have become acquainted with those whose sick beds, steaming as they were with contagion, you have visited as an angel of mercy

---

—with the poverty, the distress, and the destitution which you have relieved. I set your beauty aside ; but how can you imagine, my dear and most beloved Emily, that a man like me—who, however unworthy in many ways, yet am, I trust, sincere in the spirit of my holy mission—could learn the beautiful catalogue of these virtues, and not feel my heart bound to you by love, as well as by something still more sacred—by a higher principle, which forces me, if possible, to love the transcendent qualities of your noble and humane spirit even more than the beauty of your person. But where both—where all—combine, what can a poor heart like mine do, but admit its devotion and its attachment ? If there be offence in my words—if there be presumption in my love—I intreat you to pardon me, and attribute that offence to your own virtues, and I will add, also, to your beauty, to which it is impossible that any man with a susceptible heart can be insensible.”

Emily saw that he was deeply moved, and felt at once the full force of the sincerity with which he spoke.

“Mr. Brooks,” said she, “I know that you love candour.”

“I expect nothing else from you, my dear Emily.”

“And you shall have nothing else,” she replied. “I admit and feel that your affection is an honour to any woman. I believe it to be perfectly disinterested, besides ; but, as an opinion is current that I am in possession of a fortune amounting to twelve thousand pounds, I think it due to myself to state—though not necessary for the satisfaction of a heart which I feel to be so generous as yours—that I am, in point of fact, penniless. I did

possess a fortune of twelve thousand pounds; but it is gone—and I only intreat you not to ask me how or why it went; it is enough to say to you that I am portionless.”

“So far as I myself am concerned, my dear Emily, I do not regret it in the slightest degree; but for your own sake I do. The fact is, however, that my income—but I beg your pardon—I am calculating probably before my time. I have declared to you; but oh, too inadequately!—how deeply, how devotedly, how tenderly I love you; yet I have not received a reply.”

“Well, then, Mr. Brooks,” she replied, “you are *not* indifferent to me; nay, more—that is to say, I could speak more positively—but that I feel that you have been long aware that my heart—well,” she added, smiling, “you are satisfied I see”—and, as she spoke, a beautiful blush suffused her whole neck and face.

“Well,” he replied, “to tell you the truth, I thought so; but it may be necessary for me to state to you that I shall, ere long, come into the possession of a fine property; that is, if God spares my life.”

“It is *not* necessary,” she replied, “to make any such statement to me, Mr. Brooks; and I beg you will not further allude to it. I should be sorry if you considered me selfish. I could be as happy with you upon four hundred a-year as upon four thousand; and surely you must know yourself that happiness, domestic happiness—love, tenderness, confidence, and the thousand minor virtues which surround and sanctify the hearth, are *not* the result of profuse wealth, which, in too many instances,

hardens the heart instead of teaching it the duties of life, or bringing it within the tender course of the affections."

"God knows," replied Brooks, "I did not mention it from any such motive; but I felt that I would not have rendered justice to my affection for you, and to my claims upon your generous heart, without alluding to a fact, which, after all, in the hands of the humane and charitable, may and ought to constitute an important element in human happiness. And now, Emily, may I ask if there are any obstacles to our union? Do you think your mother or your brothers would object to it?"

"I really do not know," she replied; "but, although I should regret to marry contrary to the wishes of my family, I feel that the security of my own happiness would justify me in acting independently. There is, however, one circumstance, which, for the present at least, must postpone our union. The struggles and calamities of our family have had such an effect upon poor mamma's health, that I feel it would be both undutiful and inhuman in her only daughter to abandon her now. In fact, I could not do it. I feel the absolute necessity of being with her and about her almost at all hours; and the more so as, of late, her love for me has become, in consequence of her helplessness and dependence upon me, so tender, and I might almost say beseeching, that I could not for a moment think of leaving her to the cold and negligent care of servants."

"But our marriage would not render it at all necessary that you should separate from her."

“Even so, my dear Mr. Brooks, I could not think of marrying while she is in such a state of health.”

“Admirable girl!” exclaimed Brooks. “Oh, where—in what part of the world could your equal be found? I do believe you are without a parallel.”

“I am only doing my duty as a daughter, Mr. Brooks.”

“Well, then,” said he, “may I ask you to pledge your troth to me, and to say that you will marry no other man?”

“I shall do that willingly,” she replied; “and I will admit, without a moment’s hesitation, that your excellent qualities and virtues have, for a long time, gained my esteem and my affections. There is my right hand that I will marry no other man, provided always that you do nothing that will disentitle you to my love; but to leave mamma now, or to marry while she is in this melancholy state of health,—I could not think of doing it.”

“And I honour you for your delicacy as well as for your affection, my dear Emily.”

They then plighted their troth to each other, and entered into a mutual engagement; after which they left the garden, and went into the house together.

CHAPTER VI.

---

## MRS. SQUANDER VISITS HER HUSBAND'S TOMB.

THE state and condition of her mother were now such as might avert ridicule and disarm resentment—if her foibles could at any time have excited such a feeling. Nor was this all. She was now, in her broken down health and melancholy calamity, an object not only of respect, but of Christian compassion. It is good to be afflicted; and of this she was a proof. That which the moral precepts of life and the obligations of religion failed so long to effect, was brought about by the approach of death, and the calamitous ruin of her family. A veil seemed to have been taken from her eyes by some stern but friendly hand, and she was able to awake, as it were, out of the long unreal trance of her previous life, and to understand the pain and peril of her situation. Our readers are aware that her heart had never been depraved by any of the grosser passions or darker vices of nature. Her father had been a *roué* and a profligate, both moral and political, and paid little or no attention to her education, which, in point of fact, had been sadly neglected.



Under such circumstances, the wonder is that the woman did not become much worse than she was. A constitutional indolence, the result of early neglect and want of proper discipline, was aided and confirmed by pride and the example of the neighbouring nobility and gentry. Those two errors, in fact, constituted the principal features of her character. The last moments of her life, however, are a proof of what she might have been, had the wholesome appliances of a good education been her early lot.

For some time past, it had been observed that the general tenor of her domestic habits had been changed; but this was at first supposed to be the result of declining health. She was also observed to lock herself in a little *boudoir*, sometimes for half an hour, and sometimes for an hour or two together. Nobody could actually say why she thus secluded herself; but, from the melancholy mildness of her manner, and the unusual meekness and humility which characterised it, her daughter suspected the truth; and suspected it, too, with a hopeful and a gratified heart.

One day about this period, that is after the change we have spoken of had become confirmed and evident, she addressed Emily as follows:

"My dear Emily, I fear much that the generality of our fellow-creatures pass through life without being sensible of the moral responsibility of their position in it, or of the duties annexed to that position."

"Indeed," replied her daughter, "I fear that the

observation you have made is founded in too much truth, dear mamma."

"And what can be the cause of it, do you imagine, Emily?"

Emily shook her head, as if the solution of the difficulty was beyond her powers. "I feel, mamma, that I am incompetent to give you a satisfactory reply; but if I were to make a guess at a subject, so obvious as to the fact, and so mysterious as to the cause, I would venture to say, that the general neglect of impressing upon the early heart, while it is plastic, and susceptible of those moral and religious principles which are calculated to teach us not only the existence of those duties which are, as you properly say, annexed to our position here, but the absolute necessity of performing them. Let us first know those duties, and the probability is that we will discharge them."

"Emily," said her mother, "until lately, I must confess that I looked upon the calamities that have fallen upon us only as unmixed evils, unaccompanied by anything that was good. I know not whether you are aware of the fact or not; but if not, I will freely confess that my education was woefully neglected. It is true, I was taught what is called the 'accomplishments,' French, Italian, and music, but the higher and nobler principles of our being were left utterly uncultivated. It is now that I feel the truth of this; but I trust it is not yet too late. The eleventh hour I hope may be in time for me."

There was a meek tone of solemn pathos not only in her

words, but in her manner of expressing them, that touched and softened the heart of her daughter almost to tears.

"My dear mamma," she replied, "I am glad to find that you have formed so just an estimate of life and human duty. May I ask to what cause I am to attribute your present opinions?"

"To the mercy of God, I trust, exhibited through the chastening hand of affliction, which softened and prepared my heart for the reception of truth; and I will say, in the next place, to a sermon, my dear child, preached some time ago by Mr. Brooks—a sermon so plain, so reasonable in doctrine, so searching withal, and so unanswerable in its arguments and inferences, that I felt at first not only considerable pain in recollecting and applying its truths, but somewhat like asperity against the man for having preached it in my presence. I trust, however," she proceeded, "that I have reason to thank God I ever heard it."

Emily's eyes filled with tears when she saw and felt the delightful change which had taken place in her mother, and reflected upon the individual who had been, under the blessing of God, the means of bringing it about. Upon the strength of this salutary reformation of heart, she then ventured to confide to her the state of her affections with respect to Mr. Brooks, and to avow the engagement which had taken place between them.

"There was a time, my dear child," replied her mother, "when I might have objected to this match, but it is past. I know, my darling, that, by my pride and vanity, I have

on several occasions prevented you from being well established in life. For this I feel, as I ought to do, something like remorse. It is not for me now, my dear Emily, when the solemn call into a future life is ringing in my ears, it is not, I say, for me to drag into this mutual engagement of two such hearts as yours and his, the empty principles of pride and ambition. In God's name, I sanction your engagement."

Emily threw her arms about her neck, and kissing her tenderly, wept upon her bosom. In return, her mother kissed and consoled her, with a degree of affection which the former had never experienced from her before.

"Emily," she said, "dry your tears, my love. I see the vanities of life by which I have been influenced; at least, I hope I do. I feel, besides, the many omissions of those duties which devolved upon me as a wife and mother, especially as regards your father, who, during his whole life, made it a point to anticipate every want and every wish that I could form. It is my intention to visit his tomb to-morrow, and I wish you to accompany me."

"I should do so, mamma," replied her daughter, "notwithstanding the pain which must result from such a visit; and I will if you insist upon it; but what I fear is, that the present infirm state of your health might render the visit dangerous to you."

"No," replied her mother; "I feel that I ought to do it. It may be a weakness, but it is one that results from the consciousness of the neglect, if not worse than neglect, which he experienced at my hands during his severe trials,

and especially—oh, it is due to him—especially at his death, awful and sudden as it was.”

“Very well, mamma,” said Emily, “but as neither you nor I are very strong, let me ask if you have any objection that Uncle Tom should accompany us?”

“Thanks, my dear child, for reminding me of it. Poor Uncle Tom! If ever there was a creature free from spot or stain, he is. Yes, my darling, I am glad you mentioned it; he will come with us.”

It was so arranged; and indeed it was very fortunate that Emily had thought of the necessity that existed for some one stronger than herself to accompany and support her mother, on an occasion which she knew must necessarily prove so trying to her.

After all what would life be without the influences of religion? Here was a woman who had heard of it, and who believed that it was a very excellent thing for the poor, and that if it could be got to prevail in gaols and penitentiaries, and in fact, among the lower classes in general, it would be of the greatest service to the world. But as for the noble, the wealthy, and all those who moved in the higher classes, who never committed theft, or burglary, or arson, or sank to any description of public profligacy, why she would never have dreamt that its principles could have applied to them. Such was her notion of religion in the days of her pride and vanity. The hand of God, however, is always the best and most merciful monitor, however disagreeably the judgments or castigations which it inflicts may be applied. She was

not now, however, in the category of either the rich or the independent. She knew, and was taught to feel in her own person what poverty, distress, and affliction meant, and in consequence found herself among those for whom only she had heretofore deemed religion necessary. At all events, the change in her was such as often appears in the hardest heart, when it is struck by the rod of calamity.

The proposed visit to the vault, in which her husband lay, was a task almost beyond her strength. For some time past the decline of her health was not merely obvious, but alarming. Her face was pale and emaciated to such a degree, that she seemed almost sunk in the imbecility of extreme old age. She was both stooped and wrinkled, and had about her every symptom of decrepitude, if we except the brilliancy of the eye, which to the last remained undiminished. Notwithstanding this woful prostration of her physical powers, the new principle which religion had kindled in her heart, occasioned a change which surrounded her with a halo of tenderness, and a venerable dignity that was impressive in the highest degree.

The next day she made an effort to accomplish the task she had undertaken, and with Emily's assistance, began to prepare herself for the journey. It was in vain that her family dissuaded her from undertaking it. She should on this occasion, at least, have her way. In fact, it was one of those yearnings of the heart which sometimes spring up in the bosoms of the sick without any cause, and which are found generally to precede dissolution.

When prepared to set out, she entered, accompanied by

Tom and Emily, the crazy carriage, drawn by two as crazy horses, and said to old Paddy Crudden, who was sent for on this occasion to drive.—

“Crudden—but no, Tom,” said she, addressing her brother; “I am scarcely able to speak sufficiently loud: do you desire him to drive slowly through the back-yard, that I may take probably a last look at those magnificent outhouses, which are now so still and empty. This wish proceeds not from a principle of pride,” she added, “for alas! what remains now to be proud of? but I trust from a better feeling.” The carriage then by Tom’s directions, proceeded slowly along, and to say the truth, the sight was a woful and melancholy one. All was waste and ruinous. As she said, those magnificent out-offices presented such a scene of absolute desolation as was sufficient to smite her heart, and it did so. There was no *life* there: all was silent as the grave, all untenanted and dead, all lonely, and rapidly falling into ruin. Not even a fowl, nor an animal of any kind was visible.

“Well,” she said, “I remember when it was not so; but, if all this be the will of God, it is exerted, I fear, for the just punishment of man. As for myself, I now feel, when it is too late, how many duties I have neglected.”

“Dear sister,” said Tom, with tears in his eyes, “you are too weak to indulge in those painful retrospects. Your strength is unequal to it; besides, you have another painful scene before you, and it is better that we should at once pass out of this.”

“Dear mamma,” said Emily, “I think my uncle is

right. It is now unavailing to look back upon the past—it will only involve your heart in unnecessary distress.”

“But, to look back upon the past, my darling, is sometimes necessary, as a preparation for the future. But, perhaps, it is wrong to task ourselves overmuch; so, desire Crudden to proceed.”

They accordingly set out into the once splendid avenue, from which they turned, according to her wishes, into the large and beautiful park which constituted this noble and ancestral demesne. Here, again, all was still, lifeless, and desolate, with the exception of those natural beauties which neither time nor ruin can destroy. The traces of the spoiler’s hand, however, were painfully visible. The glorious old oaks, and all the larger timber, had disappeared, and left nothing behind them but the unseemly stumps which protruded out of the earth, deepening, by their appearance, the general sense of desolation which this melancholy party felt impressed on every object around them.

“Alas!” she exclaimed, “what a monotony of ruin prevails wherever we cast our eyes! It cannot, however, be helped. Spring will return; wood will be planted; and, by the beneficence of nature, it will grow; but, alas, *never for us!*”

There was something inexpressibly affecting in these observations, the pathetic force of which resulted from their truth. Neither Tom nor Emily could restrain their tears; but they shed them in silence, with a view, if possible, of preventing her from observing them.



At length they arrived at the parish church, a small but plain building, which presented nothing worthy of any particular description. On reaching it, the old sexton, who had been previously apprised of their intention to visit it, made his appearance in a better dress than had been for some time usual with him. He appeared however, exhausted and feeble, like a man who had been overwrought, which, indeed, was the fact; for, unfortunately, we must say that, during the period we are describing, the sextons of the south and west of Ireland were utterly incompetent to discharge even one-twentieth part of the melancholy duties which devolved upon them. Many of them died from excess of labour; and, were it not that the friends of those whose bodies were borne for interment, performed that last ceremony themselves, the wretched sextons would have been, almost to a man, literally killed by the incessant labour of their office. That many of them, instigated by what we may call the deadly savor of the grave, fell victims to the multitudinous influx of the dead, is a fact too well known to be repeated here.

But, alas, what a scene did the graveyard itself present! What a picture of woe, destitution, barbarity, and horror! Three or four small and wretched-looking parties—some consisting of a dozen, and others of not more than half a dozen each—were engaged in huddling into the earth miserable shells of coffins, burying them at a depth of not more than ten or twelve inches in the ground; and one horrid remnant of humanity, whose nearly black features

retained the frightful and spasmodic contortions of *cholera*, was in the act of being thrown, coffinless and half-naked, into what was rather a shallow trench, than a grave ! Round about, and in this awful cemetery, were numbers of gaunt and starving dogs, whose skeleton bodies and fearful howlings indicated the ravenous fury with which they awaited an opportunity to drag the unfortunate dead from their shallow graves, and glut themselves upon their bodies. Here and there an arm ; in another place a head (half-eaten by some famished mongrel, who had been frightened from his prey), or a leg, dragged partially from the earth, and half-mangled, might be seen ; altogether presenting such a combination of horrible imagery as can scarcely be conceived by our readers.

All that we have attempted to describe was taken in by a glance or two of those who were in the carriage, as they passed through this terrific Golgotha into the church. But this was not all. Legs and arms stripped of the flesh and bearing about them the unnatural marks left by the bloody fangs of some hungry mastiff, were scattered about. Some had been dragged into the neighbouring fields, as might be learned by the eager and interrupted howl of the half-gratified animal, as he feasted upon the revolting meal. In a different field might be seen another wolfish hound, with a human head between his paws, on the features of which he was making his meal.

*Now, all these frightful pictures were facts of that day, and were witnessed by thousands !*

On entering the church, which contained only one

vault—that of their *own* family—Mrs. Squander, who was supported by Tom and Emily, turned into their own pew, where, overcome by fatigue, she sat down. After looking at the pulpit for some time, she said, “There is the shrine from which the Spirit of God, clothed in the voice of man, addressed itself to my heart; and it would have addressed itself in vain, had not that heart been first smitten into life by affliction.”

At this time she seemed so exceedingly weak, that her daughter suggested to her the propriety of postponing the object of her visit to the place; but she insisted on seeing the coffin, and would not be gainsayed. The vault, in fact, was *not* a vault, but consisted of half-a-dozen small crypts or cells, like elongated ovens, built on a level with the floor of the church, and lighted by two narrow windows strongly stanchd with iron bars. Hither, accordingly, the sexton conducted her, and said, pointing to the coffin, “This is the masther’s, ma’am.”

The familiarity of the word, and the affection implied by the tone in which he spoke, on the part of the sexton, together with the sight of the coffin itself, immediately had Emily and her uncle in tears. Mrs. Squander shed none. A feeling superior to grief seemed to have occupied her heart; but she approached the coffin, and, placing her hand upon it, seemed absorbed in deep thought. After a few minutes, however, she spoke: “And to this,” said she, “comes the dream of life! There is room here,” she added, “for another coffin—yes. Well, dear Richard, if the dull ear of death could hear

me, I would say '*I come*;' but, perhaps, your spirit does; and I therefore repeat that *I come*. Let us now withdraw. I am satisfied. I had much to say, and more to think of; but I feel that my strength is not equal to it. Let us withdraw. There is no use in addressing the inanimate clay; but I thank God that I will not die without hope and confidence in the mercy of God; and what else can give consolation to the bed of death?"

They passed once more through the *howling* graveyard, and at an easy pace reached the desolate castle of her husband's family. Emily, when they got home, helped her to bed, where, in consequence of her previous fatigue, she fell into something like a refreshing slumber.

Dick and Harry were both in the parlour, drinking grog and smoking, where Emily and her uncle joined them. Dick seemed to drink not so much for the sake of drinking, as of drowning care, whilst Harry less sensible, or rather not at all so, of their hopeless condition, drank with the spirit of a man, who possessed a selfish and sensual heart, and who cared for neither pleasure nor calamity beyond the present moment.

"I think," said Emily, addressing them in a spirit of deep sorrow, "that if you were aware of the condition of poor mamma's health, you would, as a mark of respect for her, at least, forbear those unbecoming indulgences."

"Why, Emily," said Dick, "is there any thing serious in her illness, do you think?"

"It is my opinion," replied his sister, "that she has not many days to live."

Dick seemed somewhat startled, and seizing his half emptied tumbler, threw it under the grate; "I will drink no more," said he, "at least, until after dinner; but upon my soul, my dear Emily, if I don't drink, I shall certainly go mad. What is to become of us? What is to become of us, uncle Tom?"

"Whatever is to become of us," replied his uncle, "it is a miserable and unmanly resource, under such difficulties as ours, to fall back upon indulgence in whiskey."

"It is disrespectful too," observed Emily, "towards poor mamma, whose mind is deeply afflicted."

"Deeply afflicted, Emily," said Harry: "how the devil can any woman's mind be afflicted, who has the satisfaction to reflect that she is the daughter of that eminent nobleman the late Lord Gallivant, who was the bosom friend and confidant of the great Lord Castlereagh, who effected that admirable and harmonious political match, the union between Great Britain and Ireland?"

"Harry," replied his sister, "I shall never reason, nor attempt to reason, with *you*."

"Do you want to break my heart, Emily?" he replied, with a sneer.

"If I have not broken yours, Harry," she replied, "you have nearly broken mine;" and she burst into tears.

"Harry," said his brother, "be silent, sir. You have, like an unfeeling scoundrel as you are, spoken disrespectfully of my mother, who is now, I fear, on her death-bed, and to my poor sister—whom, by your villany and hypocrisy, you have made poor indeed. Now, I tell you,

that these are the two beings in existence whom I will not suffer either you or any other man to insult—so keep quiet, for I tell you I will not bear it.”

There was a resolute energy in Dick’s manner, and a fire in his eye as he spoke, which could not be mistaken.

“Why,” replied Harry, completely subdued, “will you not suffer a man to have his joke?”

“No,” replied Dick; “when that joke is at the expense of a dying mother and a heart-broken sister.”

“Well, then,” said the other, “I suppose I must put a padlock on my lips, and turn *dummy*.”

“Unquestionably,” replied Dick, “or speak of my mother and sister with respect.”

“Very well,” he returned, “I am mum—mum’s the word. Mother, upstairs there, I beg your pardon—and Emily, downstairs here, I beg yours. Won’t that do? And now I will go abroad, and ‘breathe the fresh air.’” So saying, he put on his hat, and staggered out of the room, the fact being, that he was at the time more than half drunk. Emily was in tears.

Poor Tom sat silent, looking with a face of affliction from one brother to another, but when Harry went out, he spoke:—“Dick,” said he, “I can always forgive *you* when you act wrongly and forget yourself, because there is always some good point about you, that, to a certain extent, redeems your vices; but as for that man that has just gone out, I can’t forgive him, for he is all evil. Only this I say, don’t quarrel with him.”

"I would quarrel with the devil himself," replied Dick, "or with any one that would dare to speak disrespectfully of my mother or sister. As for Harry, never mind him, uncle—never mind him, Emily—he's drunk."

"I don't know a good quality that he has about him," said his uncle.

"Oh, come, uncle," said Dick, "you know how he fought—and fought like a trump, too—on behalf of Emily here. But what knock is that at the door? Take care, uncle—be cautious—look out at the window."

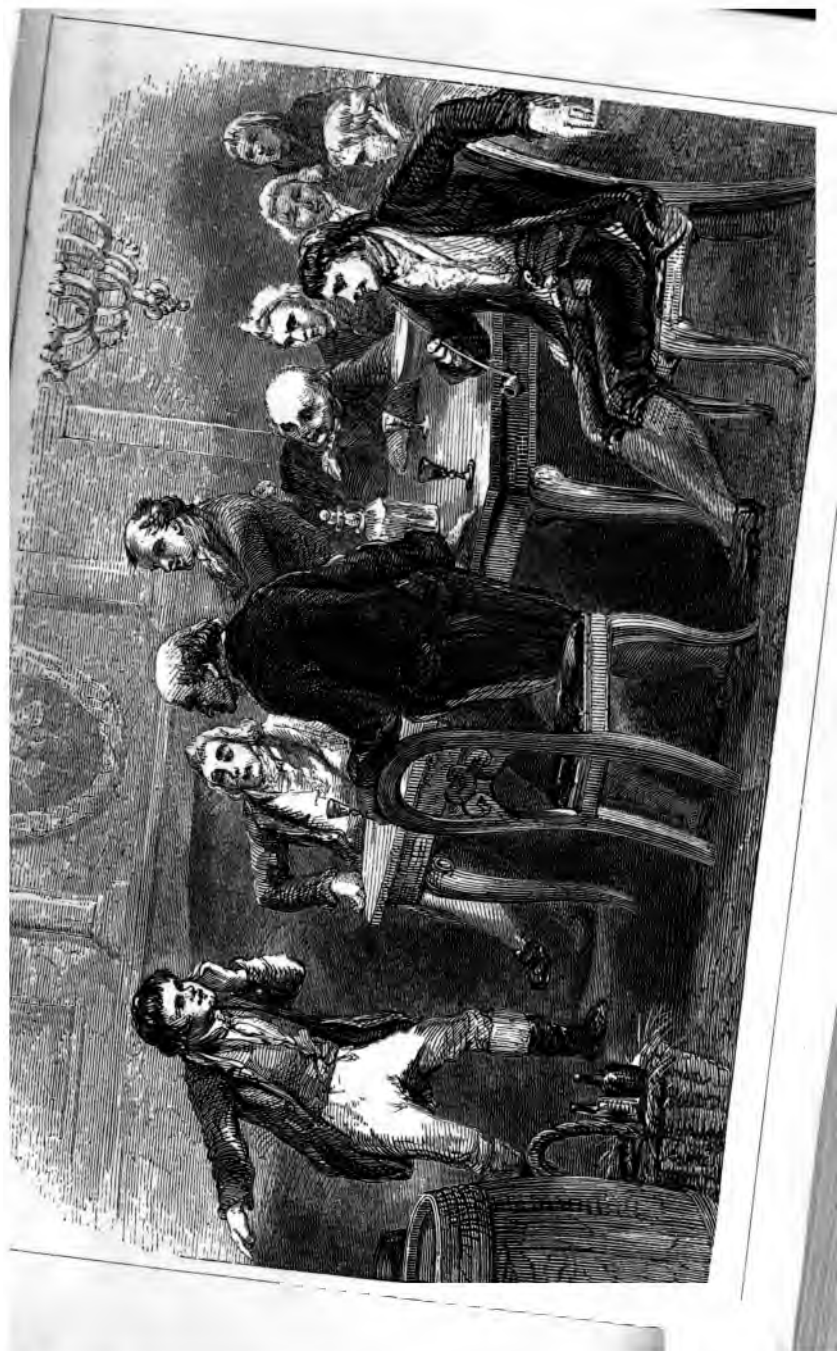
His uncle raised the window, and replied, "You need not be afraid, Dick; it is only Bob French."

Emily then withdrew to her mother's room, in order to watch and tend her.

"God save all here!" said kind-hearted Bob. "Dick, my boy, you're *close*—and, I say, keep yourself so. Ah, Tom, how are you? Well, I see Time's telling his little anecdote upon you, as well as upon all of us. Faith, I think I shall have to get a wig some of these days, for, upon my honour and conscience, I must say that when my hat's off there's very little between me and heaven. How is your mother and Emily, poor things?"

"Why, my mother," replied Dick, "is very ill. In health, poor Emily is well enough; but so is she not in *spirits*, dear girl."

"Well, well, let us never despair," replied lively Bob. "When things come to the worst, they must mend."







## CHAPTER VII.

GREASY POCKETS AND PHIL FALLIOT.—INGENIOUS  
TREACHERY OF THE LATTER.

ALAS ! the calamities of her house were far from being at an end. Their magnificent property was now encumbered far beyond its value, and if our readers doubt that this could be so in an enlightened and civilised age, we shall soon satisfy them of the fact.

The following extracts are from a paper read before the Statistical Section of the British Association at Edinburgh, August the 6th, 1850, by William Neilson Hancock, LL.D., M.R.I.A., Archbishop Whately's Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin, and Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Belfast. One of the ablest authorities upon the subject that Ireland or any other country ever produced :—

“ Before the passing of the Incumbered Estates Act, the form of proceeding for the enforcement of the payment of an incumbrance was by filing a bill in one of the courts of Equity for a sale, or by applying by petition to have a receiver appointed. By the Incumbered Estates Act parties were enabled to file petitions for a sale in the new Court, and to stay proceedings in Chancery and Exchequer. The petitions so filed disclose, in each case,

the date of the commencement of the previous proceedings in Chancery or Exchequer, and so indicate the length of time which it required in those Courts to effect a sale.

“From an examination of the petitions, it appears that no less than 89 cases had been depending in the Courts of Equity for 10 years, 40 cases for 20 years, 26 cases for 30 years, 13 cases for 40 years, 8 cases for 50 years, 5 cases for 60 years, and 1 case for 70 years.

“As illustrations of the mode in which the delay took place in the Courts of Equity, I may mention one or two cases.

“In one case the incumbrances were created by a will in 1780. An ejectment was brought in 1813. A bill was filed in 1815. A decree to account was made in 1816. A final decree was made in 1831. The defendant filed a bill of review in 1831. His bill was dismissed in 1844; and the estate was still unsold in 1849. Interest for 70 years was claimed.

“In another case the debt, for which a petition was filed in the Incumbered Estates Court, was a judgment obtained in Hilary Term, 1817. The owner of the property became insolvent in 1821, and died in 1834. A bill was filed in 1837; a decree to account was made in 1841; and a final decree in 1849. The result of this protracted litigation has been that the incumbrances now amount to 20,000*l.* on 600*l.* a-year.

“In another case a sum of 5000*l.* was lent on an Irish estate by the celebrated Lord Mansfield. He got a receiver appointed in 1781, and a receiver has been in possession for 70 years.

“In another case where a receiver had been in possession since 1818, and had not accounted regularly, some of the tenants proved that they had been allowed to remain in possession of their farms for 20 years without payment of any rent, and so had acquired an absolute title to their farms, and ousted the incumbrancers, inheritor, and every one.

“I may also mention one or two cases to show the evils arising from the Courts of Equity not having the power now conferred on the Incumbered Estates Court of giving a parliamentary title.

“An estate producing a rental of 514*l.*, on which the incumbrances now amount to 10,121*l.* was sold in the Court of Exchequer for 12,000*l.* Some objection, however, was made to the title, and as the Court could not give an absolute or parliamentary title, the sale was not completed, and the consequence is that the interest in arrear now amounts to 2235*l.*, and the rent in arrear to 750*l.* The estate will most probably not sell now for near 12,000*l.*; and the whole loss resulting from the sale not having been then completed, will fall on the unfortunate inheritor, who would then have received 2000*l.*, and will now run the risk of losing everything.

“In another case a bill was filed in Equity Exchequer on the 16th May, 1830. A decree to account was made in May, 1834. A final decree in December, 1836. Then an ineffectual sale for 5500*l.* For want of the power of giving a parliamentary title the estate remained unsold in 1849, and the incumbrances now amount to 11,000*l.*

“Such being the dilatory method of proceeding adopted

by the Courts of Equity, we have next to consider what effect it produced upon the interest of the inheritors, of puisne incumbrancers, and of the community at large. For this purpose I have constructed the following table, in which I have stated the amount of incumbrances due on each of the 26 estates with respect to which proceedings had been pending in the Courts of Equity for upwards of 30 years. I have also calculated the extreme price for which these estates could possibly be sold, by taking 20 years' purchase of the nominal rental, and deducting from the amount 30 years' purchase of the head rent.

No.	Date of commencement of proceedings in Chancery or Exchequer.	Amount of Incumbrances stated in Petition as filed.	Amount of 20 Years' Purchase of Rental, deducting 30 Years' purchase of Head Rents.
1	1781	£12,000	£28,000
2	1786	14,769	6,600
3	1787	69,681	51,280
4	1787	116,000	51,280
5	1790	42,172	39,540
6	1791	7,719	6,920
7	1799	24,768	23,720
8	1800	51,942	51,140
9	1801	32,000	12,000
10	1807	8,187	1,710
11	1809	4,966	3,520
12	1810	41,188	32,870
13	1810	50,732	32,900
14	1811	9,000	4,000
15	1813	8,799	3,660
16	1813	12,285	8,540
17	1815	9,125	4,620
18	1816	9,407	5,330
19	1817	17,202	1,940
20	1818	10,593	3,380
21	1818	8,616	3,280
22	1818	14,555	13,420
23	1818	21,075	6,340
24	1818	17,641	15,200
25	1818	11,555	13,420
26	1820	9,722	9,540

TABLE OF TOTALS.

Classes of Cases pending in Chancery or Exchequer.		Incumbrances.		Extreme possible Selling price.
5 Cases for 60 Years	...	£254,622	...	£176,700
8 Cases for 50 Years	...	339,051	...	258,480
13 Cases for 40 Years	...	476,124	...	341,480
26 Cases for 30 Years	...	635,699	...	444,250

“ From this table it appears that in only two cases out of the 26 cases will the inheritors be entitled to receive *any amount* from the produce of their estates, and if those estates be sold for the estimated amount of 444,250*l.*, the entire of that sum which the two inheritors that have not been made bankrupt by costs and delays in the Courts of Equity, will be entitled to receive is 18,000*l.*

“ The effect of the dilatory proceedings in Chancery on the interests of inheritors may be well illustrated by the fact that in the second case contained in this table, where the proceedings have been pending since 1786, *the owner is a pauper inmate of the North Dublin Workhouse.*

“ But what effect have these delays had on the interests of the incumbrancers ?

“ Here again the table shows that out of 444,250*l.*, the possible selling price of these 26 estates, the incumbrancers will receive only 422,000*l.*, on account of incumbrances amounting to 635,699*l.*; so that in these few cases the incumbrancers have lost upwards of 200,000*l.*; or, in other words, one-third of the incumbrances cannot possibly, in the most favourable view of the case, be paid.

“ The way in which delays and law costs in the Courts of Equity destroyed the interest of puisne incumbrancers, may be well illustrated by the case of the Audley Estate,

to which I directed your attention in a former paper. Of the 89,400*l.* incumbrances actually created on that estate, 16,200*l.* were created prior to 1824, and 25,100*l.* up to 1829. Now, the puisne incumbrancers, who lent 9000*l.* between 1824 and 1829, had at the time they lent only 16,200*l.* charged before them—and supposing the 577*l.* a-year rental to sell for 25,000*l.*, they would be paid in full. But when their rights came to be ascertained after seven years' delay in Chancery, the interest on the prior charges had accumulated to 9000*l.*, and the law costs on the prior charges to 1700*l.*, making the total amount prior to them instead of 16,200*l.*, 26,900*l.* or more than the estate could possibly sell for. But even this does not give a complete view of the injury which puisne incumbrancers sustained under the Courts of Equity. For, as it was quite uncertain what the length of the proceedings, and consequent accumulation of interest, and costs on prior charges would be, puisne incumbrancers were forced to incur heavy law costs before they could discover whether they would be paid or not—so that those, who ultimately were not paid, lost not only the principal, and all the interest, but also a large sum for law costs. Thus, in Lord Audley's case the puisne incumbrancers for 9000*l.*, who might have been paid in full, had the estates been sold in 1829, have lost not only the 9000*l.*, but 4600*l.* for interest, and 2200*l.* for law costs."

In point of fact, we agree with the learned and able Professor, that, as he states in another paper—from which

we shall give some very startling and important extracts—the state of the law between landlord and tenant has been the principal obstruction to the prosperity of Ireland. It is sickening and ridiculous to hear the beardless agitators of Ireland impute all and every grievance under which she labours or has laboured to an unfriendly policy on the part of each successive English Ministry. For our own parts, we believe that the English Government has legislated for Ireland more from ignorance of her position and actual state, than from a principle of bad feeling. Englishmen are no fools, and ought to know and feel, as a commercial nation, that the prosperity of Ireland is, for her own sake, the very first object which she ought to promote. But the fact is, that English legislators have been grossly deceived and misled by the landlord class of Ireland, who attached themselves to English interests and neglected their own. It is true Professor Hancock is right in saying, that the state of the law has been the principal bar to Irish prosperity. In the mean time, who made those laws, by the complicated operation of which this country has been brought to ruin? Why, the landlords themselves; who, in their blind and infatuated zeal to extend their own power and authority, and to place the tenant in a position worse than that of a serf, have, even in an Irish parliament—I talk not now of acts passed in the Imperial one—produced such a mass of confusion, ignorance, oppression, and barbarity, as is at this moment a flagrant disgrace to themselves, and such a curse and shame to the country and the natural rights of society, as



no language could possibly describe. There is not, in fact, a single step, whether in the personal or legislative discharge of their duties, that the Irish landlords ever took, with some honourable exceptions—indeed with many—the consequences of which have not fallen with most disastrous effect upon their own heads. And why? Simply because they never applied themselves to a knowledge of their duties, nor took an interest in the enlightenment and prosperity of their tenantry. They lived beyond their means, and in their direct communications with their tenants they were forced on by that principle which urges a man to make what he knows to be a false step for the present, provided it can put back the impending calamity. For instance, they preferred the man who offered a high rent to-day, not recollecting the experience of the country, which told them, if they had listened to it, that the man who, as a tenant, undertakes more than he can perform, must in a year or two break down—perhaps run away, and leave behind him a damaged and exhausted farm. Again, as legislators, they made laws in a spirit so utterly selfish and ignorant, that the thing looks more like infatuation than ignorance itself.

As to the cause of the distress of Ireland, there have been two theories put forth by two very able men. We are not ourselves fond of theories, because they contract and narrow the mind to the beloved point which the theorist keeps steadily in his eye with so much complacency. Be this as it may, the men we speak of are able men, and if they wish for a paradox to match their

theories, they shall have it. It is this: both are opposed to each other. The gentlemen I allude to are Mr. Mill and Professor Hancock. Mr. Mill says:—

“ I presume it will be needless to expend any argument in proving that the very foundation of the economical evils of Ireland is the cottier system; that, while peasant rents, fixed by competition, are the practice of the country, to expect industry—useful activity—any restraint on population but by death—or any (the smallest) diminution of poverty, is to look for figs on thistles, and grapes on thorns.”\*

Now, we really profess our ignorance as to whether Mr. Mill be an Irishman or an Englishman, but from this quotation we should suppose him to be the latter. His *unacquaintance* with the cottier system—for we will not give it a harsher name—is otherwise perfectly unaccountable. The cottier system has nothing whatsoever to do with the competition of land in Ireland, and does not affect the condition of the country at all, although it is itself deeply affected by that condition. If Mr. Mill does not know the nature of the cottier system—as it is clear he does not—we shall tell him.

The cottier, then, is the labourer of the farmer who may happen to hold land to any considerable extent. In the case of small farms, where the farmer has three or four sons able to act as labourers, the farm is cultivated by themselves; but, as we said, in larger holdings the employment of other labourers is indispensable. Here

\* “Principles of Political Economy, with some of their applications to Social Philosophy,” by John Stuart Mill, vol. i. p. 381.

the cottier system comes into operation. A married poor man receives a cabin, a garden, a rood or half a rood of potatoes, which he plants, the manure and seed generally being found by himself. All these are a set-off against his daily labour. In the good old times, he was allowed in addition to this, tenpence a day, and the account was usually kept by a double tally; that is to say, two sticks of equal length, in both of which the cottier made a nick with his tobacco-knife at the close of each day's labour, handing one to his employer, and keeping the other to himself. Every quarter there was a settlement, and the cottier received the amount of his money wages, that is, as many tenpences as there were nicks in his tally. These tallies were evidence in a court of justice; and when the employer was unable to produce that which corresponded with it, the cottier, upon swearing to his tally recovered against him. To produce a false tally was impossible for either party, because as the two sticks were nicked by the one operation of the knife, neither the cottier nor his employer could forge one without instant detection. The plan, especially between parties who were generally too ignorant to keep accounts, was simple but secure.

Such, then, was the Irish cottier, who had no more to do with the competition of land than the farmer's horse. On the contrary, it was the farmer class that had to do with the competition for land, and not the cottier.

Professor Hancock, on the other side, although he argues with great ability, that the *sole* cause of the distress of Ireland is the dreadful state of the law between

landlord and tenant, is wrong as a theorist, but partially correct as to the fact itself. Now I know that Mr. Mill, notwithstanding his slip about the cottier system, is to a certain degree, right also. To a man acquainted with Ireland, there can be no possible doubt that the insanity of the landlords in lending themselves to, and encouraging the pernicious and ignorant system of competition, in order to get the highest possible rent—very frequently from the lowest possible means on the part of the tenant—has been the cause of a vast amount of misery both to themselves, their tenantry, and the country. Mr. Mill's theory, however, in ascribing *all* the distress of the country to this single cause, is so far incorrect, as well as Professor Hancock's. Where do they leave absenteeism, and the millions which it draws from the country? Where do they leave ignorance of agricultural skill, and a besotted adherence to old, unproductive, and barbarous habits of labour, which, whilst they produce insufficient and scanty crops, at the same time exhaust and impoverish the soil? Where do they leave the middle-man system and emigration?

Professor Hancock, as we said, like Mr. Mill, is equally right, and equally wrong, and so far both have established my paradox. That the state of the law, and especially of that hell upon earth—that diabolical Maëlstrom—the Court of Chancery, has been a gigantic curse to the country, let the extracts from Professor Hancock's papers which we have given, with others which we shall give, and the existence of the Incumbered Estates Court, prove. This, however, bad as it is, and was, is not the *sole* cause


of Irish distress. The name of the causes of that distress is Legion. And here we cannot overlook one, which, among others, has deeply affected and depressed the prosperity of Ireland. We mean the selfish and illiberal spirit in which those in Parliament who watch and manage its commercial legislature, as pertaining to the two countries, have exercised their mercantile influence. On this point there seems to be a jealousy utterly unworthy of the grand principles of English commerce. That the interests of that commerce and of the British Bureaucracy predominate in the House of Commons is too clear to require proof. The fate of Lord Naas's motions in favour of the Irish millers and the Irish distillers, together with the opposition against making some one of the magnificent harbours on the west of Ireland an American packet station, are sufficiently well known. Many other instances of commercial jealousy might be mentioned; but be this as it may, unfortunately it so happens that whatever public calamity occurs, or whatever visitation of Providence takes place, unhappy Ireland is certain to come in for the largest share.

Another element in her misery was, as we have said before, the curse of a lengthened and mischievous agitation, by which the industrial habits of the people were relaxed, their minds raised, and their ardent imaginations inflamed by dishonest harangues and hopes that were known by those who held them out to be fallacious, and pregnant only with imposture and the most heartless selfishness. The curse, however, did not end here. The people were defrauded

at once of their time, their money, and their moral honesty. Hundreds of thousands who commenced that agitation as honest men were gradually corrupted by its influence, and ended it as knaves. Nay, more, we will record a fact that defies contradiction: hundreds of men in business, small capitalists, shopkeepers, and petty merchants, who must needs become patriots, (save the mark!) and hear themselves make speeches, in due time found—that is to say, when it was too late—that exactly in proportion as they paid attention to the affairs of the nation, they were necessarily obliged to neglect their own. The consequences may be easily apprehended. They became bankrupts, insolvents, and paupers, and lived to curse the day that ever agitation had convulsed the spirit, and retarded the industry, of the country.

Another class of men took to hunting out their titles to the forfeited estates, all of which they expected to be restored to their original owners. Those persons, instead of paying attention to their own affairs, ran up and down to seek for documents by which they could establish their claims, and instead of applying themselves with vigour and industry to their respective avocations, they sat down to compute the value of their property and contemplate their future greatness. Now let not these things be forgotten as prominent causes, among others, of Irish distress and misery.

At the period of Mrs. Squander's illness the state of the south and west was dreadful. Pestilence and famine were scourging and desolating the country. Every small



farmer, and a vast majority of those who had a little money, fled from it, as if from an overgrown pest-house, as it was, and emigrated with their families to America.

At this time a circumstance occurred on the Squander property, which, as it is a fact, I could not omit in recording the history and fate of the family. Harry, as I have said, was a Poor Law Guardian, and exercised the duties of his office with a spirit of the most heartless inhumanity. Such was the pitiable and crying state of destitution by which the people in thousands were broken down and carried off, that the poor-houses were crowded to suffocation, where they lay sweltering in packs without regard to cleanliness, health, or decency, with not half the comfort of an ordinary pig-stye. Such, we say, was their state in those living sepulchres, that it was found necessary to grant out-door relief to such as had no food, and could procure no employment. It so happened that there were about fifty unfortunate men in the immediate vicinity, who, together with their families, were in this frightful state. Harry, who was at once a Grand Juror, a Poor Law Guardian, and a gentleman horse-jockey; to which we may add a confirmed black-leg, had contrived to get a small job to execute from the Grand Jury. Now, the rule of the Poor-houses was, that no man or body of men who could procure work had any claim for out-door relief. Harry being officially aware of this, attended the meeting of guardians, and when these unfortunate and starving creatures presented themselves to receive the promised assistance, he informed the com-

mittee that rather than they should be a burthen upon the house, he would give them employment himself. These men were all his own tenants; and *what we state is a fact*. The poor people expressed themselves grateful for this act of kindness; but at the same time they knew him too well not to feel strong suspicions as to the result. They accordingly followed him home in a body, pale as ghosts—heartless, almost tottering—and so completely weakened and prostrated with famine and suffering, that it was perfectly distressing to look upon them.

At the time we speak of—which was that of Mrs. Squander's illness—Dick was obliged to keep within doors, unless of a Sunday; one man having had a writ against his person, and others against his property, by which I mean chiefly the furniture of the house. Other property they had now none. Everything had been long disposed of, and their magnificent stables and yards were silent as the grave. Here was now, as we have said, none of the stir and bustle of a wealthy and wasteful establishment. No passing and repassing of pampered menials—stout, lazy, and insolent; no grooms and hostlers swarming about the once well-filled stables; no neighing of horses going to or returning from their gallop; no rattling of carriages or baying of hounds. Alas! no: all had been long parted with, and nothing remained but a gloomy and painful stillness, brooding as it were over desolation and ruin.

When the feeble and emaciated creatures came to the hall-door, Harry, who, from the experience of the country, knew the ingenuity of the bailiff-tribe, and apprehensive



that one or two of them might take it into their heads to come and seek also for employment, looked out of the window and ordered the men to file off one by one, that he might assure himself there were no strangers among them. Having ascertained this to his satisfaction, he opened the hall-door, went forth and conducted them to Ballysquander, where a large portion of old ruins and an immense heap of earth and rubbish had lain for years, rendering the place of no value either for building or any other purpose. Through this ugly mass a new road (a job) was to run, and it was therefore necessary to remove it.

"Now," said he, "all this rubbish and earth must be taken away. I will employ you upon it, and you must carry it to the chasm that is at the other end of the town (a distance of about six hundred yards), into which you will deposit it until it is filled up."

"Thank your honour; and what wages will your honour give us?"

"I shall give each of you *twopence a day*, and constant employment until the work is finished. That surely, if you have any pride, is much more creditable to you than to receive pauper relief."

"But we couldn't live on twopence a day, sir; and then what are our families to do?"

"I'll tell you what," said he; "I have offered you employment; that fact precludes you from the receipt of out-door relief. If you accept my terms, you may go to work to-morrow; if not, starve, for you shall most assuredly receive no relief."

This intimation to the unfortunate men was as fearful as it was cruel and diabolical. They attempted to remonstrate; but in vain. He swore and cursed that it should be so; they had now, he repeated, no alternative unless to accept his terms or starve. The unhappy men, knowing his position as a guardian, and the conditions under which out-door relief was administered, were forced to yield. I think the pauper allowance to externs was equal to about fourpence per diem; but here, by the selfish villany of this hard-hearted scoundrel, they were forced to live on one-half of that pitiful sum, and to work at employment in which they were compelled to carry heavy burthens of clay and rubbish a long and unreasonable distance.

"Well, Squander," said one of those men approaching him on this occasion, "*you* have brought *me* to this, and I could forgive you for *that*. You remember when you turned me and mine into the bitter elements of Heaven, and when you murdered your own daughter—I tell you now that the shame and anguish of heart that you brought upon me and my family will fall upon your head. As for myself, I tell you to your teeth that there is not *in* hell or *out of it* so unprincipled a villain as you are. I scorn your employment; and I tell you that if you were sarved right for this cruel trick you have played upon miserable men, you would—"

"What, you scoundrel," replied Harry, "do you threaten?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the man, "by no manes. I only

was goin' to say, that if you were sarved right you would get—nobody to work for you at sich starvation wages."

The result, however, was, that the men were obliged, as we said, to accept his terms or die. He got *his job* accomplished, so far as that portion of it went; but how they contrived to live in a period of famine, when food was at a double price, may be ascertained by the melancholy fact, that in two months after the event we have related, three-fourths of the unhappy men were in their graves, leaving behind them many a helpless widow and orphan to lament their unhappy fate.

This is one specimen of the sympathy which Irish landlords entertain for their tenantry.

In the meantime "Greasy Pockets" and the Squanders had become bitter enemies. He had, by one knavish contrivance or another, got them completely into his power, and now did the voracious old villain come out in his proper colours. Although bailiffs came to Castle Squander in all shapes and disguises, yet we must say, that every metamorphosis was in vain. No individual, unless perfectly well known, was able to gain admittance. The establishment of the family consisted now of only two servants, a man of all-work and a woman of all-work. The old butler had died about six months before. In point of fact, the affectionate old man was unable to survive the downfall of the family. His successor was a young fellow of a plausible and impudent aspect, and seemed by no means satisfied with his situation. All credit

had long been withdrawn from the family, who were obliged to purchase the bare necessities of life with ready money. Their only means of support now was Tom's income; and it was well for both him and them that the little property from which it was derived lay in an industrious northern county.

One day the servant I spoke of, whose name was Philip Falliot, a fellow who had been originally a low mechanic, was sent to Ballysquander upon some message or other, which I now forget. This fellow, we say, was a scoundrel upon whose word no human being could rely. He was naturally inhuman, treacherous, rapacious, and cowardly. Being deliberately dishonest, he scrupled at nothing. He had a smooth face, an eye replete with treachery and cunning, an upper lip that was thick as a negro's, and coarse and sensual to a miracle. This confounded knave had, as I said, been sent on a message to Ballysquander, where he was met by "Greasy Pockets," for whom, on a former occasion, he had done some work. In consequence of all intimacy between "Greasy Pockets" and the Squanders having for a considerable time ceased, the worthy agent felt rather surprised to see his old friend in livery.

"Why, Phil, my boy," said he, "what the deuce is this? You are transmogrified. Have you given up your old trade?"

"My old trade, sir," replied Phil, "gave up me."

"Hallo! That is the Squander livery you have on! So you are with them, I see."

"I am, sir, and it was an unfortunate day that ever I put on the same livery."

"I see—in other words, you are tired of your place."

"Sick of it, sir."


"Phil," proceeded 'Greasy Pockets,' "I have a respect for you. All the world calls me a rogue, and the proverb has it that what everyone says must be true. But do you know why I respect you, Phil? Hold your tongue now, sirra, and I will tell you. It is because you are the only man that ever *did* me—ay, did me *brown*. Now, I can tell you, that as a rogue you are a gem of the first water. What wages have you, sirra?"

Phil told him.

"Well," continued old Sam, "I'll tell you what, you and I resemble each other too much; we know each other, too—that is to say, you made me suffer in the purse for becoming acquainted with you—for employing you—and you know me by reputation. Well, I say, we resemble each other, both in face and disposition, too much to live separate. I want a fellow that has neither heart nor feeling, honesty nor principle, to carry out my speculations, and if you will abandon that beggarly crew, and come to me, I will double your wages."

The impudent but cunning eye of Phil scintillated at this welcome but unexpected proposal, and he replied with a grin.

"Never say it again, sir. I am your man; I have no doubt but we will work well together. You'll find me smart, apt, and handy for all your purposes."



"Very well, then; is it a bargain?"

"It's a bargain, sir," replied Phil.

"Well, then," said the other, "as the Scotch say, 'keep a calm sugh,' or, as they say in Dublin, 'hould a hard cheek.' Nobody knows of this arrangement but yourself and me. You understand?"

"I understand, sir," replied Phil, "and you will be close too. I am the very lad for your service; but don't say a word about it—*do ye mind?*"

"Ah, I'd know you by *that* phrase anywhere. I *do* mind and I *will* mind, and now is it a true bargain, I say again?"

"Give me earnest," said Phil.

"Good! devil a better—capital. You're a trump in your way; but, in the mean time, no earnest, Phil, my boy, until you are under my roof, and in my service, and then for the earnest and the perquisites."

"But, sir," asked Falliott, "what situation do you intend to promote me to?"

"Head bailiff, you dog, where you will have an opportunity of fleecing hundreds to your heart's content. Now, go home, and give the Squanders warning, and in a week I hope that I shall be able to avail myself of your invaluable services. In the mean time I am hungry, and must go to the inn, to whet my appetite upon three or four pounds of beefstakes. Good-bye to you, Phil, and remember that I may make you head hangman yet."

"All right, sir," replied Phil, "but take care of me. Close is the word till I get my wages out of them—*do ye mind?*"

"Greasy Pockets" nodded complacently, and so the two scoundrels separated.

We have often wondered why there is so much villany in life; and the consideration of it is a serious and painful speculation; one, indeed, which can never be resolved during our present existence. Authors, both of prose and poetry, feel themselves bound by a rule of literary justice, always to punish villany in their works. This is all very good; but in doing so they depart from those practical examples of life which occur in nineteen cases out of twenty. Who will dare to tell us that villany never prospers? Who will presume to say that the accomplished rogue, the knave, the hard-hearted money-lender, the keen and cunning speculator, the heartless and rapacious usurer, never prosper? Look into life, look at the range of your own experience—look at the lawyer, look at the attorney, look at hundreds, every man of whom is as hard in the heart as the nether mill-stone, yet all of whom prosper, and ask yourself whether the honest man, or the knave who is capable of turning the honesty we speak of to his own account, advances farther into wealth and independence, or the respect and confidence of the world?

Be this as it may, Falliott gave notice that he was about to leave, and in the course of a week or so did take his departure from a family with whom indeed he had never been a favourite. They were not in a capacity at the time to pay him his wages; but he said he did not care for the present, that he would wait for a week, about which time he should call; if they had it then, well and good;

but if not, he would have patience till it was their convenience to pay him. He felt aware of the embarrassment of the *property*—he would not say of the *family* for the world—and so he left them, impressed with rather a favourable opinion of his delicacy and consideration for their circumstances.

After having been located for a week with “Greasy Pockets,” he returned to the castle, as he said, to ask for his wages; and, as no suspicion had been entertained of his treachery, he was at once admitted. His conduct was very plausible, and he inquired in an apparently kind spirit after the health of Mrs. Squander. At length, in about the course of a quarter of an hour, a knock came to the door, and Harry, on looking out of the window as usual, saw three men, of rather suspicious appearance, standing at it, and, to his astonishment, the door opened, and the three men entered the house.

“By ——,” said he, “we’re sold; that treacherous scoundrel, Falliott, has betrayed us.”

It was too true. The men proceeded to levy the execution, and to take an inventory of the furniture.

At this period, Mrs. Squander’s complaint had become seriously aggravated, and she was now, except at rare intervals, in a state of *delirium*. We do not wish to dwell upon this painful and inhuman proceeding. It is enough to say that everything under the roof was swept off, even to the wardrobes of herself and her daughter. Nay, more; the very sick-bed was taken from under her, and she was obliged to lie for a time upon the hard boards—



that is, until the kindness and compassion of the neighbours came to their relief, and she was supplied with a borrowed bed. Some other scanty articles of furniture were also supplied from the same source, but so unsuited to their habits of life, that poor Emily on witnessing with a breaking heart the desolation to which they were reduced, but especially the sufferings of her mother, completely broke down, and, in a short time, was threatened with serious symptoms of decline. Their principal friend was Dr. M'Claret, who not only almost gutted his own house of its furniture for their accommodation, but proved himself a benefactor to them in a more substantial manner as soon as he returned home, for he had, unfortunately, been absent for a month after the occurrence we have related. So also did Mr. Brooks, who, however, felt himself placed in a very delicate position, with respect to his relation to Emily. On this occasion, he acted through the agency of his rector, with such effect that, between them, the family were, in the course of some weeks, restored to more comfort than they could have expected. Feeling, once more, that I must be a burthen, I again proposed to leave them; but neither Dick nor his uncle Tom would hear of it. They did not wish to be left alone; on the contrary, they stood in need of some one on whom they could, as it were, lean for support. Even Emily requested me to stay for their sakes.

"Do not abandon my brothers now, Randal," she said; "they are desolate, and never wanted the support of your presence and advice so much. I trust that as you have

partaken of their prosperity, you will not now leave them in the day of their distress."

"It is only from an apprehension that my residence here at present, Miss Squander," I replied, "might, and, indeed I fear, must be a burthen upon them, that I proposed to go. It is not, God knows, that I would abandon them in the day of their distress, as you say, or in this melancholy reverse of their fortune; but I thought that probably they might think my residence inconvenient. I shall, however, be guided by their wishes and yours. As for my own part, I should prefer staying and sharing their fate whatever it may be."

"That is kind," she replied. "Well, then, stay," she proceeded, "and do not, above all things, at this painful crisis, desert my poor brother Richard nor my good and affectionate uncle."

"Say no more, Miss Squander," I replied; "I will stay, and come whatever fortune may, I shall partake of it with them."

## CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF MRS. SQUANDER.—EMILY.—HER UNCLE TOM  
AND I VISIT THE NORTH.

SUCH was the condition to which this family and their fine property of twelve thousand a year were reduced. I am stating only the truth when I say that they were often at a loss for the bare necessities of life. Everything belonging to them had been disposed of at about one-fourth of its value. Carriages, tandems, gigs, barouches, together with the magnificent cattle, which appertained to them, were sold one after another for their support. The cattle in their own beautiful demesne were killed for their food until not a single cow, or sheep, or deer remained, and the demesne also became a desert. Mrs. Squander's malady increased, and, in a short time after the heartless execution sent in by "Greasy Pockets," her *delirium* subsided into complete fatuity until the day preceding her death. On that day it was removed, and the recent spirit once more made its appearance. She called her family about her, and, by that energy which disease frequently produces, sat up in her bed.

"I am satisfied," said she, "that I must die; but it is

my greatest comfort that I feel prepared for dissolution. On looking back upon my life, I feel, as I have recently told you, how much I have neglected my duties. I have, however, had my heart awakened, and my eyes, I trust, opened, to a sense of my situation. I only wish that I could re-live my life—or, rather, I wish that I could have got a proper sense of my duties as a wife and mother at an earlier period of my existence—at such a period as might have enabled me, by my wholesome influence, to have controlled the shameful and most profligate expenses of this family, and looked to the moral principles of my sons. As for Emily, the grace of God seems to have been always about her and upon her; and it creates the severest pang of my heart now, that I did not properly understand and appreciate her at an earlier time.”

These affecting sentiments were listened to in a painful and solemn silence by the family, with the exception of Tom, who, with tears in his eyes, approached her borrowed bed, and affectionately taking her hand, said—

“I am glad, my dear sister, that you have withdrawn your mind from the vanities of life, and think of your divine Redeemer, and the necessity that every human being has, when in your state, of repenting for their transgressions, and supplicating the mercy of God, through the infinite merits of His son.”

The effort she had made, however, had been the last struggle of life—the shooting flame of the burnt-out taper before it expires. She heard him not, nor did she

ever speak afterwards, unless about two minutes to twelve that night, when she said, "Emily, come." Emily, bathed in tears, went instantly to her, when the dying woman attempted to put her feeble arms around her neck, but was unequal to the effort. Emily, however, seeing what she wished, placed them gently and tenderly around her own neck. Her mother then said, in a voice scarcely audible, "Kiss me," and in that last melancholy embrace she expired. Poor Emily was carried out of the room in a state of insensibility. This last touch of affection went into the very recesses of her heart, and she was now in so feeble a state that the greater portion of her strength was gone, and this trying scene completely overcame her. When we understood that she had recovered, poor Tom, who, like his niece, was sadly worn and enfeebled by the calamities of the family, said to me—

"Randy, give me your arm, I must see my dear niece and endeavour to console her ; but I am very weak, help me to the drawing-room where she is."

I did so, and we found her weeping bitterly.

"My dear Emily," said her uncle, also in tears, "my darling and beloved niece, and, as I said before now, my daughter—for I will be a father to you,—don't be so much cast down. You know that while I live—ay, and after death itself—I will be a friend and a father to you. You, at least, shall never be desolate, nor want the means of a competent subsistence. Cheer up then, darling, and rely upon the affection of an uncle who loves you as if you were his own child, and worships you for your goodness."

The weeping girl threw herself into his arms, and they mingled their tears together.

"Oh, would to God, my beloved uncle," she exclaimed, "that all my family had resembled you: we would not be now reduced to such a state of inconceivable destitution. Believe me I appreciate and return your affection; but I am a daughter, and you must know what I feel on such an occasion as this."

"I know it," he replied, "and I know also that you are not without friends who love you, and who, even if I were not in existence, will provide for you. In the mean time summon all your courage, and do not—if it were only for the sake of your health—sink under this affliction. For my sake, for the sake of me, your poor affectionate old uncle, and for that of others who have a warm interest in the recovery of your health, do endeavour to make an effort, and don't allow yourself to be overcome. There now, that is a darling girl—let me dry your tears—come, you must promise me to be firm."

The good old man soothed and sustained her by his affection and sympathy, and left her much calmer than when he first entered the almost empty drawing-room.

The funeral of Mrs. Squander was almost strictly private. Her family, aware that her wish to be interred with her dear husband, as she affectionately termed him, was the expression of the awakened spirit of the heart, had her privately buried in the family vault beside him, where, freed from the pride and vanity of life, as well as

from its calamities, she reposes in the long, unbroken sleep of the grave.

During this season of unexampled famine and destitution, of disease, contagion, and death, there was one man in Ireland, who, feeling a deep, sincere, and humane interest for the prosperity of the country, had projected a scheme for its improvement worthy at once of a good heart and a great intellect. That the soil of Ireland is superior to that of England is a fact which we believe has been generally admitted. Whether it be better, or whether it be worse, however, does not in any way affect the circumstance to which we are about to advert. One fact was clear and indisputable, viz., that the Irish population were immeasurably and shamefully behind those both of England and Scotland in agricultural skill. There was, and there is, among the Irish people a strong and ignorant disrelish for anything in the shape of wholesome and beneficial innovation. We ourselves have known a man who had the courage and good sense to purchase an iron plough—to have been ridiculed to death, and almost hunted out of the parish, in consequence of his purchase. We have also witnessed with our own eyes, many a time and often, considerable tracts of ground, in which grain had been sown, harrowed by a man drawing a thorn-bush after him, with a tolerably sized stone on the top of it, and this by one of the old race who considered the use even of the horse and harrow as a senseless innovation and an abuse. It is a historical fact, clearly ascertained and established, that the old Irish, of a couple of centuries ago,

took it for granted that the only reason why horses were furnished with tails, was, because they were a merciful provision of Providence to enable the farmers to plough by ; and, accordingly, an Act of Parliament, attended with penalties, was absolutely necessary to prevent our very enlightened and civilised ancestors from ploughing by the tails of Irish horses. There is, at the moment we write this, a field of potatoes within fifty yards of us, and almost on the very verge of the city of Dublin, so completely choked up with weeds of every description, that it is a shame and a disgrace to any civilised land. In fact the teeming and luxuriant soil of Ireland—owing to the ignorance among the people of proper tillage, rotation of crops, house-feeding, cleanliness of soil, and a competent knowledge of making and applying the proper manure—has never produced much above half the yield of which it is capable. Now, the worst of it is that this ignorance, in the process of agricultural labour, involves a whole host of errors in the system of domestic life as well as of labour on the soil. Those social virtues, in which the Irish, as a people, are deficient, I shall now mention. In the first place, they are ignorant of order ; have little relish for cleanliness ; are utterly without self-reliance ; disregard punctuality, and are beastly and filthy in their sense of comfort. There is, in fact, no such thing as a decent and enlightened standard of personal or domestic comfort in the country ; and when such a standard is placed before them, they despise it, and cling to their ignorant filth and nastiness. Then there is a paltering with truth, which is



disgraceful, whenever they come into contact with the upper classes. We could find you thousands of peasants, who, from the first day of January to the last of December, would not, in their intercourse *with each other*, utter a single falsehood ; yet it is a fact that these very individuals, when dealing with the upper classes—whether employers, landlords, masters, or mistresses—will lie to them whenever it serves their own interests, or, in self-defence, without the slightest feeling of compunction. Again : let any man enter a court of justice in Ireland, and he will see with his own eyes the regard which they pay to an oath. These are solemn but bitter truths, and he is not their friend who would conceal them from them.

In the mean time, it would be [unjust, after having recited their errors, not to give a catalogue of their virtues. In the exercise, purity, and strength of domestic affection, they are absolutely without parallel. They are generous, hospitable, and charitable beyond belief. There exists, too, among them a vast proportion of personal and domestic piety—which, if it be not very enlightened—as in general it is not—is nevertheless a proof that they want nothing but education to raise this beautiful feeling from the wretched superstition, which, like a bad weed, too frequently overgrows it.

The writer of this narrative once saw, in the gaol of Carlow, a ferocious and gigantic monster who had committed six murders, and who, among his other crimes, had nearly stabbed a priest to death. Evidence of his

last murder had been clearly established against him, and he was committed to prison. The writer and a clergyman felt anxious to examine his head with reference to phrenology; and one winter morning, about Christmas, according to a previous arrangement with the governor of the prison, we were there at or a little before day-break. One of the turnkeys had gone before us to awaken the man we were anxious to see, but never did we witness such a specimen of horror as the unfortunate turnkey presented, after running out of the felon's cell. His face was as pale as ashes, his mouth half open, the perspiration had instantly burst from his countenance in large beads—he was struck dumb, too, and could not utter a syllable, and altogether his appearance, with the exception of that which we were soon to witness, was the most frightful we had ever seen. He could only point with his hand to the cell we were seeking, and on entering it, there was the huge and colossal murderer hanging from the bars of his prison-window, near to which he had dragged his bed, having torn up his blankets, and twisted them into a rope in order to effect his purpose. His eyes were open, his tongue protruding out of his mouth, and the body suspended at full length—dead. The alarm was given; he was immediately cut down, medical assistance sent for, and every effort made to restore him to animation, but all in vain. He had anticipated the office of the hangman, and completed his seventh murder by committing suicide. Now, upon the breast of this murderous monster we discovered, while attempting to

restore him to life, the figure of a crucifix tattooed into his huge breast, with St. Patrick on one side, and the Blessed Virgin on the other !

Another instance of the existence of gross and degrading superstition, in connexion with the disposition to commit great crime, to the perpetration of which it unquestionably gives facility, occurred several years ago in the south of Ireland. A gang of murderers entered a certain house about one o'clock on a Friday morning. They butchered every individual of the family, with the exception of one little girl, almost a child, who crept into an oven, or some such receptacle, where she hid herself until after they had departed. When the unhappy inmates of the house, with the exception just mentioned, had been all slaughtered, one of the murderers proposed that they should treat themselves to a rasher of bacon from a fine flitch that was hanging up in the chimney. They accordingly put on the pan, cooked the rasher, provided themselves with bread, and were about to commence their savoury repast, when one of them after starting, observed that it was past twelve o'clock, and Friday had set in. It was enough. The rashers were put aside, and those who had had no scruple in imbruing their murderous hands in the blood of a whole family were too scrupulous to eat meat on a Friday !

Another strong trait of the existence of such savage and degrading superstition is this: be you protestant or presbyterian, unitarian, methodist, or what you may, you are at liberty to blaspheme God, or anything else that is

holy, until you get black in the face, but if you utter, in the presence of an ignorant Roman Catholic, one syllable against his priest, you will be certain to come in for what is facetiously termed "a shirtful of sore bones." We mention these facts in no unfriendly spirit; but because we are of opinion that no country can ever properly raise itself to a state of prosperity, or of moral and religious elevation, so long as the intellect, the will, and the feelings are dragged down and besotted by such superstition as this. The following quotation from the "Galway Vindicator," will perfectly illustrate the view which we take of those ignorant notions which so completely obstruct Irish industry and progress.

"Superstitions of the Claddagh:—It is a strange fact that, during the past few weeks, our bay has been literally alive with herrings, and yet not a single one has been taken, and this, too, in the midst of a people suffering from want and destitution. Through an idle superstition, or a foolish old custom among the Claddagh fishermen, they will not go out with their boats and nets until a certain period arrives—until some dangerous ides are past. This, in itself, is a sufficiently great evil, but it does not stop here; dog-in-the-manger-like, they will not permit others to take advantage of the plentiful gifts which nature has supplied. Should any person be hardy enough to venture out in pursuit of these fish, he is either beaten himself, or his boat destroyed. A gentleman of this town wanted, last week, to make geological searches in some portions of the bay, and he was actually afraid

to attempt it, to such a pitch do these people carry their lawless proceedings."

Now, we ask, where are the Roman Catholic priesthood, that such a barbarous state of feeling as this is permitted to exist? We say, without hesitation, that the publication of the truth contained in that paragraph,—for it *is* truth, and a *well-known truth*—is not only a disgrace to them but to the country at large. How can our fisheries prosper when conducted by such men as these? How can our agriculture advance, when impeded by an ignorant reluctance to adopt enlightened improvements?

If in Ireland, however, religion, social customs, and domestic observances have their superstitions, so has agriculture. There is among us a strong and senseless disinclination to depart from any old usage, no matter how ridiculous or barbarous it may be. When the custom of putting down wheat, potatoes, and other crops in November, instead of April, began to come into practice, the people were shocked at the *impiety* of the proceeding. It was flying in the face of Providence, who had sent us the seasons to guide us in these operations, and good never would, nor could, come of it. Others, again, looked upon a winnowing machine in the same religious light. For what purpose did God give us the winds of heaven, if not to clean our wheat and oats? But, here, man has the assurance to make wind himself, in order that he may clean his oats and wheat with it!

Again; we remember ourselves, when scarcely five Roman Catholics out of ten would sow their flax-seed

except upon a Good Friday, and the reason given by many was rather singular. They say, that all flax sowed upon a Good Friday will be certain to grow well, because Christ was *crucified* and not *hanged*. Some of them add, that the Jews *would* have hanged him ; but on searching for a rope there was not one to be had in all Jerusalem, and, for that reason, any flax sown upon Good Friday must thrive.

In any country, then, possessing a rich and productive soil, there cannot possibly be a more valuable principle established than one which, by the enlightened force of instruction and example, will gradually lead the people into beneficial and enlightened processes of tillage. Had the landlords of Ireland commenced such a course of tenant instruction fifty years ago, our country would not exhibit the melancholy and emaciated aspect which she does at the present day.


It remained, however, for one man to mark one of the great causes of Irish poverty, and to originate a system which bespeaks at once the heart of a philanthropist and the intellect of a statesman. That man was the late viceroy of Ireland—Lord Clarendon, the generous friend of literature, art, science, and industry,—a man whose enlarged intellect, great firmness, and singular moderation entitle him to the good will and gratitude of Ireland.

About this period, fully aware of the deplorable state of agricultural knowledge among us, especially in the south and west, he established, at his own expense,—single-handed and unaided, with the exception of two Irish

landlords, the Duke of Leinster, we believe, and J. E. Cooper, Esq., of Coloony Castle, the distinguished astronomer and man of science, and, we may add, a man who is equally distinguished as a friend to our literature—we say, his Excellency established a corps of “agricultural instructors,” whose duty it was, and is, to give lectures to the farming population, to show them the nature and qualities of the soil, its adaptation for particular crops, the description of manure necessary for it, the knowledge of rotation, green cropping, feeding, the preparation and preservation of seed, and, in short, of everything necessary to establish such an enlightened system of tillage as may enable them not only to take out of the soil all that it is capable of producing without exhausting its strength, but, on the contrary, to maintain it in a high and productive condition.

Now, knowing as we do—and, as we trust, the reader does, from what we have already written upon this subject—the absolute necessity which existed for instructing the people upon a subject which involved so much of national happiness and prosperity, we are bound to say that the conception and projection of this admirable system was one of those happy thoughts which could originate only in the mind of a man of great and extended views, for the benefit of a whole people—views directed and modified by enlightened and benevolent statesmanship.

This system, ever since its establishment, has had certainly tremendous difficulties to contend with. For instance, three successive failures in the potato crop,



involving three years of such famine and wide-spread pestilence, in the shape of typhus fever, dysentery, and cholera, as, probably, never scourged any country on earth to such a frightful extent. Yet, in spite of all this, its advantages are gaining ground; and, aided now, or rather, adopted, by the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, it is gradually and successfully progressing, and that with a prospect of ultimate advantage to the country, which a few years will establish in a sensible and improved system of agriculture, that promises to do more for our people than all the statutes that ever were enacted.

That this hopeful inference is not at all overstrained is obvious. The man who has taste and knowledge enough to have a clean field will soon have a clean house; the man who has a clean house will soon have a clean person; and the man who has a clean person will soon arrive at self-respect; and, having reached this most necessary principle, all the other social and domestic virtues will follow it.

It would be unjust, while on this subject, to overlook the exertions which the Irish Commissioners of Education are making, in order to promote agricultural knowledge. As, however, it is our intention to refer to the Education Society when summing up, we shall add nothing further with respect to it here.

Miss Squander's health was now in a serious state, and she was recommended immediate change of air. Neither her uncle in the north, nor her brother James, attended her mother's funeral. The one was from home; and the other, who had obtained a fellowship, went to the bar,



principally, as it was said, for the purpose of being able, in due time, to investigate the condition of his father's property. Be this as it may, the petrifying influence of his profession began to tell upon him. The natural affection which in his youth was so amiable and striking, now that he was brought into contact with the darker and more iniquitous sides of life, lost, by degrees, both its freshness and its force. Habitual contact with crime and criminals, in the shape of thieves, robbers, attorneys, and lawyers, soon exerted a deadening influence upon his moral sense, and threw him into a conventional and artificial state of feeling. Finding, by experience, that every professional man about him was labouring assiduously and perseveringly for himself alone, he began to partake of the predominant spirit, and soon proved that selfishness and the usual course of working out its objects, had almost superseded every other good and generous principle. He was on circuit at the time of his mother's death ; but, for a considerable period before that event, he might be said to have withdrawn himself from the family, and foregone all communication with them, except upon very rare occasions.

Emily now received an invitation from her uncle, Harry, to pay him a visit, which, indeed, she gladly accepted ; and uncle Tom was included in it. The poor old man was not equal, without assistance, to the fatigue of the journey ; and it was determined that I should accompany them both. This was a grateful proposal to me, in consequence of my anxiety to see the north, and to examine and mark the distinct characteristics which rendered it so different from

the south and west. The letter which conveyed the invitation—containing, as it did, a fifty-pound note—fell into Harry's hands, who took it from the postman; and it is quite possible that neither Emily nor the family would have ever heard a syllable of its contents, were it not that his brother, Dick, saw him open it, and put the note in his pocket. The circumstance occasioned a serious and desperate quarrel between them, which was not far from terminating in a duel—and might have done so, had not Dick's superior firmness and determination prevailed.

We set out in the middle of autumn; and although the potato fields were generally dark and discoloured with blight, yet it was impossible not to feel at a glance, even through the railway windows, the warm, comfortable, and industrial aspect of the country through which we passed. The trim hedges, the neat and clean culture, the superior dress, the sober and thoughtful demeanour, and the calm air of self-respect and independence which marked the inhabitants of the north, were such as could not for a moment be mistaken. Every object on which the eye rested was agreeable; for although the country is hilly, and presents not those graceful and undulating lines of beauty which are to be found in other countries, still there was before us every mark and symptom of industry and care. The fields waving with yellow grain; and, wherever the harvest had been got in, the neat hag-yards, the white farm-houses, begemming the warm landscape like stars,—the quiet air of earnest attention to business among the people,—and that most beautiful feature in a northern

landscape, the white bleach-greens, with their snowy lines of linen shining in the distance,—all this made me feel and understand the full value of northern character and industry.

But a great portion of the scenery is, besides, extremely picturesque and fine, and, like that of England, owes much of its beauty to cultivation and taste. The late Dr. Mant, bishop of Dromore, when on his way for the first time to take possession of his episcopal residence, on coming to a point that opened upon the beautiful little town of Hillsborough, paused, and after gazing around him for a time, exclaimed, “ I thank God for having cast my lot in such a portion of the country as this ! How picturesque ! How lovely ! I can now imagine myself in my own dear England still ! ”

Having arrived at Spring Dale, we found the house and whole establishment in keeping, not only with the comfortable spirit which seemed, as it were, to breathe such a delightful air over the landscape, but, as we discovered afterwards, with the size of Mr. Squander's property and the amount of his income. His wife was a Northern by birth, and inherited, from the precepts and example of her parents, that admirable principle in which the firmness of religion, and the cheerfulness it produces, never fail to blend with such grace and moral beauty. In her house everything was conducted with the strictest order. Economy and plenty were united ; and cleanliness predominated in every department, not only within doors, but throughout the yard and offices.

If our reception was not marked by the exuberant warmth of the south, or the still more extravagant hospitality of the west; yet there was in it a kind and unpretending sincerity, and a sober good will, that gave it a higher value, because it was the result of true courtesy and reason, and not the ebullition of impulse, or a compliance with mere custom. The furniture was sufficiently elegant without being wastefully expensive or ridiculously gorgeous; and as for the bedrooms, it was absolutely delightful to enter or sleep in them. The snowy sheets and coverlids, the dressing-tables covered with cloths of the finest linen damask, and furnished with all the necessary appurtenances for the toilet—all, I say, breathed an air of fragrance that was perfectly delightful. This fragrance proceeded from odoriferous herbs which had been folded up in them previous to their being used.

Emily and uncle Tom were treated with a sincere but unostentatious kindness by the family, and in particular—if a distinction *could* be made—by Mrs. Squander herself, that soon produced a surprisingly beneficial effect upon the health and spirits of both. As for myself, as I was known to have been so long in the confidence of the family, and to have enjoyed their friendship, I was treated with every possible respect.

The cause of the estrangement between Harry Squander and his family, an estrangement more in fact than in feeling, was occasioned by his marriage, in consequence of his wife's family having been engaged, and successfully engaged, in business. That is to say, whilst the Squanders of Castle

Squander were dissipating a noble property by an extravagance and profusion that were of little benefit to any class of society, at the gambling-table, the race-course, the steeple-chase, and in the senseless orgies of a reckless and ruinous hospitality, the family of Mrs. Harry Squander were engaged in those profitable pursuits of honest and honourable industry, which not only enriched themselves, but gave employment to hundreds of their fellow-creatures. Yet he was repudiated by his family because he married an accomplished, highly educated, and virtuous lady, and was looked upon as a man who had not only degraded himself but brought disgrace upon his very name.


Oh, the empty vanity and contemptible pride of life! Here, now, was the only individual of his name who was a credit and an honour to his blood, with the exception of poor, honest, good-hearted old Tom.

His offence against the pride of the Squanders did not rest here. He was base enough actually to enter into business himself, and instead of being a drunken foxhunter, a spendthrift, and a gambler, he had the meanness to become that poor contemptible character, an industrious and successful merchant. His wife's family had been extensively and profitably engaged in the linen-trade of the north, and, in common with the Murlands, the Mulhollands, the Coulsons, M'Gibbons, and others, had succeeded in raising it to its present unexampled state of perfection and prosperity. This was his crime, and a deadly crime it was against the high blood and very low principle of the southern and western foxhunters.

## CHAPTER IX.

—♦—  
A GLANCE AT NORTHERN CHARACTER.—SAM WALLACE'S AUCTION.

ON the first Sunday after our arrival, I was much struck with the serious, but cheerful, manner of the whole family. It was evident at a glance that the solemn, but beautiful spirit of the Sabbath was upon them. They all prepared for Church, and some of the servants for Meeting; but the spirit was the same in the Protestant as in the Presbyterian. All was calm, decorous, and serene. The church was not more than half a mile from us, and the meeting-house much about the same distance. Mrs. Squander, Emily, and Tom, with one or two of the girls, went upon a car, whilst Mr. Squander and I walked; for I felt anxious to witness the feeling with which the service of the Church of England was administered and received by the people. This was a subject, however, on which there could be very little doubt. The sober-looking, neatly-dressed family groups, the father arm in arm with his becoming and matronly wife, each with a bible in hand; their children close after them, also similarly provided, and all evidently impressed with the feeling that was



due to the day ; this, I say, was delightful to contemplate, and I could not help perceiving that the enlightened spirit of the north, and its operation upon the industry and social duties of the country, might be easily accounted for.

There is a remarkable difference between the feeling observable in a Protestant or Presbyterian place of worship and that which prevails in a Roman Catholic chapel. In the former there is, I would say, a higher and more enlightened perception of religious influence, associated more with reason than with feeling ; whilst in the latter there is unquestionably more impulsive piety. The religion of the Protestant is more of the head—that of the Roman Catholic of the heart. In the one there exists a reasoning principle which operates beneficially upon all the faculties, as well as upon the business of social life—in the other the feeling is stimulated by forms and ceremonies which are not understood ; but the moment religion is approached as a matter of investigation, the influence of reason is suspended, an interdict is laid on it so far as the dogmas of the Church are concerned, and the right of private judgment being denied upon that subject, it is not likely that the individual will be trained to habits of independent thought upon any other. I am aware of the great body of piety that exists among the Roman Catholic people, but it is unfortunately too often blotted and disfigured by the grossest ignorance. It seems to be with the Roman Catholic more a habit than a principle ; for every principle must be founded upon enlightenment and reason, whilst

here it is founded upon implicit faith in things which it is not permitted to examine or investigate or to question.

We do not utter these sentiments with any intention of giving offence. There is no doubt that the Roman-Catholic Church of Ireland possesses at this moment a very highly educated—nay, a highly moral and pious priesthood, and there is little doubt, we trust, that if they avoid politics, the example and operation of those virtues will soon tell upon their community. They have, and we are glad to see that they have, with the exception of one proverbial archdiocese, embraced the advantages of the present Education Society—an institution of more value to the country than any other that ever was established in it—an institution so fair and impartial, so liberal and inoffensive, but, at the same time, so effective and elevating in its principles and system of instruction, that none but the red-hot bigots on each side have ever found fault with it.

But to return. There is something delightful in the feeling which one experiences in the progress of a northern Sabbath. There it is a Sabbath, and *felt* to be such. Not as in the south, the west, or in continental countries: it bestows no privilege of licentiousness and crime. Here are no profane songs after dinner, no gambling, no card-playing, nor riotous entertainments, that are a disgrace, not only to the sanctity of the day, so to speak, but to religion itself.

After service was over, which the whole congregation attended to with devout composure and attention, they dispersed to their respective homes in the same orderly



and becoming manner which they exhibited on their way to it.

Nothing can surpass the fine tone of hospitality by which the north of Ireland is characterised. You are not certainly—as had been the case in Connaught some thirty or forty years ago—locked up in the dining-room and compelled to surrender your personal liberty, or fight a duel on refusing to continue a drunken debauch until morning. The hospitality of the north is sufficiently warm, profuse, and liberal; but at the same time it is reasonable; and, besides, absolutely more extensive and free to strangers than that of either Connaught or Munster. It is only necessary to be a respectable, well-conducted man, capable of complying with the decent usages of society, and of conducting yourself like a gentleman, in order to be made welcome as a stranger at any respectable table in Ulster. No affectation of aristocratic nonsense is there—no inquiries as to “What is his family? How is he connected? Is he in business? No manufacturer, I hope?” No; even if you be a man of humble birth, provided you are of a certain moral and respectable *status* in society, the warm, kind hospitality of the north is open to you.

After we had been there for about a fortnight, a circumstance took place which I shall describe, as it will make the reader acquainted with one out of the many causes which have occasioned the prosperity of the north.

A respectable farmer, named Wallace, wished to have

the rent of his farm reduced by his landlord—a wish with which the latter refused to comply.

“Sir,” said the sturdy Presbyterian, “it will be for your own interest to let down the rent; and I’ll tell you why. The tide’s turning with me. During the last three years, I have been losing by my farm; very well, sir, at this rate I will, in six years more, become a pauper. In a year or two I won’t be able to do justice to the land—to you, to myself, or to my family. Year after year I’ll grow poorer, so will your land, so will you, if you make this a general rule upon your estate.”

The landlord, for the time, was obstinate, sullen, senseless; and the result was that Wallace gave him notice that he was about to dispose of his farm, and emigrate to America. The landlord unwilling, after all, to lose such a respectable man, and so industrious a tenant, came to terms upon this, and reduced his rent by a fair and satisfactory agreement. I think the old lease had expired at the time, and that he got a new one upon reasonable terms. Accordingly, in the course of a couple of years he felt himself improving; but during that period he had repeated invitations from a brother of his, who had emigrated to the United States, to join him with his whole family, and holding out at the same time, both to him and them, the most gratifying prospects. These were too flattering to be resisted; and it was a little before our arrival at Spring Dale that Wallace had proposed to accept his brother’s welcome to the New World and dispose of his farm. Now that the rent had been made such as a

tenant could live by—Wallace who had, besides, expended a great deal of money in substantial improvements—found no difficulty in procuring a customer. A respectable farmer, who had saved some money, purchased from Wallace—not from the landlord, who knew that this right was his tenant's privilege by immemorial usage,—purchased we say the tenant-right of the farm—that is to say, the right of succeeding Wallace, and enjoying all the advantages of his lease and improvements by that fair remuneration which is claimed and allowed in such cases to the outgoing tenant.

On this occasion Wallace called an auction, and, as I was anxious to witness it, I availed myself of an offer to accompany Mr. Squander on his car, which he kindly made me. He wanted to purchase some stock, and a very fine description of seed-oats; and on this account I had an opportunity of being present at the auction.

The dwelling, when we reached it, I found to be a fine comfortable sample of the respectable farm-house, to which the compact and well-fitted offices were suitable in every sense. Wallace and his family were Presbyterians, and, indeed, the fact might almost be guessed from the cleanliness, neatness, taste, and comfort which were everywhere visible. The house itself was as white as snow, the little space before the door was covered with fine gravel, and the yards adjoining the offices were particularly clean. The offices themselves were just what might have been expected—dry, commodious, and roomy. A pump and an oblong stone trough were in the centre, and I observed

another concave round trough near it, the purpose of which I did not understand. Mr. Squander told me, however, that it was used for pounding barley into groats, which, in addition to a variety of vegetables, makes a very nutritious and savoury description of northern broth, being very nearly identical with a recipe for soup, which M. Soyer published while in Ireland. Mr. Squander also told me that some of the remote families, descendants of those who came over in James's time, occasionally use the old-fashioned *quern*, or hand-mill, for grinding oats, even to the present day, but only for the purpose, as they term it, of "trying the new meal." In the beginning of the season, they will grind a peck or a bushel, in order to taste the flavour of the early crop ; but beyond this they seldom use it.

Nothing could be more gratifying than to proceed through his farm, and observe the cleanliness and neatness and skill of the culture. No head-ridges nor foot-ridges, wasted or uncultivated ; no weeds visible, no thorn-bushes or cars used for gates. The contents of the hag-yard were beautifully thatched and trimmed, and the form of the stacks quite symmetrical.

Wallace was a stout, large man, with a serious face, which assumed a complacent expression when he spoke, but especially so when he smiled. His family, residing at home, consisted of two sons, one about twenty-two, the other about eighteen, both promising specimens of the northern Presbyterian peasantry ; two daughters, one about nineteen, the other about fifteen ; his wife, and her


sister—aunt Lilly. The latter was tall, and of a genteel figure, wore glasses, which added considerably to the respectability of her appearance. She had on her arms a description of long gloves, that came up near her elbows, and terminated mid-way upon her fingers, leaving half of them uncovered for the purposes of industry. On her head was a plain, but neat cap, somewhat, but not altogether, resembling that of a quakeress; before her was a white cambric apron, beside which hung a pincushion of orange silk; for, among the class to which she belonged, many of those small observances that unconsciously indicate a particular turn of political or religious feeling may be generally noticed. Whilst aunt Lilly was occupied in superintending all the arrangements that were necessary for the day, Mrs. Wallace herself sat in the parlour, engaged in conversation with such of her female neighbours as came either to the auction, or to take their leave of her and her family. She was a delicate-looking woman, with pale yellow hair divided upon her forehead and beginning to get grey. Many who came to sympathise with her were surprised at the firm, but placid manner she evinced, and, instead of offering her consolation, they themselves actually derived unexpected firmness from the calm serenity of her deportment. Two of her daughters who had been married, were present with their children, and it was certainly a noble instance of that fortitude of character, by no means akin to want of feeling, which characterises the northern Protestants, to witness the woman who was about to be separated for ever from many

that were so very dear to her, and who felt fully conscious of their loss, now seated amidst friends so beloved, entertaining them by her cheerfulness and sustaining them by her counsel and example. In a window beside her lay the large family bible, with her spectacles between its leaves, a circumstance which plainly enough gave intimation of the source from whence she had drawn that spirit of resignation by which she was so abundantly supported.

The auction had now for some time commenced, and as it did, her big-boned and muscular sons, with resolute but intelligent features, dressed in their Sunday clothes, mingled and chatted with the neighbours, as did Wallace himself, with cheerfulness, whenever he had a spare moment from the bustle and business of the day. The eldest of the sons wore about his neck a silk, coloured cravat, of orange and blue,—a pretty certain proof that he had become a member of the Orange Association.

The assembly on the present occasion was much larger than it would have been at an ordinary auction; because, in addition to those who came to make purchases, a great number availed themselves of that opportunity to bid the family farewell.

The conduct and general appearance of these men were to me at once both novel and impressive. Their air and conversation were thoughtful and deliberative; and every word they said was evidently the result of reflection. There was more than this, however, to be observed; and that was a spirit in which could be read a cool, stern determination of purpose, that was not to be trifled with.



As is often, but by no means always the case, there was whiskey and other refreshments; but it is due to the parties on all sides to state, that, from respect to Wallace and his family, though freely offered, they were partaken of in a spirit that precluded all possibility of excess. To this, however, there was one exception—and only one. This was in the person of a little sharp-looking Presbyterian, with pale dissatisfied features, and red ferret eyes, that were strongly symptomatic of intemperance. This little fellow—the Thersites of the neighbourhood—by name Bob Clendinning, had been unsuccessful as a farmer; and we think the cause of his failure need be no secret to our readers. The great business of his life was to rail at landlords, and at Popery, as he called it, and to get whiskey wherever he could. On this occasion he had taken it into his head that Wallace's landlord had treated him badly, and, having once conceived the notion, nothing could drive it out of him. In consequence of a manner and language that were at all times unsettled and flighty, it was extremely difficult to determine whether he laboured under insanity or drink. Bob was never satisfied with any system or any government that did not exterminate Popery—for on this subject he was a complete monomaniac. With respect to many of the common topics of life, however, he was often both shrewd and sensible, and uttered a great deal of plain truth that would have been striking, had it proceeded from any lips but his.

On the present occasion he kept perpetually moving

about, passing from knot to knot, attempting to inoculate them with the violence of his opinions, and a burning sense of the injustice which the Irish tenant uniformly receives at the hands of his landlord.

"H—ll till me," he exclaimed, in a sharp local accent, "if good and true men ought till bear it. A purty thing to drive our dacentest cless of Protestants clane out of the country, and lave nothing but the beggarly riff-raff behind—sich as Papishes, cutthroats, and ribles (rebels), that would murder the Queen, and bring in the Pope upon us, if they could. A hev it from a sure hand, that they're plottin' a new ribellion this minute, and the upshot will be, that we'll aall come to hev our throats cut, an' aall by the Papishes. However, I've given you warnin', and if you won't look to yourselves, deil a strow (straw) I care. I have but one throat to be cut myself; but the Papish that cuts it had bettther hev a pair o' them. That's aall a say. Aye, and a blame the present Government for this. A blamed the last Government—a blamed the Government afore—and the Government afore that agane—and so on, as far as a can remember. Then, the landlords, on the other han' is as bad. Deil a three good landlords in the country. There, now, is Sam Wallace—an honest, respectable man, if he didn't consort so much with Papishes. Aye, just so. Here's himself an' his family driven out o' the counthry by neglect an' ill treatment. But that's the rule of it. It's the dacent an' independent men that gets stomached at sich treatment; an' then, what can they do but be up with their kits, an'



aff to another counthry; and so our own counthry is drained of its best men, an' its best wealth too,—the very men that an honest Government—if there ever *could* be sich a thing—might depend upon, to secure the counthry from the —— Papishes. It's jest the same as if a farmer was to tek aall the big praties, throw them away, an' expect to support himself an' his femily on the scraudeens (the smallest class of potatoes). H—ll till the thing else it's like. There's cruel Crimply, the agent there above, —as smooth a rogue as ever escaped the rope—that is, if he *will* escape it—which, for the sake of justice, I hope he won't. That fellow, now, gets five per cent. upon all the rents he can collect; an' a'd lek to know if that's not a premium from the landlord on oppression by the agent. Now, Crimply, a say, will taalk to you as sweet as new milk, an' deil a word comes out of his mouth, but you'd think he had butthered before he spoke it—ay, he'll give you saft words enough any way, an' what's still worse, he'll chate a Protestant or Presbyterian as fast as he will a Papish."

"Why, Bob," said one of them, "would *you* cheat a Papish as fast as you would another man?"

"Would a? To be sure—eh, *chate*? No, Jack, I'd *chate* no man; no, no—a'm not that bad aither. A'd fight a Papish, a'd lick a Papish, an' a hope a'll help to drive them out o' the counthry yet. No, sir; my name's Bob Clendinning, but a'd chate no man. A know my duty better."

Bob at length was silenced by the commencement 'of

the auction. Everything, as is usual on such occasions, was tossed and tumbled about, yet still there was that remarkable order prevalent which was at once characteristic of the family and the country. The auction commenced with the furniture, and the youngsters all ran in to be present at it. Mrs. Wallace at this moment found herself surrounded by her whole family, witnessing proceedings that were about to deprive her of all that had been associated in her mind with the happiness and calm affection which had attended her during life. She looked upon the furniture as it lay tumbled about, and for a moment felt herself overcome.

"I never knew," she said, in a voice, which, though calm, was a little shaken by her emotion, "how strongly the heart may be fixed upon pieces of senseless wood until now that I am going to part from them for ever. I look upon them as old friends and companions, that, after this day or to-morrow, I will never see more. Everything in the country is now dear to me. The hills and the glens and the rivers, but especially this house and place and all that belongs to them. I feel that after the happy life I lead with them, and among them, it is a sore trial on the heart to leave them." (Here she wiped away a tear or two that stole down her cheeks.) "However, may His will be done! They are well off that have no greater misfortune to complain of than this. Still I'll think o' them, and I'll miss them, when I'm far from them."

One thing was evident to me—I felt there was a pardonable *finesse* in her conduct and language, and that

whilst she talked of the objects of inanimate nature, she was thinking of her two daughters and her grandchildren, at whom her eyes glanced from time to time as she spoke.

Indeed the feeling which pervaded the whole meeting was solemn and melancholy, and strongly indicative of the worth and sterling integrity of the family whom they were to see no more. For instance, there was a sorrowful cordiality in the shake of the hand which Wallace received from his neighbours on this occasion, and perhaps the feeling would have been deeper, and more strongly expressed, were it not for the cheerful composure with which both he and his wife received the last adieus of their old friends and neighbours.

"What is it, after all," said they, "but removing to another land? One thing ought to console us. Let us only put our trust in Him, and observe His word and commandments, and we will all be sure to meet in that happy country where there will be neither care nor separation. In that country we and ours expect to meet you all. May He grant it!"

Mr. Squander having taken his leave of Mrs. Wallace and her children, went to seek Wallace himself, in order to bid him farewell. We met him at the garden-gate, alone.

"Mr. Wallace," said my companion, "I have taken my leave of your wife and children, and I now come to take my leave of you."

"Many thanks to you, sir," he replied; "thank God I am going to America with an easy mind; but although I do not wish that my friends, especially my dear daughters

and their children, should see it, still I feel what a painful task it is to part with the old friends and the old places for ever."

"I hope you disposed of your farm to advantage?"

"I did, sir. I got four hundred and fifty pounds for the tenant-right of it. That, and the proceeds of my stock and furniture, together with what I had myself, will enable me to start well in America. I'm told, sir, that the northern landlords have some intention of depriving the people—the farmers, I mean—of their tenant-right. Now, before I go, Mr. Squander, let me say to you, that the moment they bring that about, the prosperity and industry of the north is gone. The northern farmer had heart and courage to work, and to improve his holding, so long as he had the security of tenant-right—and although even that, as it stands, is not enough, still it was one great cause of our prosperity in the north. May God forbid that ever the outrages of the south should disgrace and degrade Ulster, which will be the case if tenant-right is taken away."

After a cordial but solemn farewell they then separated. Wallace returned into his own house—if it could be called so, and we having got out the car, drove home,—feeling as we did, that the intelligent and decorous spirit which prevailed among those who were assembled, was not only a favourable exponent of northern character, but such as could be found in no other part of Ireland, beyond the bounds of Ulster.


## CHAPTER X.

## FAMINE AND PESTILENCE.—AN EVICTION.

THE impressions which I received from the industry, comfort, and enlightened spirit of the north, were delightful, because they possessed all the zest of a novelty that presented me with agreeable objects and imagery. The shrewdness, diligence, good sense, and integrity of the people, were such as account for their superior condition. But even then, I am compelled by a sense of truth to say, that wherever I observed anything resembling the ragged and slovenly negligence of the south and west, it was among the Roman Catholic population, and that, too, even where land was held at the same rent paid by the Protestant, and under a common landlord. This observation, as well as the fact on which it is founded, occasions me great pain : because I am sorry for it, and I wish from my soul it was otherwise. The truth is, I think we must go beyond the influences of both creed and politics, and all the obstructive consequences of bad and ignorant legislation, in order to account for this obvious and undeniable fact. We fear there is some wild and untameable principle or spirit in the Celtic character,

---

upon which neither religion, nor reason, nor example can operate with advantage or success. It has become the fashion of the day among our modern Irish antiquarians, to produce some rusty old bronze sword or other, or a pair probably of gigantic spurs, with rowels in them, every jag of which is an inch and a half long, and a libel at the same time upon common humanity—we say it has become the fashion to produce these barbarous relics, as a proof of our ancient civilisation. Now we have always denied this, and we deny it still. Let any impartial reader take up the “Annals of the Four Masters,” as translated by those two eminent Irish scholars, Dr. O’Donovan and Professor Connellan, and what will he find the civilised Celt about? Where, in fact, will he find the civilisation, and the social order, and the industry, and the knowledge and the progress in the arts and sciences ascribed to us? It is admitted on all hands that the “Annals of the Four Masters” are faithful and true, and we wish to heaven they were malignant and false; for we solemnly protest that if truth be libellous, so bitter a libel upon ancient Ireland never was published. The whole country, as they describe it, presents a tumultuous scene of the blackest crimes. Parricide, fratricide, matricide, sacrilege, murder in all its worst shapes of treachery and cowardice, robbery, lust, deceit, fraud, rebellion, and every crime that could be found in the long catalogue of human wickedness and barbarity. The debased and brutal state of the people and of their leaders is so evident, that it is impossible to read the work alluded to



without a sickening sense of horror, disgust, and indignation, at the cowardly and bloodthirsty caitiffs who trampled upon the sanctions of all laws, both human and divine. Piety, indeed ! Why neither the altar nor the priest was spared, for churches were robbed and priests butchered, with no more remorse than if the one were a pig-sty and the other a thief. Then, again, how few Irish kings, or independent princes, or those who held tributary crowns, ever died a natural death ? To every one of them, " he was murdered by his successor," is as appropriately applied as the following words of Scripture to its historical personages—" and he slept with his fathers." The process was this—a man murders the reigning king by treachery or open violence, and seizes upon his throne: This man in general was the son of the prince the deposed king had murdered, which prince had before murdered the father of the other and usurped his throne. Very well, this latter usurper is murdered in his turn by his own nephews, sons of the man whom he had put to death.

In this way the bloody drama alternated, and the web of consanguine murder was woven, by the violent deaths of parents, uncles, nephews, and cousins, with such savage cruelty and such blood-stained ambition, that it is shocking and revolting to peruse these terrible and awful records. And this is civilisation ! In private society we have been answered by a reference to the wars of the Roses ; but, we ask, does the cruelty of those wars justify the barbarity of ours ? Does one bad act justify another ? This is Celtic reasoning with a vengeance.

It is said, indeed, that Ireland was called the "Isle of Saints," in consequence of the great learning and piety of her priesthood and her people—read the "Four Masters," say we. She had great colleges, to which all Europe flocked for information, and she also furnished all Europe with learned Professors and Doctors of Divinity. We admit this, but still read the "Four Masters," we repeat. If the priests of that period were learned and pious, it is quite clear from the annals in question, that they exercised very little of either upon the character and morals of the people; for we think that the influence of any Church, by which we mean the clergy, who interpret and represent her spirit and doctrines, may be known by the moral and religious conduct and principles of her people. Instead then of sending her schoolmasters abroad, it would have been somewhat wiser and more judicious to have kept some of them at home, to instruct and civilise their countrymen. If there were the civilisation and learning they talk of, where are their monuments to be found, either in our ancient literature or our ancient architecture? Is there any great poem that the country can claim as peculiarly her own? Where is there any palatial or ecclesiastical edifice before the English invasion, unless our round towers, which have no single point, either of beauty or utility, to recommend them, but stand up equally unmeaning and awkward? Away then with the cant of ancient civilisation. We Celts never were civilised, are not civilised, nor will be properly so for at least another half century, if even at that period. The fact then we



take to be this—the Irish Celts, as a people, are not yet sufficiently purged of the noxious dregs of their ancient character, and nothing but a vigorous, enlightened, and ably-enforced system of education—such as the present Irish Board is administering—will free them from the hereditary taint which has come down to us, generation after generation, even to the present day.

We do not give utterance to these sentiments in an unfriendly spirit, but, on the contrary, in a kind one. It has been of late years so much the custom to praise and applaud, and flatter, ay, and cajole, the Irish people, that they are at this moment almost inaccessible to truth, and look upon the man who has the honesty to tell it to them as their enemy. “The finest peasantry on the face of the earth” system has destroyed them. A gentleman named Foster, the celebrated “Times” Commissioner, wrote a series of able and truthful letters to that paper upon Ireland—a series calculated essentially to serve the people—yet how was he abused, misrepresented, and maligned? And so will any man be, who attempts to remove the scales of ignorance from their eyes, to point out their faults, or to instruct them in their social and domestic duties.

I should have observed before that Mr. Squander had a large family of ten children, five boys, and as many girls. Those who were grown, had received an admirable education. His two eldest daughters were very fine and accomplished young women, and his two eldest sons were partners with him in the linen business. His uncle Tom; out of his affection for Emily, considered it his duty to

that amiable girl, now that he saw the affectionate attachment which her uncle had conceived for her, to disclose to him the diabolical fraud by which her brother Harry had made away with her large fortune. Her uncle was thunderstruck at such dishonesty and baseness.

"Why," said he, "did you not let me know this before? Had I been made acquainted with it, I would not have allowed her to remain a single day among them; that is, provided she would have consented to reside with us. As it is, they may now sink or swim, as far as I am concerned. Emily and you shall live with us."

Emily consented, but poor affectionate Tom, aware of the now helpless state of his nephews, declined this kind invitation.

"I do not wish to abandon poor Dick," said he, "who, in spite of many bad points, has some good ones about him; and, to tell you the truth, my dear Harry, if it had not been for my little income, the family might have actually starved. I will therefore return to Castle Squander, for if I desert them now, what in God's name are they to do?"

His brother agreed with him, and it was arranged accordingly.

During our stay with him, he brought us to see his admirable manufactory, as well as other eminent establishments of the same kind. Indeed, the rapid progress which the linen manufacture has made throughout the North, is most gratifying. The cultivation of flax in Ulster, as well as in other parts of Ireland, is a proof that

it will not only become the staple manufacture of the country, but a source of great commercial wealth to her merchants, and of industrial employment to hundreds of thousands of her people. The processes of that cultivation, from the time when the raw material is "*pulled*"—that is, plucked up by the roots from the earth—until it is ready for the market, are so beautiful, so economical, and so scientific, that we imagine no process in either Birmingham, Manchester, or Glasgow, could surpass them. As it is, this manufacture has turned the North into a perfect hive of industry, and we feel gratified in stating that it is gradually extending to other parts of Ireland. In 1849, there was a breadth of 60,314 acres under flax in Ireland; but in 1850 it rose to 94,040, showing an increase of 30,726 acres, having more than doubled the product of the preceding year. Of this increase 27,414 acres are to be ascribed to Ulster alone, so that the *increase* in the North was equal to that of all other parts of the country, *minus* 5486 acres. This is significant, and will account for the truth of the description we have given of northern enterprise, progress, and industry.

Poor Tom parted from Emily much more cheerfully than I expected. The good old man was delighted at the favourable impression she had made upon her uncle Harry, as well as upon the whole family, every one of whom treated her with the utmost tenderness and affection. Their parting, however, was not without tears, for, of the Castle Squander branch, there were now only two left who loved each other.


On our arrival home, we found Dick and Harry in a pitiable state. But, good heavens, what a contrast between the country we had left and that to which we had returned. A vast deal of the best practical knowledge of life is the result of comparison and example; a principle well understood by Prince Albert, when he conceived one of the most magnificent projects, and the most stimulative to the peace, industry, and enterprise of man, that ever the world witnessed. For instance, until I had an opportunity of seeing the comfort, the industry, the sobriety, and energy of the North, I was not perfectly aware of the miserable condition, the ignorance, and neglected habits of the South and West. The hordes of naked beggars, clamorous and importunate, the vile cultivation, the filthy houses, the sinks and dung-heaps that oppressed you with their stench, the destructive hot-beds of contagion, the indifference of the people to personal and domestic cleanliness, all this, and far more than this, made me wonder that I had never been so strongly and disagreeably impressed with it before. I had not, however, *then* seen the North.

When it was known that Emily was no longer at the Castle, those neighbours who had lent them furniture sent for it, and now, with the exception of Dr. M'Claret's things, the house was an empty wreck. We lived, however, as well as we could. The whiskey, instead of coming into the house, as formerly, in puncheons, was now purchased by the gallon; but quite as frequently by the quart, and wine was out of the question. In this way we struggled on for about a month, at the expiration of which

time Harry made a lucky hit at a steeple-chase, which brought him in about three hundred pounds. It was done by some of those manœuvres so common on the turf; for I saw him grin on his return home, and heard him boast of what he termed the *dead knowledge*, by which he accomplished it. He rode a celebrated horse, on whom a great deal of money depended, but he suffered himself to be thrown once or twice in every heat, and I have reason to suspect, in consequence of an indignant observation which once dropped from Dick, that by this means he lost the race designedly.

We must now direct the attention of our readers to one of the most fearful and appalling pictures of national calamity and horror that ever the eye of man rested on, or the heart of man conceived. The calamity we allude to was a three-headed monster, which in this shape became the *Apollyon* or destroyer of at least a million and a quarter of people. The first head was Extermination by the landlords, the second, Famine, and the third, Pestilence; all working together and decimating the wretched population by a combined and uniform destruction. These three causes reacted upon each other with a most deadly and destructive reciprocity. We question if there is anything in the historical records of civilised life so utterly heartless and inhuman as the system of extermination or eviction, which spread such wide and helpless desolation over the country.

The process was as follows:—The landlord, armed by legal authority, procured a *posse* of bailiffs and assistants,



slavish ruffians, without heart or feeling, who went in a body to the house or cabin that was laid down in their murderous schedule. This vile crew proceeded to the humble residences of those devoted families by order of the landlord or agent, who sometimes were themselves present, but not often. Be it remembered now, that these evictions were in their most multitudinous and fearful operation during the four years of famine, cholera, fever, and dysentery, and that the unhappy class against whom they were directed was that which, from its poverty and destitution, was most liable to contagion and disease. The landlord, by evicting those creatures, threw them without support upon the world, without house or home or shelter of any kind, unless a naked shed of branches run up under the shelter of some ditch. These people, if not already labouring under contagious disease, were, from the destitution to which they had been driven, soon seized with it. Under these circumstances, their unhappy position gave them a claim upon the poor-houses; the rates consequently became heavy; but the failure of the potato crops and the general misery rendered it impossible for the farmers to pay them. That is to say, the rates increased most rapidly when the means of meeting them were down to zero.


In such an awful state of things, when the country was literally steaming with contagion, the poor-houses were crowded with persons who introduced fever, dysentery and cholera into them, until it was impossible to separate the healthy from the sick; and under these circumstances

did the terrible drama of civil murder, in the shape of extermination, proceed with frightful strides.

Now, the landlords forgot that by throwing those unfortunate people upon the poor-rates, they were heaping the burthen of their support upon themselves and their property. The people were unable to pay the rates; and we have heard that from the heaviness of their amount, many landlords in Connaught abandoned their property altogether, finding it unable to meet the rates alone, rent being out of the question.

Thus, we say, did it happen that extermination, and disease, and famine, produced and reproduced each other, until the county became one wide-spread grave-yard—in too many instances unsanctified, unconsecrated.


We regret to say that in many of the workhouses, more especially some in Connaught, and some in the south of Ireland, such has been the frightful state of distress, that all precautions of this nature have been borne down, and the workhouses crowded to an extent far beyond their calculated capacity; and the consequences have been in some cases most disastrous. In all these cases the seeds of contagious disease have been introduced by persons suffering under dysentery or fever when first admitted; and the diseases so introduced have spread to inmates previously healthy, and also to the officers of the workhouse. Not only has the overcrowding of the workhouses been favourable to the spread of contagion, but the amount of hospital room provided has been totally inadequate to a due separation of the diseased from the healthy.



The workhouse hospitals were, it will be remembered, provided to meet the casual sickness arising in a number of inmates generally presumed to be healthy, and in ordinary circumstances they have been usually found proportioned to those requirements; but, in the present state of things, nearly every person admitted is a patient; separation of the sick, by reason of their number, becomes impossible; disease spreads, and the whole workhouse is changed, by rapid transition, into one large hospital, without those preparations and means of arrangement which are essential to the conduct of such an establishment.

We alluded, in a previous part of this work, to an extermination which took place in Galway, and which excited considerable attention in the House of Commons; and we stated at the same time that the facts and circumstances connected with it resembled in a surprising manner a description of such an event which we had written some years before. We must subjoin that description from "Valentine M'Clutchy, the Irish Agent," because we know that it may stand for a general diorama of what has taken place within the last six or eight years, when extermination became the habit of the country:—

"There stood, facing the west, about two miles from Constitution Cottage, an irregular string of cabins, and here and there something that might approach the comfortable air of a middle-sized farm house. The soil on which they stood was an elevated moor, studded with rocks and small cultivated patches, which the hard hand of labour had, with toil and difficulty, won from what





might otherwise be called a cold, bleak desert. The rocks in several instances were overgrown with underwood and shrubs of different descriptions, which were browsed upon by meagre and hungry-looking goats, the only description of cattle that the poverty of these poor people allowed them to keep, with the exception of two or three families, who were able to indulge in the luxury of a cow. In winter it had an air of shivering desolation, that was enough to chill the very blood even to think of; but in summer, the greenness of the shrubs, some of which were aromatic and fragrant, relieved the dark, depressing spirit which seemed to brood upon it. This little colony, notwithstanding the wretchedness of its appearance, was not, however, shut out from a share of human happiness. The manners of its inhabitants were primeval and simple, and if their enjoyments were few and limited, so also were their desires. God gave them the summer breeze to purify their blood, the sun of heaven to irradiate the bleakness of their mountains, the morning and the evening dressed in all their beauty, the music of their mountain streams, and that of the feathered songsters, to enliven their souls with their melody. The voices of spring, of summer, of autumn, were cheerful in their ears as the voices of friends; and even winter, with all his wildness and desolation, was not without a grim complacency which they loved. They were a poor, harmless little community, so very humble and inoffensive, as to be absolutely beneath the reach of human resentment or injustice. Alas! they were not so.

“The cause of the oppression which was now about to place them in its iron grasp, was as simple as it was iniquitous. They refused to vote for Lord Cumber’s brother, and were independent enough to respect the rights of conscience, in defiance of M’Clutchy’s denunciations. They had voted for the gentleman who gave them employment, and who happened besides to entertain opinions which they approved. M’Clutchy’s object was to remove them from the property, in order that he might replace them with a more obedient and less conscientious class ; for this was his principle of action under such circumstances.

“It so happened that there lived among them a man named O’Regan, who, in point of comfort, was at the head of the community. He was a quiet and an affectionate individual, industrious, sober, and every way well conducted. This inoffensive and virtuous man, and his faithful wife, had been for some time before the period we are describing, under the shadow of deep affliction. Their second child, and his little brother, together with the eldest, who for two or three years before had been at service in England, were all that had been spared to them—the rest having died young. The second boy was named Torley, and him they loved with an excess of tenderness and affection that could scarcely be blamed. The boy was handsome and manly, full of feeling, and possessed of great resolution and courage ; all this, however, was ultimately of no avail in adding to the span of the poor youth’s life. One day, in the beginning of autumn, he

overloaded himself with a log of fir which he had found in the moors ; having laid it down to rest, he broke a blood-vessel in attempting to raise it to his shoulder the second time ; he staggered home, related the accident as it had occurred, and laid himself down gently upon his bed. Decline then set in, and the handsome and high-spirited Torley O'Regan lay patiently awaiting his dissolution, his languid eye dim with the shadow of its approach. From the moment it was ascertained that his death, early and unexpected, was known to be certain, the grief of his parents transcended the bounds of ordinary sorrow. It was, indeed, a distressing thing to witness their sufferings, and to feel, in the innermost chambers of the heart, that awful wail of their desolation and despair.

“ Winter had now arrived in all its severity, and the very day selected for the removal of these poor people was that which fills, or was designed to fill, every Christian heart with hope, charity, affection for our kind, and the innocent enjoyment of that festive spirit which gives to the season a charm that throws the memory back upon the sweetest recollections of life—I mean Christmas eve. The morning, however, was ushered in by storm. There had been above a fortnight's snow, accompanied by hard frost, and to this was added now the force of a piercing wind, and a tremendous down-pouring of hard, dry drift, against which it is at any time almost impossible even to walk, unless when supported by health, youth, and uncommon strength.

“ In O'Regan's house there was, indeed, the terrible

union of a most bitter and two-fold misery. The boy was literally dying, and to this was added the consciousness that M'Clutchy would work his way in spite of storm, tempest, and sickness, nay, even of death itself. A few of the inhabitants of this wild mountain village, which, by the way, was named Drum Dhu, from its black and desolate look, had too much the fear of M'Clutchy before their eyes, to await his measures, and accordingly sought out some other shelter. It was said, however, and generally supposed, by several of the neighbouring gentry, that even M'Clutchy himself would scarcely dare to take such a step, in defiance of common humanity, public opinion, and the laws both of God and—we were about to add—man, but the word cannot be written. Every step he took was strictly and perfectly legal, and the consequence was, that he had that strong argument, '*I am supported by the laws of the land,*' to enable him to trample upon all the principles of humanity and justice—to gratify political rancour, personal hatred, to oppress, persecute, and ruin.

“Removal, however, in Torley O'Regan's case, would have been instant death. Motion or effort of any kind was strictly forbidden, as was conversation, except in the calmest and lowest tones, and everything at all approaching to excitement. Still, the terror lest this inhuman agent might carry his resolution into effect on such a day, and under such circumstances, gave to their pitiable sense of his loss a dark and deadly hue of misery, at which the heart actually sickens. From the hour of nine o'clock on

that ominous morning, the inhabitants of Drum Dhu were passing, despite the storm, from cabin to cabin, discussing the probable events of the day, and asking each other if it could be possible that M'Clutchy would turn them out under such a tempest. Nor was this all. The scene, indeed, was one which ought never to be witnessed in any country. Misery in all its shapes was there—suffering in all its severest pangs—sickness—disease—famine—and death—to all which was to be added bleak, houseless, homeless, roofless desolation. Had the season been summer, they might have slept in the fields, made themselves temporary sheds, or carried their sick, and aged, and helpless, to distant places, where humanity might aid and relieve them. But no—here were the elements of God, as it were, called in by the malignity and wickedness of man to war against old age, infancy, and disease.

“For a day or two preceding this, poor Torley thought he felt a little better, that is to say, his usual symptoms of suffering were mitigated, as is sometimes the case where human weakness literally sinks below the reach of pain itself. Ten o'clock had arrived, and he had not yet awoke, having only fallen asleep a little before daybreak. His father went to his bed-side, and looking down, saw that he was still asleep, with a peaceful smile irradiating his features, as it were, with a sense of inward happiness and tranquillity. He beckoned to his mother, who approached the bed, and contemplated him with that tearless agony which sears the heart and brain, until the feeling would

be gladly exchanged for madness. The conversation which followed was in Irish, a circumstance that accounts for its figurative style and tenderness of expression.


“ ‘What is that smile?’ said the father.

“ ‘It’s the peace of God,’ said the mother, ‘shining from an innocent and happy heart. Oh! Torley, my son, my son!’

“ ‘Yes,’ replied the father, ‘he is going to meet happy hearts, but he will leave none in this house behind him—even little Brian that he loved so well—but where was there a heart so loving as his?’ This, we need scarcely observe, was all said in whispers.

“ ‘Ah!’ said his mother, ‘you may well ask—but don’t you remember this day week, when we were talking of M’Clutchy’—“I hope,” says he, “that if he should come, *I’ll* be where no agent can turn me out—that is, in heaven—for I wouldn’t wish to live to see you both, and little Brian, put from the place that we all loved so well”—‘and then he wiped away the tears from his pale cheeks. —Oh! Torley, my son—my son—are you laving us!—laving us for ever?’

“The father sat down quietly on a chair, and put his hand upon his forehead, as if to keep the upper part of his head from flying off—for such he said were the sensations he felt. He then wrung his hands until the joints cracked, and gave one short convulsive sob, which no effort of his could suppress. The boy soon afterwards opened his eyes, and fixed them with the same peaceful and affectionate smile upon his parents.



“‘Torley,’ said his mother, kissing him, ‘how do you feel, our flower?’

“‘Aisier,’ said he, ‘but I think weaker—I had a dream,’ he continued; ‘I thought I was looking in through a great gate at the most beautiful place that ever was—and I said to myself, “what country can that be, that’s so full of light, and music, and green trees, and beautiful rivers?” “That is heaven,” said a sweet voice beside me, but I could see no one. I looked again, and then I thought I saw my three little brothers standin’ inside the gate smilin’—and I said, “aren’t you my brothers that died when you were young?” “Yes,” said they, “and we are come to welcome you here.” I then was goin’ to go in, when I thought I saw my father and little Brian runnin’ hand in hand towards the gate, and as I was goin’ in, I thought they called after me—“wait, Torley, dear, for we will follow you soon.”’

“‘And I hope we all will, our blessed treasure; for when you lave us, son of our hearts, what temptation will we have to stay afther you? Your voice, *achora*, will be in our ears and your sweet looks in our eyes—but that is all that will be left of you—and your father and I will never have a day’s happiness more. Oh, never—never!’

“‘You both know I wouldn’t lave you if I could help it, but it’s the will of God that I should go; then when I’ll be so happy, won’t it take the edge off your grief? Bring Brian here. He and I were all that was left you, since Ned went to England; and now you will have only him. I needn’t bid you to love him, for I know that you loved

both of us, may be more than you ought, or more than I deserved ; but not surely more than Brian does. Brian, my darling, come and kiss your own Torley that kept you sleeping every night in his bosom, and never was properly happy without you—kiss me when I can feel you, for I know that before long, you will kiss *me* when I can't kiss *you*—Brian, my darling life, how loth I am to lave you, and to lave you all, father—to lave you all, mother.'

"As he spoke, and paused from time to time, the tumult of the storm without, and the fury with which it swept against the roof, door, and windows of the house, made a terrible diapason to the sweet and affecting tone of feeling which pervaded the remarks of the dying boy. His father, however, who felt an irrepressible dread of what was expected to take place, started at the close of the last words, and with a heart divided between the two terrors, stood in that stupefaction which is only the resting-place of misery, where it takes breath and strengthens itself for its greatest trials. He stood with one hand as before, pressed upon his forehead, and pointed with the other to the door. The wife, too, paused, for she could not doubt for a moment, that she heard sounds mingling with those of the storm which belonged not to it. *It was Christmas eve !*

" 'Stop, Mary,' said he, the very current of his heart stilled—its beating pulses frozen, as it were, by the terrible apprehension—'stop, Mary ; you can open the door, but in such a morning as this you couldn't shut it, and the wind and drift would come in and fill the house, and be



the death of our boy. No, I must open the door myself, and it will require all my strength to shut it.'

" 'I hear it all now,' said Torley, ' the cries and the shouting, the screechings and the——well, you need not be afeared ; put poor Brian in with me, for I know there is no Irishman but will respect a death-bed, be it landlord or agent—aye, or bayley. Oh, no, father, the hand of God is upon us ; and if they respect nothing else, they will surely respect *that*. They won't move me, mother, when they see me ; for that would kill me—*that would be to murder a dying man.*'

" The father made no reply, but rushed towards the door, which he opened and closed after him with more ease than he had expected. The storm, in fact, was subsiding ; the small, hard drift had ceased, and it was evident from the appearance of the sky that there was likely to be a change for the better.

" It would, indeed, appear, as if the Divine Being actually restrained and checked the elements, on witnessing the cruel, heartless, and oppressive purposes of man. But what a scene presented itself to O'Regan, on going forth to witness the proceedings which were then about to take place on this woful day !

" Entering the northern end of this wild collection of sheelings was seen a *posse* of bailiffs, drivers, constables, keepers, and all that hard-hearted class of ruffians that constitute the the staff of the land agent upon occasions similar to this.       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

" We cannot omit to state, that Darby O'Drive (the

bailiff) was full of consequence and importance, and led on his followers, with a roll of paper containing a list of all those who were to be expelled, rolled up in his hand, somewhat like a baton of office. Opposed to this display stood a crowd of poor shivering wretches, with all the marks of poverty and struggle, and, in many cases, of famine and extreme destitution, about them and upon them. Women with their half-starved children in their arms, many of them without shoes or stockings—labouring care-worn men, their heads bound up in cotton handkerchiefs, as intimating illness or recovery from illness—old men bent over their staves, some with long white hair streaming to the breeze, and all with haggard looks of terror, produced by the well known presence among them of the terrible ‘Crowbar Brigade.’

*“And this was Christmas eve—a time of joy and festivity !*

“Other features were also presented, which gave to this miserable scene a still more depressing character. The voice of lamentation was loud, especially from the females both young and old—all of whom, with some exceptions, were in tears. Many were rending their hair, others clapping their hands in distraction—some were kneeling to Heaven to implore its protection, and not a few to call down its vengeance upon their oppressors. From many of the men, especially the young and healthy, came stifled curses, and smothered determinations of deep and fearful vengeance. Brows darkened, eyes gleamed, and teeth were ground with a spirit that could neither be mistaken

nor scarcely condemned. M'Clutchy was then sowing the wind; but whether at a future day to reap the whirlwind, we are not now prepared to state.

"At length it was deemed time that the ceremony should commence; and M'Clutchy, armed also with a case of pistols, rode up to Darby:—

"‘O'Drive, you scoundrel,’ he shouted—for he saw his enemy, and got courageous—‘O'Drive, you scoundrel, do you mean to keep us here all day? Why don't you commence? Whose is the first name on your list? The ejectment must proceed,’ he added, addressing the poor people as much as Darby—‘it must proceed. Everything we do is by Lord Cumber's orders, and *strictly according to the law of the land*. Every attempt to refuse to give up peaceable possession, makes you liable to be punished; and punished, by h—n, you shall be.’

\* \* \* \* \*

"When Darby, on whose face there was a heartless smirk of satisfaction at this opportunity of gratifying M'Clutchy, was about to enter the first cabin, there arose from the trembling creatures a loud murmur of wild and unregulated lamentation, which actually startled the bailiffs, who looked as if they were about to be assaulted. An old man then approached M'Clutchy, bent with age and infirmity, and whose white hair hung far down his shoulders—

"‘Sir,’ said he, taking off his hat, and standing before him uncovered, severe and still bitter as was the day—‘I stand here in the name of these poor creatures you see about us, to beg you, for the sake of God—of Christ

who redeemed us—and of the Holy Spirit that gives kindness and charity to the heart—not on this blake hill, undher sich a sky, and on sich a day, to turn us out of the only shelter we have on earth ! There's people here that will die if they're brought outside the door. We did not, at laist the most part of all you see before you, think you had any thought of houldin' good your threat in sich a time of cowl'd, and storm, and disolation. Look at us, sir, then, and have pity on us ! Make it your own case, if you can, and maybe that will bring our distitution nearer you—and besides, sir, there's a great number of us that thought betther about votin' with you, and surely you won't think of puttin' *them* out.'

“ ‘ It's too late now,’ said M'Clutchy ; ‘ if you had promised me your votes in time, it was not my intention to have disturbed you—at present I am acting altogether by Lord Cumber's orders, who desires that every one refusing to vote for him shall be made an example of, and removed from the property—O'Drive, you scoundrel, do your duty.’

\* \* \* \* \*

“ But how shall we dwell upon this miserable work ? The wailings and screams, the solicitations for mercy, their prayers, their imprecations and promises, were all sternly disregarded ; and on went the justice of law, accompanied by the tumult of misery. The old were dragged out—the bedrid grandmother had her couch of straw taken from under her. From the house of death, the corpse of an aged female was carried out amidst the shrieks and

imprecations of both men and women ! The sick child that clung with faintness to the bosom of its distracted mother, was put out under the freezing blast of the north ; and on, on, onward, from house to house, went the steps of law, accompanied still by the increasing tumult of misery. *This was upon Christmas eve—a day of joy and festivity !*

“ At length they reached O'Regan's, and it is not our intention to describe the occurrence at any length. It could not be done. O'Regan clasped his hands ; so did his wife. They knelt, they wept, they supplicated. They stated the nature of his malady—decline—from having ruptured a blood-vessel. They ran to M'Clutchy, to M'Slime, to the squat figure on horseback. They prayed to Darby, and especially entreated a ruffian follower, who had been remarkable for, and wanton in, his inhumanity, but with no effect. Darby shook his head.

“ ‘ It couldn't be done,’ said he.

“ ‘ No,’ replied the other, whose name was Grimes, ‘ we can't make any differ between one and another—so out he goes.’

“ ‘ Father,’ observed the meek boy, ‘ let them. I will only be the sooner in heaven.’

“ He was placed sitting up in bed by the bailiffs, trembling in the cold rush of the blast ; but the moment his father saw their polluted and sacrilegious hands upon him, he rushed forward accompanied by his mother.

“ ‘ Stay,’ said he, in a loud, hoarse voice ; ‘ since *you* will have him out, let our hands, not yours, be upon him.’

"The ruffians told him they could not stand there all day, and without any further respect for their feelings, they rudely wrapped the bed-clothes about him, and carrying him out, he was placed upon a chair before the door. His parents were immediately beside him, and took him now into their own care; but it was too late—he smiled as he looked into their faces, then looked at his little brother, and giving one long-drawn sigh, he passed, without pain or suffering, saving a slight shudder, into happiness. O'Regan, when he saw that his noble and beloved boy was gone, surrendered him into the keeping of his wife and other friends, who prevented his body from falling off the chair. He then bent his eye sternly upon the group of bailiffs, especially upon the rude ruffian, Grimes, whose conduct was so atrocious.

"‘Now listen,’ said he, kneeling down beside his dead son—‘listen all of you that has wrought this murder of my dying boy! He is yet warm,’ he added, grinding his teeth, and looking up to heaven, ‘and here beside him, I pray that the gates of mercy may be closed upon my soul through all eternity, if I die without vengeance for your death, my son!’

"His mother, who was now in a state between stupor and distraction, exclaimed—

"‘To be sure, darling, and I’ll assist you, and so will Torley.’

"The death of this boy, under circumstances of such incredible cruelty, occasioned even M’Clutchy to relax something of his original intentions. He persisted,

however, in accomplishing all the ejectments without exception ; but, when this was over, he allowed them to re-occupy their miserable cabins, until the weather should get milder, and until such of them as could, might be able to procure some other shelter for themselves and families."

## CHAPTER XI.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY AFTER AN EXTERMINATION  
—FATE OF HARRY SQUANDER.

Now the above was a case of *political* extermination, that is, an extermination resulting from the violent exercise of party feeling. These unfortunate men were forty-shilling freeholders, and not only refused to support the political and hostile interests of a profligate absentee landlord, but, in defiance of his cruel and oppressive agent, had the honesty (a rare case) to vote for a liberal and kind-hearted gentleman, who was, besides, a resident, and expended a large fortune among his own people, and in his own country. This, then, was an act of political vengeance, which occurred in the good old times of Protestant ascendancy.

If the description we have quoted, however, may appear startling to the reader, we can assure him that it has been transcended in cruelty by many which have occurred during the last few years. In the first place, that of the now notorious Valentine M'Clutchy was not perpetrated in a year of either disease or famine, whereas those that have recently taken place were necessarily aggravated and




inhumanised in their nature and effects by the miserable and pitiable condition of the unhappy people. We will venture to say that if England had been visited with such a threefold scourge, her people dying off in thousands upon thousands with pestilence and famine, and that her landlords were so selfish and inhuman as to conspire together in order to avail themselves of their helpless condition by dragging them from their sick-beds, out of their cottages, and leaving them without food or shelter, in order to get rid of them, and consolidate their farms—we say, that if such a state of things had occurred in England, it would have produced a revolution by which the whole fabric of social life would have been broken up, and the legitimate tenure of property unsettled or destroyed. If not, the humanity of the country would have taken those heartless villains by the throats, dragged them in its name and by its influence to the bar of justice, and there punished them as criminals of the deepest dye.

In Ireland, the patience of the people was not only exemplary, but beyond all parallel in the annals of oppression. On reading the history of these multitudinous tragedies, we have often, in the burning indignation of the moment, asked ourselves what had become of the Celtic spirit—and why the people, in self-defence, did not spurn that law which gave them no protection, and forget themselves into the execution of natural justice? On cooling, however, we admitted that they were right in their submission and forbearance, and that we were very wrong in allowing ourselves to be moved so vehemently and deeply.


The history of these exterminations is terrific. It is all very well to read an account of them, or for an English editor—if not blinded, as a supporter of the landlord class, by the thick film of his prejudices—to copy that account into his paper. How would he feel, however, if he were to witness those atrocities with his own eyes?—if he were to see the aged, the sick, and the dying—those helpless beings at the two extremes of life, the very young and the very old—turned out, houseless and homeless, without remorse or compunction, by men who, although they scruple not to trample upon and crush every right and principle of common humanity, would not treat their own dogs in such a manner, nor the cattle in their cow-houses or stables. But, as Cassio says, “Heaven is above all,” and its justice has made a fearful descent upon the landlords of Ireland.

It is not, however, simply that the unfortunate people are turned out under circumstances of such grievous wrong and inhumanity, but the moment that they themselves and their miserable little bits of furniture are removed, the cabin, or cottage, or house, is levelled to the earth, lest they might, after the departure of the “Crowbar Brigade,” and in the very defence of existence, seek a night’s shelter under its roof.

Let our readers imagine to themselves, that is, if they can, the appearance of a depopulated village the day after an eviction has taken place, and the circumstances of bitter woe, misery and desolation which it presents, and by which it is surrounded. There are probably fifteen or




twenty cabins levelled in ruins—the roofs lying in; the walls thrown down; the doors, however, locked, lest the poor shivering wretches might continue even to crouch under the thatch, or shelter themselves under the walls. On every levelled habitation has been impressed the fearful signet of the desolator. We are anxious for the welfare, for the improvement, for the education, for the independence, of the Irish people, and we do not wish to see them the slaves either of the landlord or the priest, although, unfortunately for their own happiness, they are too much the slaves of both. We know their vices, and we know their virtues; and we know that the man who probably goes out to shed his fellow-creature's blood to-night, is probably as affectionate a husband and as tender a father as ever lived. Forgetting their errors then for the present, let us request the reader to pause over these ruined cottages, and ask himself the sum of human happiness which this spirit of extermination has destroyed. Let him think of the tenderness—in a people remarkable for domestic affection—which want itself, and sickness, and the consciousness of their destitution, has given birth to in the hearts of the loving parents, and then let him reflect upon the wildness of despair and the agony which must crush and distract them, when they find that all their affections are confounded and stunned by the misery which follows an eviction. Their little sum of happiness has been broken up. Humble as that wretched roof was, it protected them from at least the grosser assault of the elements. But now they are houseless; they have



scarcely time or patience to think or to love each other as they did. The impulses of the heart, worn out by suffering and helplessness, become feeble, and by degrees the sacred instincts of affection are altogether dissolved, and the savage selfishness of necessity, and the terrible assaults of hunger separate their hearts—they sink beneath the brutes—become utterly degraded, and cease to feel at all for each other. This we will illustrate by the most appalling facts, when we come to describe the famine and the state of the poor-houses.

The appearance of the country, whilst these evictions were in full work, is utterly beyond any description of ours. The country was traversed by thousands of these ejected people, every one of whom was a pauper of the most helpless description. Sometimes whole families might be seen together—weak, sick—the eye languid and closed, unless, when for a moment, the wolfish fire of famine would glare from it with a turbid and ghastly blaze. Families of this description seldom were able to keep more than one day or two together. Sickness prostrated one of them to-day, and the unhappy wretch either sought the shelter of a neighbouring barn, or laid him or herself down upon the side of the public road—but whether in the barn or whether on the public road, death, in the shape of famine, fever, or dysentery, and, in most cases, of all three together—generally put an end to his or her sufferings. Look round the country, and you scarcely met anything in the shape of humanity but living ghosts. Here is a depopulated village; advance a mile or two, and



you will meet another equally deserted—unless by a few dying wretches who are crawling or lying beside the ruins. Whole districts for miles, are, for the most part, uninhabited. The farmer, who possessed as much money as was sufficient to transport himself and his family to America, fled at once, glad to escape the contagion, the curse, and the calamity that were sweeping away the people. In going through portions of Connaught, you might look over a large extent of country; you might see houses of every class, but you could see no smoke from their chimneys—nothing of the stir or bustle of life about them. No—all was still, and silent, and lifeless as the grave. Those who had inhabited them had gone to another country, and are now adding to the wealth and industry of the United States or our Canadian colonies.

In connection with extermination, we shall place before our readers a few facts, taken from the Irish agricultural returns made up by the direction of Lord Clarendon, admitting, at the same time, that emigration and its consequences constitute an element, and not an unimportant one, in these able documents, which have been got up under the superintendence of Major Larcom, a man who, by his singular ability, and his unrivalled capacity for organising and simplifying civil statistics, has rendered the most important services to Ireland. By these returns it appears that, in 1847, the total number of farms in all Ireland was 768,323, and that in 1850 they were reduced to 628,222; which leaves 140,101 annihilated by extermination, consolidation, and emigration. But this is not all.

We shall immediately come nearer to the true state of things, and get a glimpse at the consequences of eviction. The number of farms or holdings, from *one* to *five* acres, in 1841, the year on which extermination may be properly said to have set in, was 310,375. Very good; let us ask what was the number of holdings of a *similar class* in 1850? We shall answer—just 91,618, leaving 218,757 to be accounted for by the depopulators, by famine, and by pestilence. Be it observed, too, that in the reduction of this class of small patch farms emigration had nothing whatever to do, inasmuch as there was not one in the hundred of those persons in a condition to emigrate at all. The class who do so are the large and middling farmers, who, on finding that they are making rapid way to pauperism, endeavour to make a still more rapid way to America. No—no—if you wish to seek out those who held in 1841 the 218,757 small farms, you must ask the exterminator, or go to the poor-house or the grave—three terms which in this instance are very nearly synonymous.

We have said that Harry Squander, by some manœuvre peculiar to the turf, got three hundred pounds. His brother suggested to him the propriety and decency of purchasing some furniture, and returning that which Dr. M'Claret had so kindly lent them. Harry, however, only laughed at the suggestion; for being quite a politician in matters of property, if not a projector, he was, to say the truth, perpetually devising some scheme or other that he thought calculated to extricate small portions of the family estate. Many of these schemes were not very

creditable either to his head or heart, their stupidity having been exceeded only by their villany. Seeing, however, that the process of eviction was rapidly extending, he felt that he ought to urge his brother Dick "to clear," as it is termed. To tell the truth, poor Dick, like his father, wished to lead an easy careless life, and to enjoy himself as far as it was in his power. At present, however, he was very much broken down, and refused to lend himself to Harry's heartless project of extermination.

"Besides, Harry," said he, "how can we consolidate, when you know that we have no control over our own property. I question if it were sold to-morrow, whether it would meet the heavy load of incumbrances that are on it."

"No matter," replied Harry "do you leave the affair to me, and I will contrive to make something out of it. You don't look into your own affairs, Dick. You do nothing but swill whiskey punch."

"Look into my own affairs, Harry! Upon my soul I would rather look into hell; and as to whiskey punch, if it were not for it I think I would go mad. Look at the condition to which we are reduced—paupers upon a property of twelve thousand per annum! Our miserable circumstances and distress are notorious, and I do assure you, Harry, that whatever you may think, it is anything but a consolation to me to reflect, that the landholders of the country are in general gone nearly as far to the devil as we are."


"There is one man," replied Harry, "who has squatted

upon our property. I put him out before, and, let it cost me what it will, now that I have some cash, I will banish him. The scoundrel grumbled, and I think means me mischief. I shall put him out of the country, if I can; but, at all events, he shall not remain upon our property."

"*My* property, Harry; but who is the man?"

"Father to that unfortunate girl that died, as I told you."


"Harry," replied his brother, "I beg of you to pause before you proceed farther in this business. I think if you look back upon your own conduct to that man and his daughter, that you ought to make him and his compensation, rather than pursue him with the vengeance of a devil, which I sometimes am inclined to think you must be. If, as you say, that man meditates mischief against you, I tell you that if the devil was at your elbow, anxious to drive you to your own destruction, you could not take a better course than to persecute him as you have done. Be advised by me; if the man has run up a shed upon a common, why, in God's name, let him and his live there as well as they can. Under present circumstances, now that famine and disease are desolating the land, it would be cruel and inhuman to turn him and his family out upon the world. Besides, Harry, to tell you the truth, I will not permit it. The man and his family must remain in their little place, because I understand that at present they are in circumstances of the greatest distress."





Harry made no reply, but went out of the room indulging in a contemptuous and meditative whistle—I forget the tune; but at all events for a day or two he was silent upon the subject. In the mean time he secretly persisted in his purpose, and so anxious was he to effect it, that he spoke to several of the tenantry whom he wished to take a part in levelling the unfortunate man's cabin. It has been said that there is no person so vindictive as he who inflicts the injury, and on this occasion it would seem that the apothegm was correct. A day was privately appointed by Harry, on which the poor man's cabin was to be levelled to the earth, and as he had no legal authority to eject him, it remained for the man and his family merely to consider whether they were to be crushed to death by the falling roof and walls, or to give up possession and procure a shelter for themselves wherever they could.

In the mean time Harry, who, as we have said, had long ago fallen back into his original habits of intemperance, resolved to give a dinner at the Ballysquander Hotel, to a number of his acquaintances and colleagues of the turf. This was upon the day previous to that appointed for the demolition of the poor man's cabin. Having informed our readers of so much, we must go back a couple of days, that is, to the market-day of Ballysquander, and request them to follow us into a small public-house in the north end of the street, where two men were sitting with half-a-pint of whiskey before them. One of them spoke as follows:—







"I might have overlooked the disgrace he brought upon our name—yours as well as mine, for she was your niece, Matthew, your sister's daughter, and the child that I loved beyond any human creature on this earth. I say I might have forgiven even *that*, although it was hard to do so; but when he came to our house and place and hauled us out—even his own child that was dying—I swore an oath to myself that I would have his blood for *all*. Well, time went on, and I began to think it was wrong to keep such an oath to a man who had punished himself as he did by the murder of his child, and I let him pass. I will leave him, said I, to God. So I would, too; but what is the case? he is coming on Wednesday to pull down the poor *bohog* (hut) that I built as a shelter for us; and he swears that he will banish me and mine out o' the counthry. Now, the heart o' man can't stand this, Matthew; so as you are her uncle—or was her uncle—you must do this for me."

"I'll do it; but he always goes armed."

"That won't signify; your blundherbush is true and safe. He's givin' a dinner on Tuesday in the Ballysquander Arms; you can watch behind the hedge at the entrance gate, where you know the road that leads to it is narrow, and there take him. I will go home now and get sick; I will have five or six of the neighbours about me until the mornin' afther the affair is over; and as he can't suspect you, I will be able to prove that I was ill in my bed when the thing was done. Put the blundherbush where I showed you, and all the peelers and polis out of

hell will never be able to find it. When the job's complete you can cross the counthry, without touchin' at the roads, until you get home—what signifies thirteen miles?—and afther that let them do their best. I will have plenty of witnesses to prove that *I* didn't do it."

It was so arranged ; the men finished their liquor, and in a few minutes left the house.

Neither Dick nor I went to the dinner. The brothers were estranged in consequence of a variety of matters arising from Harry's conduct. It is true that he got in five and twenty gallons of whiskey, and a corresponding portion of lump sugar ; but he refused to pay the bills either of the butcher or the baker, who, if they had been settled with, would, for the sake of the former rank and respectability of the family, have once more given them credit, and this ungenerous and selfish refusal on his part reduced us to great straits.

The dinner, however, came off ; but not before Harry was obliged to place in the hands of the hotel-keeper a sum supposed necessary to cover the expenses. He had tricked that worthy man more than once before, and on this occasion the latter flatly refused to provide a dinner unless paid in advance. Something was due to Dick's word, although not much ; but nothing at all to Harry's.

Neither Dick nor I felt surprised at his not returning on that night. He had remained frequently out before, and there was nothing calculated to alarm either of us upon the present occasion. We took it for granted that

they had made a debauch of it, and that such of them as were incapable of going home had a bed in the hotel—Harry among the rest. Early the next morning, however, we were both alarmed by a loud and tremendous knocking at the hall door. Dick met me on the lobby in the act of going to seek him.

“What the devil is this?” said he. “Some new dodge of these bailiffs. Don’t be in a hurry, Randy—take your time—the thing is a *ruse*. Go down to the parlour, open the window and look out; I will not appear. Yes, it’s a new dodge—the alarm principle—it was by that that Dick Blake was trapped. Be cautious.”

The violent knocking still continued, and we now heard loud voices upon the steps of the hall door. I felt alarmed, and so I could perceive did Dick, who got quite pale.

“What can it be?” said he. “These loud voices are the voices of terror and alarm. Good God! Harry did not come home last night! I begin now to have dreadful apprehensions. Open the window, for God’s sake, and see what it means.”

I need scarcely say that our apprehensions were mutual; I felt a presentiment as if something were wrong—as if some calamity had occurred—and I could not help associating it with Harry. At all events I went down to the parlour, opened the window, and looked out.

“What is the matter?” I asked, “and why do you keep knocking at the door with such violence, disturbing the family?”

"Death's the matter," replied the old gate-porter ;  
"Mr. Harry's murdered."

Dick, who had come down after me to the parlour, heard the words distinctly ; and now putting his head out of the window, learned the whole circumstances, so far as the poor people knew them. Harry's body was found within about fifty yards of his own gate, in a narrow part of the road that led to it, pierced by three or four bullets and slugs, more than one of which had penetrated his heart ; so that his death must have been instantaneous.

His brother seemed struck as if with paralysis, and sat down incapable of uttering a word.

"This is dreadful," said I ; "what can I say to you ?"

"Nothing," he replied, "nothing ; the ruin and desolation of the family are now complete. Where is his body ? Great God ! he that was in the prime of life and health only yesterday evening !"

When a murder takes place in Ireland, the common people do not feel themselves justified in removing the body until an inquest is held on it ; however, on this occasion, I desired them to bring his remains home, whilst I and Dick accompanied them. We found him lying across the road, with his arms extended, and his legs drawn up a little, as if by a death-spasm. We marked the spot where he lay, and in a few minutes his corpse was placed upon a table, with a pillow under his head, until the coroner should be sent for, and an inquest held.

Not the slightest trace, however, was discovered of the murderer at the inquest. All was dark, mysterious, and

impenetrable. It came to light, however, subsequently. The man whom Harry had evicted, and whose daughter he had seduced, died of fever in about a month afterwards; but he died in a state of stupor, and was incapable of making any confession. The actual murderer did not survive him more than six weeks; but on his death-bed he disclosed the circumstances of the murder, for which he seemed extremely penitent. He died in the poor-house, and nothing could exceed the extraordinary remorse and agony which distracted him until he breathed his last.

Thus fell Harry Squander by the hand of a man whom he had never knowingly injured, and whom he had never seen. Such, however, is the usage in Ireland; for it is not the man who sustains the injury that generally commits the murder. One great cause of the recklessness of human life in Ireland arises from the diabolical principles of secret societies. Here murders are deliberately planned and plotted; and it is a well-known fact, and has been proved on evidence, that one man has got another to commit a murder for half a pint of whiskey. In the lodges of these secret societies there is frequently a judge and jury trial of the individuals marked out for death. Twelve persons are selected as a jury, another presides as a judge, the case is argued *pro* and *con*, but the verdict is, we need scarcely say, almost in every case such as seals the doom of the unhappy man who is selected for destruction. These murders are principally committed by a set of hardened ruffians who are known as "men upon their keeping;" that is, persons who having grossly violated the




law, either by theft, robbery, or murder, are now seeking refuge among their brother white-boys or ribbonmen in a part of the country far distant from their native place. Our readers may all remember the exploits of Ryan, (Puck), who was hanged for murder, and who was known to have committed several. This gentleman was "a man on his keeping;" and it is not many years—about six or eight we think—since a monster, named Dermady, who became Queen's evidence,—with reverence be it spoken—admitted at a trial in Cork, that, although he had not reached the age of eighteen years, yet he had either committed or taken a part in sixteen murders!

It is a singular paradox in connexion with Irish crime, that although there is no country on the earth where the character of an informer—or, as he is designated, a *Stag*,—is so much loathed and detested as in Ireland, yet there is not a country in Europe which produces so many. The only instance in which an exception can be found to the fact we have just stated is one which deserves attention, and is extremely significant. We allude to the trials which took place of certain prisoners supposed to have been engaged in what has been properly termed "the massacre of Carrickshock," in the county of Kilkenny, in the year 1831. In this year the insurrection against tithe, or what is known better by the name of the "Tithe Rebellion," came to a head. A process-server, named Edmund Butler, went to a place called Hugginstown, to serve a process of law that was then revived, and called into existence, termed a Writ of Rebellion. This man was

attended by a considerable body of police—about thirty-eight—commanded by a chief constable named Gibbons. Butler had, on some previous occasion, uttered language offensive to the people, and they were determined to have his life. They had so expressed themselves, and it was on this account that so large a constabulary force was deemed necessary for his protection.

The crowd on that melancholy day declared they should have *Butler or blood*—and they kept their word. Not only was Butler killed by some one of the immense assembly that had surrounded him and his protectors, but Gibbons, their commander, and eleven of his men, were butchered in less than three minutes. Immense rewards were offered for the discovery of the murderers both of Butler and the constabulary, but to no purpose. Trials were had at three successive assizes in Kilkenny, and, strange to say, not a single approver ever made his appearance; and although the murders took place in the presence of an immense concourse of people, not one conviction was ever obtained by the government. This, however, was a *religious* case, and that may account for it.

Treachery, however, in criminal prosecutions, is the general habit of the country. The wife has become an approver against the husband, the husband against the wife, the father against the son, and the son against the father—and what is still more strange, the mother against the daughter, and *vice versa*; and this, be it remembered, not for the sake of justice, but, for the most part, in order to secure the government reward. The testimony of



approvers ought to be received with great caution, when it is known that the motive of that testimony is always corrupt; and indeed the law provides very wisely, that in every instance it must be supported by corroborative evidence.

There exists within a quarter of a mile of our own residence, an establishment, supported by government, in which approvers from all parts of Ireland are clothed and supported. This is a necessary step, especially with regard to the personal safety of these men. In this establishment, which has been nicknamed the "Government College," the approvers hold mock assizes, wherein the causes in which they are to appear are brought before a judge and jury; counsel, too, are appointed, and the whole case regularly tried—the charge given—and the verdict returned. This, however, is not for mere amusement, but for the purpose of training each other to bear the brunt of cross-examination when the real trial comes on. We have been given to understand that the cross-examinations in these trials are conducted with extraordinary skill, tact, and ability on both sides.

## CHAPTER XII.

STATE OF THE POOR-HOUSES AND THE POOR—GENERAL  
CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY—THE CANNIBAL.

THOSE who are in the habit of reading the Irish papers may be able to give a very good guess at the name of the individual whom we have veiled under that of Harry Squander ; particularly with reference to the seduction. Of course, large meetings of the landlords and magistrates were held, and large subscriptions entered into in addition to the government reward. The matter, however, ended as we have stated ; the fact being, that as only the two brothers-in-law were cognisant of the murder, there was the less probability of discovery.

Alas ! what a picture did Castle Squander now present, when contrasted with what it was when I first entered it. Dick, poor old Tom, and myself, sat down to our meagre and melancholy meals—meals served upon common delft—for as to the plate, it had long disappeared, as had the whole jewellery of the family. In point of fact, their woful decline and desolation resembled the decline and desolation of the country. Famine, fever, cholera,

dysentery, were now at their height ; the country at large was one general lazaret-house, and, to add to our comfort, we were threatened with a juvenile rebellion. Heaven knows the government are more indebted to the hopes and expectations which the people entertained from that magnificent display, than they are aware of. If it were not for these hopes and expectations, one-third of the population would have died. But with such a glorious prospect of freedom before them, how could any man that sincerely loved his country, and was a true patriot, think of dying? The man, as these young gentlemen told them, that would dare to die in such a crisis, was a traitor to his country, and a slave to Lord John Russell, who, it was very well known, had the potato-blight concocted in Downing-street, in order to put the young gentlemen down. It was also hinted that we were indebted to him for the cholera ; and that Sir Charles Trevelyan took charge of dysentery, and successfully set it a-going in the country. M. Soyer was also another agent in the hands of the government. Lord John Russell, it was said, and we of course believe it, sent him over here to teach us the art of cookery, at a time when there was nothing to cook.

But alas, now the terrible panorama of famine and pestilence opens—and how shall we attempt to describe that which no description, however powerful, can adequately represent. The state of the poor-houses, at this period, was very nearly in point of mortality on a par with that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Truly if any set of unfortunate

gentlemen were to be pitied, the Commissioners of Poor Laws deserved compassion. We all know, some of us too well, the difficulty of making one pound discharge the duties of five or ten; and the wonder to us is, how they ever were able to grapple so successfully as they did with the formidable and appalling difficulties which they had to encounter. Two errors, however, they committed, that were sadly destructive to life. One was the withholding of out-door relief too long, and the other the employment of those who received it in unproductive labour—viz., breaking stones. Now, breaking stones at any time is the most unhealthy of all possible occupations, almost every man who follows it for any length of time being carried off either by paralysis of the lower limbs or dysentery. When numbers of men, therefore, who were broken down by want of food and lingering illness, were put to the severe and unhealthy task of breaking stones, it might be well said, that every stone they broke constituted a portion of their grave-stones. This was a great error, and a strong proof that the Commissioners knew but little of the actual condition of the country. What was that condition with respect to labour? We shall tell them. Some time before this period the Public Works relief was put into operation; and in what did this consist? Why, also in the enlightened and productive occupation of breaking stones. Nothing then but breaking stones. If the people suffered, so did the granite, and it should be said in the words of Scripture, "We asked you for bread, and you gave us a stone." Now, at this period, such was

the run upon those public works, or, in other words, upon this unproductive system of breaking stones, that the distressed farmers of the country could not get labourers to till their ground or put in their crops; and we are of opinion that if the aforesaid distressed farmers—we mean now, especially, the small farmers—had been enabled by the public labour of these men to get their crops down, the country would not, in the succeeding year, have suffered from either famine or disease to half the extent it did. An immense number of farms, belonging to persons of this class, were left wholly uncultivated, or altogether deserted, in consequence of inability to procure seed and labour; so that these public works, whilst they met the immediate pressure, inflicted a vast deal of ultimate misery and distress upon the country. The principle laid down by the Poor Law Commissioners was, that the procedure we have recommended would have been an unjust interference and competition with private industry and enterprise. This, we say, was an error of judgment on their part; for there can be no doubt that the application of public labour to the aid of the small farmers who were unable to cultivate their ground, would have stimulated and assisted private industry and enterprise, prevented thousands of those unfortunate stone-breakers from falling victims to disease, and kept thousands of the small farmers themselves from the workhouse, and spared them to the country.

What the state of that unfortunate country must have been, we shall show; and when we say that the taxation

in many places exceeded the annual value of the property taxed, our readers can understand us. In five unions—to wit, those of Ballina, Ballinrobe, Castlebar, Swineford, and Westport—the rate of expenditure per annum on outdoor relief was 908,000*l.*, whilst the annual value of rateable property was only 316,000*l.*, that is, 592,000*l.* less ! In eight other unions, the rate exceeded the annual value of the property rated by 423,000*l.* ; in seven other unions, by an excess of 221,210*l.* ; and in thirty unions, including those just alluded to, by 1,282,500*l.* In the Nenagh union, the rate for three months was twenty-four shillings *to the pound*, and in one division it rose to the enormous height of thirty-six to the pound!!! These facts are certain and melancholy tests of the desperate and deplorable condition of the country ; and this being granted, what, we ask, must have been the state of the poor-houses ? Blame has been wantonly and dishonestly attached to the Poor-Law Commissioners—to Lord John Russell—and the Ministry at large. Political and party feeling, always unscrupulous and vindictive, availed itself—both upon the Liberal and Conservative side—of the disastrous calamity, which the Almighty, during three successive years of pestilence and famine, had inflicted on the country ; and whilst the horrors were at their highest, poured out, day after day, the most unprincipled attacks upon men who left nothing undone that men could do for the general relief of the suffering people. If an error in judgment was committed—as what judgment, except Pío Nono's, is infallible ?—it was immediately ascribed to design, and



want of principle. Why, after all, if it had not been for the measures adopted by Lord John Russell, and the extraordinary exertions and energies of the Poor-Law Commissioners, and the private aid afforded by England, the census of this day would have been down to five millions. Those that have been lost in spite of their exertions are dishonestly laid at their doors, but scarcely a single Irish paper gives them credit for those whom they have saved.

Before we proceed to our description of the famine and its terrible accompaniments, we shall give the reader a sketch from the Thirteenth Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners. In this (par. 112) we find these words:

“In a few cases, this state of things has been aggravated to a most serious extent by the illness, retirement, or death of all the principal officers of the workhouse. The usual difficulty of replacing a master or matron, or a medical officer suddenly removed from their duties at a time when every energy is required to preserve the workhouse from confusion and disaster, is now greatly increased by the dangerous nature of the service. The mortality among those officers who have been attacked by disease has been more severe in proportion than among the inmates so attacked. In the whole, fifty-four officers, including seven clerks, nine masters, seven medical officers, and six chaplains, have died, out of a number of less than one hundred and fifty, who have been attacked by disease taken in the discharge of their duties in the

workhouses from the 1st of January, 1847, to the present time."

This is a tolerably fearful feature, and an honest one besides; but after all how far does it fall short of the dreadful imagery that might have been witnessed in several of these "Gates of Death." Let the reader, for instance, accompany us in a brief visit to them—for in this visit upon paper there is no danger of contagion—and then ask himself what the unfortunate people must have suffered. In some of these establishments they lay—the sick and the healthy, the dying and the dead—all sweltering in one horrible mass of contagion, without regard, in most cases, to sex or age. To enter one of these receptacles was almost another name for a death warrant. The stench of pestilence ravaging its destructive way in the shapes of fever, cholera, and dysentery, among a crowd of human beings, grim and discoloured with filth and want, was such as few, indeed, could bear; all these individuals, packed together as thick, and—if we may be permitted a blunder—far thicker than they could lie. The confusion, the screams, the groans, the retching, and the other disgusting consequences of their peculiar diseases, were such as scarcely any imagination, without having seen it, could possibly conceive. In such cases there was that terrible truth of reality, which nothing else could picture. All that the poor-houses were capable of accomplishing was to provide the dying wretches with shelter, a little food, and occasionally with medicine, for what could a single medical man do among such a horrible multitude? The condition

in which some of them, and hundreds of them, came to these houses was such as set all notions of common decency at defiance. But during those awful seasons decency, modesty, order, in fact all those faculties of the mind, whose operation in ordinary life constitutes civilisation, were absorbed and lost in the one great feeling, as the case might be, of sickness, or the tugging pangs of hunger. The great body of the people were dragged down from the condition of man to that of the lower animals—nay, beneath it, for the lower animals never lose their instincts ; whereas the people were seized with a wild and apathetic madness, which was nothing else but the melancholy insanity of desolation. This is a fact. The madness of hunger prevailed to such a frightful extent, that out of one hundred wretches you might meet, one half of them were nearly, if not altogether, imbecile and idiotic. There was something very peculiar in the appearance of cholera in the year '48. In 1832, like an eastern monarch, it bore no brother malady near its deadly throne. Fever, dysentery, diarrhoea, all disappeared during its ravages amongst us ; but in 1848 every one of these scourges sprung up in its course, and accompanied it in its path of destruction.

The face of the country during these three years, constituted, as you went along, one of the most appalling panoramas that the eye of man ever witnessed. Emaciated bodies were found dead upon the road-sides ; some of them torn into skeletons by the hungry and starving dogs of the neighbourhood. The dogs, indeed, suffered as much

as the people, and presented, by their gaunt, wolfish, and tottering appearance, a dreadful appendage to the woful spectacle. The swine, too, disappeared; for such was the pressure of direct hunger, that those who possessed them were compelled either to dispose of them in order to procure the means of life by whatever sum they might fetch, or to use them as food. In Ireland, the potato and the pig are inseparable; whenever the one goes, the other follows it, and disappears also.

Groups of miserable wretches, with death and starvation in their faces, and limbs hideously swollen—a symptom of inevitable death—met you in all directions; family groups, who, having been refused admittance into the poor-houses in consequence of their over-crowded state, knew not where to go. Sea-weed, bugloss, nettles, preshagh, and every wild herb that was deemed safe to eat, were devoured, and, need it be said, produced the uniform penalty of dysentery, fever, or cholera. The funerals were in such multitudes, that the sextons, fatigued and wearied out, were obliged to give up their employment. Thousands of graves were made by them by candle-light; but human strength has its limits, contagion its effects, and the unfortunate sextons were frequently interred in graves of their own making. Under such circumstances—as in those of the great Plague of London, so powerfully described by De Foe—pits, wide and shallow, were dug by the people, and into these were thrown the bodies of the dead; a vast number of them coffinless, where they were covered over with not more than from six to twelve inches of earth.

A midnight scene in these graveyards was enough to stun the reason of man, and to crush the heart within him. Here might be heard the howlings of famished dogs, as they tore up the earth, and devoured the emaciated bodies of the defenceless dead ; whilst ever and anon came three or four staggering wretches, to throw in another corpse for their horrible repast.

During this most disastrous period, we are bound to say that a vast *mass*—if we may be permitted the expression—of most inhuman and selfish villany was perpetrated or connived at by the Guardians. Not only were inferior and dishonest rations administered, but vile and destructive compositions, under the name of “artificial milk,” were given to the unhappy inmates, by the unhealthy operation of which upon their bowels, hundreds of them were swept away. Cleanliness, which is the great preservative of health, and the most effectual antidote to contagion, was never enforced. Thousands of wretches, in individual houses, have not only been without shirts or shifts, but such as had them have been suffered to wear them until they were stiff with dirt and alive with vermin. Then, as to the manner of receiving their victuals, the economy of the pig-stye was most inhumanly and unblushingly resorted to. The poor creatures had their miserable mess of oaten-meal stirabout thrown into a long filthy trough, a spoon and some of the chalky water were given to them, and “devil take the hindmost” was the word. In fact, Ireland owes a deep debt to the “Times” newspaper—so much and so scandalously abused—for having engaged the

able and honest services of two such men as Mr. Foster and the Hon. Mr. Osborne, whose letters upon the state and condition of Ireland, and of the poor-houses, are equally remarkable for ability and truth.

The poor-houses, however, were not the only scenes of pestilence and desolation. Many of those unfortunate creatures whom the landlords had, at such a terrible period, murderously evicted from their cottages and cabins, were forced to take refuge in such unoccupied houses as were left standing. The scenes that occurred here were, in misery and suffering, beyond the calculations of all human imagination. The Board of Health, composed of Sir Philip Crampton, Sir Henry Marsh, and Dr. Corrigan, sent down a gentleman to inspect the state of disease in the south and west—we believe he was only one among many who were deputed upon such a fearful message—and the contents of one of his letters was to the following effect:—On entering one of those houses, he found twenty-three individuals, of both sexes, lying, some upon a portion of damp, rotten straw, and others upon the cold and naked floor. Cholera, fever, and dysentery were there in their most malignant and destructive forms. Upon examining the condition of those unhappy individuals, he found that there were five corpses among them. These were not noticed, however, by the survivors; or, if noticed, the apathy of misery utterly disregarded them. Death, in its most awful and revolting shapes, had become so completely familiarised to the heart and feelings, that the passions of natural grief and sorrow upon such occasions


were completely obliterated. The united pressure of disease and famine was so strong, that the wife could not afford to grieve for her husband, nor the husband for the wife. The father saw his favourite and best-beloved child pass away, without a groan or a tear, being altogether absorbed by the fearful pangs of pestilence or the ravages of hunger which were tugging at him within. A mother, we believe in connection with this very case, got up, on finding that the well of life for her infant had been exhausted by disease, and tottering out to the adjoining highway, howling with maniac madness, cast it down upon the road side, exclaiming—

“ There, now—live or die. God sent you to me, but He did not send me the means of supporting you. Let Him take you or leave you—you are more His than mine. Your father is dead, your little brother is dead, and God has brought me to such a state, that I care neither for him nor you. Lie there, then, and live or die in His hands—as for me, I disown you.”

These words have been heard ; and the reader may form an estimate of the condition of the people, when it affected the primary instincts of life in such a terrible manner.

We have always been anxious to obey, and have always respected the law ; but we must confess that during the progress of these three or four years of such unparalleled horror, we have often cursed not only the law itself, but many of the inhuman scoundrels, in the shape of men and magistrates, by whom it was administered. Poor children,

and occasionally grown persons, goaded by the insatiable cravings of hunger, and who, in a dying state, have occasionally stooped to satisfy those cravings by picking up a raw turnip from a field, or in other words, to preserve actual existence,—will it be believed, that orphans and destitute children, some of whom did not long survive their sentence, have been taken up, brought before the heartless squireens of the Petty Sessions, tried, lectured, and punished, for simply yielding to self-preservation, the first law of nature ! Many famine-riots, of course, occurred; many pardonable thefts were committed; cows were milked at night; bullocks, and even horses, were bled, in order that the starving creatures might prolong existence by using their blood as food. That there was, besides, a good deal of pillage, must be admitted. But, good heavens ! what could starving men do under circumstances so completely out of the common course of life and nature ? Before the Public Works Bill had passed, we ourselves witnessed crowds of excited skeletons proceeding from one gentleman's house to another, exhibiting at a view the most extraordinary and heterogeneous class of sensations that probably were ever witnessed, whether mental or bodily, in the same individuals. The eyes of these unhappy and starving men were lit up by a kind of wild and gloomy fire, the ghastly gleam of which wanted the animation of healthy life, and feebly scintillated with a phosphoric light, such as one would imagine in a departed spirit. There was, too, a languid energy in their motions, that told at once of their desolate and excited






condition, and the pitiable state of bodily weakness to which they had been reduced, as well as of the deadly pang of want. Bakers' shops were also robbed in many instances ; but when we consider the pressure *from within*, by which millions of our population were goaded on, there is, perhaps, no record of such peace and forbearance as were then manifested by the population of Ireland.

Whilst the wretched country, however, and the suffering people were dying off in thousands upon thousands, and whilst Lord John Russell was receiving abuse almost from the whole Irish press, a procedure was going on in the midst of all this many-shaped misery, which is entitled to the strongest reprobation, as exhibiting how far a feeling of ultramontane slavery and fanaticism among the Roman Catholic bishops and priests of Ireland, can stifle those charities of life and duties of humanity to which they are not insensible on other occasions. In the very worst period of our distress, when you could not walk a mile without encountering the dying or the dead ; when the famishing wretches were forcing themselves to eat the very grass from the fields, and when the general wail of the threefold plague to which we have before alluded was heard in every quarter, from every house, and from every cabin ; we say, that in this unparalleled state of death and destitution, the Roman Catholic bishops and priesthood of Ireland contrived to wring from this starving land a sum amounting to several thousands, for the support of the Pope ! To strip a dying population and a blighted country at such a period was a prostitution of spiritual power, for

which may God forgive them! Many a life these thousands might have spared to Ireland, many a family made happy, and yet, we will venture to say, that they did not add the tenth of an inch of sacred flesh to the apostolic ribs of Pio Nono. Such a proceeding, at such a time, was an outrage upon religion and common humanity.

Let it not, however, be supposed for a moment that distress and privation were confined to the lower classes. Far from it. The middle classes, the upper classes, in many melancholy instances, were taught the sensations arising from actual want. The farmers, for example, could in general pay no rent, and the landlords could not consequently receive any. The lower classes constitute the basis of all social comfort; the different orders of society are so thoroughly interwoven together in their interests and enjoyments, that when these classes fail every other class is affected. The consequence was, that the actual struggle and distress which the higher orders experienced are beyond belief. We did not write the history of the Squander family as presenting to the reader the records of individual extravagance, decline, and suffering, but as a general illustration of those who resembled them throughout the south and west of Ireland.

The people, however, and especially the poor, suffered to such an extent, both in the workhouses and out of them, that no adequate representation could be given of it. There was scarcely such a thing to be seen in Ireland now as a funeral. Three or four individuals were in



general as many as attended an interment, and might be seen staggering under a coffin or a dead body; but hundreds of cases occurred, in which the bodies of the dead were secretly interred in some private place near the hut or cabin in which the death took place—a fact which was always discovered through the hunger and sagacity of the neighbouring dogs, by whom they were torn up and devoured. In going over Connaught it was an ordinary thing to meet small cadgers, both men and women, driving ass's carts, loaded with the naked dead, whose bodies were covered merely by an old tarpaulin or quilt. Those bodies, on being deposited at the grave-yard, were cast into shallow pits, according to the process we have already described.


One of the greatest curses ever inflicted upon Ireland is the potato. There was not a good point in the national character of our people which it has not weakened and relaxed; nor a bad one which it has not stimulated. The facility of its production as an article of food, not only encouraged early marriages, but utterly destroyed all our notions of comfort, beyond its consumption as an article of food. Then again, its prolific qualities, aided by those early marriages, increased our population to an enormous extent. The consequence, therefore, to a country like ours, which depends upon it as the staple article of food, may be inferred from what we have already written. Neither is it to be supposed that a national famine does not produce disastrous effects upon the morals of the people. When a state of society occurs from such a cause,

a state in which all the ties of nature, all the principles of domestic affection are dissolved, and men degraded to the coarse and brutal instincts of mere animal life ; it is impossible that a people suffering these things, and so deplorably degraded, can recover at once from their consequences. It may be taken as a general rule, that poverty saps and degrades moral feeling ; and this being granted, we repeat, that the moral injury inflicted upon a people by a general famine, is a thing only to be recovered from by time.

We make these observations in order to account for the hideous picture which we are about to draw ; and we regret to say that six or seven such scenes occurred in Ireland during the last four years. We give the description with reluctance ; but we feel that we would not have painted the state of the country and of the people with all the fulness of truth, had we omitted it.

The tenacity of life, or, in other words, the anxiety to live, is in some persons not merely wonderful, but terrible, when witnessed at a death-bed. Others, on the contrary, submit with singular patience and resignation to the fate that seems unavoidable. The latter class—by far the more numerous—yield at once to the blow, whilst the tenacious of life cling to it with a desperation which regards no consideration but that of existence. Many of our readers will remember the case of Count Ugolino.

One night, a miserable family in a remote district of Connaught were huddled together under the pressure of famine, not of disease. They had been nearly four days without food, and most of them all, except the father, were



in a dying state. His favourite, a fine boy of about eleven years, had just expired from want. The rest, as we have said, were dying from the same cause. The unfortunate man's wife was unable to articulate, or at least very feebly; the rest of the children were in a similar condition. What was to become of himself and them? Food there was none, nor any means of procuring it. They had been evicted by the landlord, and found shelter in this remote and solitary locality. It was proved at a public trial that this man and his family sought admission into the poor-house; but the poor-house was overcrowded, and admission was out of the question. Here, then, was this man, surrounded by his expiring family—himself, too, at the very door of death.

"They will all die," said he, "and I will die—and I am not prepared for death; the stain of murder is on my soul, and I cannot die. I must live to repent, and get absolution for my crime. They are innocent; but I cannot die."


A horrible thought then entered into his heart. At first it startled and appalled him; he put up his hands to his forehead, and groaned and wept aloud; he tore his hair—he shrieked out in agony to his wife—"Mary, I cannot die!" The dull stupor of famine, however, was upon them all, and they were unable to answer him. His wife looked at him with a languid eye, but replied not—she, too, was silent. The maniac father dropped upon his knees, and clasping his worn and feeble hands in a terrible and inhuman agony, exclaimed—

"Pardon me, O God! I cannot see them die, and I

am not prepared to die myself! Pardon me! This child," he proceeded, "was the delight of our lives—our hope—our consolation—the star of our hearth—but," he added, starting up, "what if this should be on my part a double murder—the murder of the dead! What if it should be a temptation from the devil? Aye, but I am not fit to die, and I may yet save their lives. Mary!" said he, with a feeble shout, "don't die yet—I have relief for you. Come, childhre, have courage, I have good news for you. Cheer up—you won't want a supper. Whether God is good or not, I don't know—nor I don't want to know—and even if the devil is at my elbow, I don't care; I can't see you all die about me—and I am not fit to die myself. No; we'll live a little while longer. Good news! Good news! Ha, ha, ha!"

There was no lack of firing in the cabin, because it was surrounded by bog, and plenty of turf were in a corner of it.

"I think," said he, "I saw an old knife in the house. I think I did—it will do if I can get it—aye, here it is—here it is. Well, James, you are goin' to do what you would, my darling, do at any time,—save our lives even with your own; but now you don't know the service you are of to us, and what is more, you won't feel the cruelty of it—treasure of my heart. It is your own father, that loved you as he did his own life, that is going to do this evil and unnatural deed; but James, darlin', life is sweet. I am not fit to die, and unless I do what I am goin' to do, we will all die. I'll kiss you first, darling,



and then you'll soon be near the heart that loved you so well."

He then stooped down and kissed him, but he could not shed a tear. The demon of famine had not only hardened his heart, but filled his brain with the savage mania of desolation, and he proceeded, in a state of insanity, to prepare the horrible meal. Before he applied the knife, however, he gave himself two or three gashes. "What!" he exclaimed, "am I mad? What am I goin' to do? My brain is swimmin', and I feel as if the house was filled with fire. My knees are tremblin' undher me, and I think I hear strange noises. Are they devils? But what nonsense is this? Isn't here relief for us all? Aye, a great relief; for they won't die, and I won't die. I may live to repent yet—or, afther all, is this the curse of God that has pursued the murderer? May be so; but if I'm to despair, let me. If I'm past hope, I can't be worse; ha—ha—ha! God bless me! What makes me laugh though? No matther—here goes to make the dead save the livin'. In the name of God we will live—we will save our lives if we can."

The cannibal repast was actually partaken of by the unhappy man, whom famine, the consciousness of his guilt, and the condition of his dying family, had sunk into a state between stupor and *delirium*. On going, however, with the unnatural repast to his wife and children, he found that they had all died, and in a few minutes afterwards, two policemen, who were in search of some other criminal, upon entering the cabin, discovered

the nature of the unhallowed meal he had made, and immediately took him into custody. His wife and six of their children were found dead from hunger, and he himself having been brought to trial for the fact we have described, was convicted by the evidence of the policemen, as well as upon his own admission, that he supposed, or rather feared, that the thing had occurred; but he said it was only like a wild dream to him, and that it might be true or it might not, for all that he himself remembered of it. He hoped it was not true, he said, but he feared it was.

He was strongly recommended to mercy by the jury, and the judge, a humane man, observing at once that the original instincts of the heart had been overcome and destroyed by the ferocity of famine, only sentenced him to be imprisoned for a month, in order that the gaol allowance might recover his strength, and prepare him to join society at least a sane man.



## CHAPTER XIII.

---

CONCLUSION.

It is not our intention to describe the loathsome and putrid crypts of Skull, Skibbereen, Kilrush, and other pest-houses of a similar character, where the unfortunate people literally rotted by thousands into masses of putrefaction. The Commissioners of Poor Laws seem to blame the poor for a disinclination to enter them, and, at the same time, to condemn the Guardians, for receiving such numbers as crowded the houses to suffocation. They entirely ascribe the conduct of the Guardians to a mistaken humanity; but what could the perplexed and unfortunate Guardians do? Here were standing and lying about their doors, numbers of beings, to whom refusal of admittance was known to be certain death; and, indeed, many did expire at the very thresholds, and before relief could be administered to them. God knows, it was a woful alternative to the poor, and we need not feel surprised at their reluctance to enter these hot-beds of contagion. Still there was a chance, and the Guardians gave it to them. If not admitted, they *must* die; but within, there was,

---

as we said, a remote chance in their favour, and in that deplorable condition the question stood.

It would be unjust to close this description of our three years' famine, without a grateful reference to the munificent generosity of England, and of her princely merchants. Through the noble exertions of the British Relief Association, through private liberality, and through the calm but active energy of the Society of Friends, thousands of lives were rescued from starvation, disease, and death. Nor must America be forgotten, who floated her benevolence in such generous abundance across the broad waters of the Atlantic.

About this period, the condition of Irish property was literally in such a hopeless state, that almost every Irish land-owner might be supposed as walking about, when at liberty to do so, with a mill-stone about his neck. In fact, the Irish landlords were in a state of general bankruptcy, and in that state their property would have remained, had it not been for the passing of the INCUMBERED ESTATES ACT. In order to prove, with a clearness and ability beyond our own power, the necessity for this admirable measure, and the seasonable relief which it has brought to the country, we shall give another quotation from the "Dublin University Magazine," March, 1851, page 285 :—

"Of all the measures that have ever been passed for the improvement and regeneration of Ireland, none are likely to prove of so bold or so comprehensive a scope as the act to facilitate the sale of incumbered estates. A superficial

legislation had often directed other enactments against the eyesores that emanated from the diseased condition of the country, but this act strikes deeply at their origin; it is co-extensive with the evils it is intended to remedy, and boldly grapples with them at their sources. To dispossess the hereditary owners of the soil, to break up gigantic estates, to apportion them among a different class of persons, to pay off the incumbrances that hang like mill-stones round the necks of the inheritors, to introduce new strength, capital, and life-blood into Ireland, to create a yeomanry class—a peasant proprietary, to sweep away the Chancery suits that have been accumulating in a multiplying ratio for years, to unfetter land and throw it into the market, to diminish absenteeism, to place the landlord and lessee in a more wholesome position, with new arrangements for the tenant, and a new system for the people; these, to a certain extent, are among the results likely to follow from this Act. The vital importance of the measure was, however, but little understood, even by its framers. It was looked upon more as a temporary expedient, to meet a temporary emergency, than as a great and comprehensive plan, destined to work a social revolution, unexampled in the history of this country.”

This able and acute writer goes on to say:—

“The great difference that exists between the Act for the Sale of Incumbered Estates, and the old *régime* under the Court of Chancery, may be briefly stated as follows:—The Court of Chancery commenced by ascertaining the

rights of the parties, and concluded by selling the property; the Commissioners commence by selling the property and conclude by ascertaining the rights of the parties. The enormous length of time over which a Chancery suit extended, was wholly irrespective of the sale of land. \* \* \* The last important distinction we shall enumerate is, the parliamentary title the Commissioners are empowered to give. But an act of Parliament, consisting of twenty lines, might at any time have given, and should still give, the same powers to the Court of Chancery."

In order, however, still more clearly to give our English readers a view of the state of Irish property, we subjoin the following history of the Audley Estate,\* lying between the village of Skull and the town of Skibbereen, two places notorious for the dreadful mortality of human life, which took place there in consequence of the united ravages of famine and pestilence :—

"In the year 1818, the late Lord Audley succeeded to the family estate, which had been, as already mentioned, leased to a middleman, and the entire income which he was entitled to receive out of it was 527*l*. By leasing the mines on the estate, he subsequently increased this income to 577*l*. a year. Such being the income, the petition in the Incumbered Estates Court discloses the progress of the incumbrances on

\* "On the Cause of Distress at Skull and Skibbereen during the Famine in Ireland." By W. NEILSON HANCOCK, LL.D.

the estate, which is concisely set out in the following table:—

Amount of Incumbrances created on Audley Estate at following periods.		Interest found to be due in 1846 on such In- cumbrances.	Law Costs found to be due in 1846 on such In- cumbrances.	Total found to be due in 1846 on ac- count of such Incum- brances.
Period.	Amount.			
Up to 1819 . . . .	£3,400	£4,000	£1,000	£8,400
Up to 1824 . . . .	16,200	9,000	1,700	26,900
Up to 1829 . . . .	25,100	14,600	3,900	43,600
Up to 1834 . . . .	43,900	27,900	4,000	75,800
Up to 1837 . . . .	89,400	61,700	16,200	167,300

“In 1837, the late Lord Audley died.

“In 1839, a bill was filed in Chancery for sale of the estate.

“In 1846, a report of the Master in Chancery was made, finding the charges to be 167,300*l*.

“In 1849, a petition was filed in the Incumbered Estates Court.

“Thus it appears that, as far back as 1829, the incumbrances on the Audley estate had far exceeded its value, being 25,000*l*., or less than 600*l*. a year. That they increased rapidly, so as to amount to 89,400*l*., exclusive of arrears of interest and law-costs at Lord Audley’s death in 1837. That the interest and law-costs increased the charges against the property in 1846 to the enormous amount of 167,300*l*. on a rental of 577*l*. a year.

“From this state of facts it follows that, just as the middleman’s interest became more precarious, or, in other words, as the necessity became more urgent of its being determined, by being sold to the head landlord, or by the

purchase of the reversion from the head landlord, at the same time the increase of incumbrances was rendering any dealing with the property impossible.

“From the time of Lord Audley’s death in 1837 to the present hour, instead of there being one landlord to deal with the property, to discharge the duties of a proprietor, to administer the local institutions, to make a commercial contract with the middleman, securing his improvements, or to buy out the middleman and make commercial contracts with the occupiers, or to do, in fact, any one act that would be beneficial to the community, *there have been upwards of 80 incumbrancers*, without whose *unanimous consent* no valid contract could be made with respect to this large tract of country; and of these eighty persons, whose consent had thus become necessary to any dealing with the property, *not more than five or six had any real interest in it*, as the property could not possibly realise more than sufficient to pay that number of incumbrancers.”

If the Castle Squander estate was not so deeply involved as this, it was removed but a short way from its condition. Dick was merely the nominal proprietor, and saw in the year eighteen forty-eight the once magnificent property of his family brought into the Incumbered Estates Court, on the petition of “Greasy Pockets.” Two deaths occurred during the same year, both of which affected him deeply. Mr. Brooks, with whose engagement to Emily he had been made acquainted, died of fever, caught in the discharge of his duty as chaplain to the Ballysquander Poor-house; and his uncle Tom died of what might be

truly termed a broken heart, on witnessing the decline and utter ruin of his family. He left his property to Emily, who generously consented to support her brother, but the latter resolutely declined her offer, and refused, although in the most affectionate terms, to become a burthen either upon her or any one else in future. Pride had got a fall, and he was humbled; but a manlier pride was awakened.

“I shall now try to work for my bread,” said he, “and rely upon my own exertions for my support.”

About this time the situation of poor-rate collector for the Castle Squander workhouse became vacant, for which he applied, and we are happy to say that his application was successful.\* He is now then actually a collector of poor-rates upon his own property, which once had a rent-roll of twelve thousand a year; but which, by mismanagement and extravagance, and a criminal neglect of the duties of a landlord on the part of its successive proprietors, is safely lodged in the Incumbered Estates Court.

Our narrative is nearly closed. Emily, a few months ago, was married to her cousin; and I am aware, from private information, that her father-in-law intends to bid for the Castle, demesne, and a considerable portion of the property, in order to replace them in the family. “Greasy Pockets” is not likely to offer him any opposition, inasmuch as he was found dead in his bed one morning, after

\* This is no fiction. Some couple of years ago an Irish Landlord, and a Baronet, whose rental was twelve thousand a-year, applied for, and was appointed to such a situation, and, we believe, still holds it.

stuffing himself almost to suffocation with an enormous supper of beefsteak pie, and a quart of whiskey punch, thus verifying the prophecy of the coroner, who, as he had predicted, actually held an inquest upon his body.

And now it remains that we should say a few words upon the present state and prospects of the country. The subject is a perilous one, inasmuch as it is impossible to express a candid opinion upon any topic connected with religion or politics in Ireland, without giving offence to some party. As for ourselves, the reader will admit, we trust, that we have written this book irrespective of all parties; of everything, in fact, but a sincere regard for truth; and, in the few concluding observations that we deem necessary to the completion of our book, it is not our intention to depart from it. For this purpose we shall endeavour to place the evils with which we are threatened, and the good which we hope for, in a fair and impartial point of view before our readers, and allow them either to depart from, or agree with us, according to their respective impressions; which, by the way, is very like an empty compliment, as they will do so whether we allow them or not.

The first thing, then, that strikes us, and we think strongly corroborates our account of the dreadful and unprecedented ravages made by extermination, famine, and disease, is the fearful decrease of our population within the last ten years. As another cause of this decrease, it would not be just to overlook Emigration. This element in our national decline, is far more painful to contemplate




than any of the others, because it is more disastrous and debilitating to the hope and strength of the country. The persons who have emigrated are composed of the very class which we cannot afford to lose—men disposed to industry and exertion, and who, having tried them here in vain, deem it safer and more prudent to transfer them, while they possess the means of doing so, to a more promising field of exertion.

In 1841, our population was 8,175,124, whilst it is now, after a lapse of only ten years, reduced to 6,515,794—being a decrease during that period of 1,659,330. This tremendous depopulation is awful, when spread over the extent even of ten years. But what must our readers think when the fact is, that this incredible diminution in our numbers ought to be confined principally to the operation of the last four years. This shows what the country must have suffered during that brief but desolating period. The causes of this, as we have said, are—Extermination, which, as the most inhuman and probably the most destructive, we place first—Pestilence, in the various shapes of fever, cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, &c., &c.—Famine, which came upon us, not from Lord John Russell, but directly from the hand of God—and, lastly, Emigration. These four causes, during the last four years, have left us what we are.


In connection with the state of Ireland, we cannot overlook the great rebellion of 1848. The remote origin of that rebellion, or, to speak seriously, of the attempt at it, was owing to the late Mr. O'Connell. This gentleman

commenced an agitation for the repeal of the Union, with great apparent sincerity ; and perhaps there could not be found, in the records of any country, so besotted and slavish a facility for delusion as was manifested by the Irish people upon that occasion. In 1843, the weekly receipts to the Repeal Exchequer were up, we think, to four thousand pounds—perhaps more, for we only write from memory. During the progress of this agitation, Mr. O'Connell's prophetic annunciations of success, although firmly believed by the people, began—in consequence of their quackish effrontery—to beget in many of those who had joined him with sincere intentions, a strong suspicion of his honesty. This was, indeed, unavoidable. The man who could, without blushing, stand up, as he did, and say—"I will have the repeal for you in three months—in three months our Parliament will sit in College Green—*only*"—mark this, reader—"only, in order to enable me to do this, you must send in the money. There are ten millions of people in Ireland. Now, let every one of them subscribe a farthing a week—a farthing a week is a penny a month—a penny a month is a shilling a year," &c., &c. This was felt by many of the honest men who listened to him to be a little too bare-faced ; and the consequence was, that a party of high-spirited young men began to think it was time to take other measures than those in which nothing but dishonest and delusive promises were held out, for the mere selfish purposes of getting in money. Mr. O'Connell, at this period, attempted to establish a tyranny over the Irish press. In the heat and impulse of the



moment, he had often, while addressing the people, given utterance to principles which he wished subsequently to disavow. These, however, were faithfully and accurately reported, and immediately he came down upon the reporter, denying the truth of his report. Reporters, however, are not just that class of men who are likely to be put down by any individual, however powerful, and O'Connell found this to his cost. In every contest with them, he was not merely beaten, but completely prostrated—simply because the reporter was right, and Dan knew that he himself was wrong.

Hitherto, however, there was no such thing as an independent journal on that side of the question in Ireland; but the want of this was soon remedied. About ten years ago, the "Nation" newspaper was projected by Charles Gavan Duffy, the late Thomas Davis, and John B. Dillon, now a resident and practising barrister in New York. This paper, written and conducted with surpassing spirit and ability, at once became the nucleus of what was afterwards termed the Young Ireland party. Although we never agreed with its politics, we admit that it was the means of eliciting a large and eminent exhibition of intellectual talent and vigour from the country. What added to its success was, that its conductors and contributors were men not only of great talent, but of the highest personal honour and the most stainless integrity of private character. They were young, ardent, sanguine, and full of enthusiasm; and it is not to be supposed that such men could hear without disgust the stale tricks and dishonest



political dodges of O'Connell. These men very naturally drew after them what O'Connell himself was in the habit of calling *the young blood of Ireland*, and the consequence was, that Dan found a new party, of young, ardent, honest, and energetic men directly under his nose. This annoyed him very much; but as yet no breach or sufficient cause of quarrel had occurred between him and them.

"Why don't you put down these Young Irelanders?" said a friend of his, one day, on his return home from a meeting of the Repeal Association.

"What!" he replied, "would you have me commit *Infanticide*?"

In the meantime, the Young Irelanders were anxious to know what he meant with respect to Repeal, a question which he felt it rather inconvenient to answer; but, as some answer must be given, he replied: "Moral force, gentlemen; and I will suffer no other element to come into the agitation. It is a peaceable agitation, and although I have quoted a thousand times

'Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,  
Who would be free, *themselves must strike the blow*.'

yet the blow I mean is only at the purses of our countrymen."

Then commenced the contest between moral force and physical force, and on it went, until O'Connell, for the first time in his life, found himself floored. Smith O'Brien, Grey Porter, and other Protestant gentlemen,

of the highest honour and integrity, joined Repeal about this time; but after having been admitted behind the scenes, they were too honest to remain there long. They knew that immense sums of money had come into the treasury, and insisted on having the accounts investigated and published. Against this, however, Daniel was inexorable: the contest subsequently came to a Waterloo day between them. The Young Ireland party publicly withdrew from the Association, and immediately set up a physical force establishment for themselves.

As we do not write this book either for or against any party, and as we record nothing but what we feel and believe to be truth, we think it due to the memory of O'Connell, to state a fact which should wipe away a thousand errors from his political career. In the year 1843, during the period of the monster meetings, when by a single move of his finger he could have produced a formidable insurrection, it so happened that Ledru Rollin paid a visit to this country. The people at that period had no other expectation than that O'Connell's object was to effect the repeal of the Union by force of arms, and to this conclusion they were unquestionably led by the spirit and tenor of his harangues, as well as by the warlike character of his poetical quotations, all of which smelt tremendously of broil and battle. Nay, he went so far as to quote some of his own poetry—strongly heroic—to show them what he intended to do. We do not exactly remember the opening words, having but an

indifferent memory for heroic poetry, but they were something to the following effect,

“Oh ! that the happy fate were mine  
To lead you on *in battle line*,” &c., &c., &c.

Be this as it may, the war project was debated, and as the people had been made ripe for an outbreak, and a strong war party existed in the country, a good many discussions took place upon the subject. Ledru Rollin, it seems, promised them aid from France, both in money, ammunition, and officers, to command and discipline them. O’Connell, however, was not to be won over to *warfare*, notwithstanding his heroic quotations. He crushed the insurrection in its cradle, and saved his own skin and the country from all the horrors and carnage of a civil war.


After the separation of the young Irelanders from the Repeal Association, nothing was heard among them but war :

“Our voice is still for war.”

The pages of the “Nation” were flooded with war-songs, that would turn cowardice into heroism. There was no such thing as liberty in the British dominions. Every Irishman was a slave ; but then every slave was either a poet or a hero, generally both, and nothing could surpass their prowess upon paper. It is impossible to imagine the torrents of patriotic ink that were shed upon the occasion. Clubs with antiquated and unpronounceable names were formed by all the young lads of Dublin, each with its juvenile president, who boldly pronounced the war speech

which he had got—we were about to say, by *heart*—no, but by memory. Then they all prepared themselves with handy little pikes, and when the poor lads went to bed, they dreamt of nothing but putting down the British Government, and establishing a provisional one at home. He was no true *herokin* who did not wear a tiny little silver pike in his breast to show the world the dreadful tenor of his patriotism. Old pensioners were at a high premium, and brought high prices wherever they could be found, as disciplinarians, who were qualified to drill these youngsters up to the point of victory. Everything in the shape of a gun, be it musket, carbine, or fowling-piece, was put into requisition; and a vast number of terrible pikes were furnished to them by the detectives, who in general drilled them first, and afterwards reported them to Government.


The last revolution in Paris made the Irish affair certain. Why should not a Dublin mob overthrow a Government as well as a Parisian one? The cry was now “Up with the barricades! and hurra for the God of battles!” This God of battles must have been a terrible fellow in his way, and no friend to the British Constitution, or he would not have been hand and glove, as he was, with the young gentlemen in question. The streets were now to have been broken up, and any price was offered for pitch, tar, and old bottles. In short, the swagger was tremendous—the patriotism awful. Old bottles rose three farthings a hundred; and some of the dealers in old glass are still anxious for another



outbreak, and lick their lips whenever they think of the barricades.

Let us, however, before we close upon this subject, take a serious view of it. We have already, in connection with crime and Irish approvers, spoken pretty freely of Irish honesty. It is a fact that a single step was not taken by these foolish persons with which the Government was not made immediately acquainted. Major Browne, one of the commissioners of police, publicly stated, in Henry Street Police Office, that he had persons in his employment of whose situation in life they could not dream—"men," he added, "as well dressed, and with as good broad-cloth on them, as has any man here."

The Young Ireland camp, however, divided. John Mitchell and Devon Reilly seceded from the "Nation" party. Mitchell established a paper, called "The United Irishman," which, for coarseness, vehemence, and ability, was equally remarkable. Of course, there was not the slightest chance of success in such an insane movement; but if there had been, the ferocious and brutal violence of his language put an end to it. Lord Clarendon—a moderate and humane man—was termed Butcher-General of Ireland, and was told, by Mitchell, that he expected no mercy from him, as, so help him God, he (Lord Clarendon) might expect none from him (Mitchel), should their cause prosper. This was not the language of common sense or common feeling, but of political insanity. At all events, his violence precipitated not only the movements of Government, but those of the party from which he had seceded.





The cause of this secession we shall state. In the latter part of '47, the plan for the agitation of their objects was debated among them. Charles Gavan Duffy, if we are rightly informed, advocated a training by education, and a previous improvement in the habits and condition of the people, and argued, very properly, that any attempt at a political movement of violence would *then* be injudicious and premature. Mitchell, however, was all for war. He would have a run upon the banks—he would have an immediate insurrection, like that of Paris. The two plans—his and Duffy's—were discussed at a full meeting; and that of the latter was carried, with the exception only of two voices,—that of Mitchell himself, and Thomas Devon Reilly. The two latter, as we have stated, instantly seceded. The "United Irishman" was consequently established, by the violence of which the whole party were dragged forward into a movement which they had not contemplated at such a moment.

Government, now provoked—and justly provoked—by this man, whose violent ravings they took as the exponent of the whole party, came down upon them like a thunderbolt, or a hawk among a flock of chickens. The revolution in France, too, stimulated them, and they took it for granted that French assistance could be procured, acting, probably, upon the former promises of Ledru Rollin, who was now in power. There is no doubt, however, that such preparations as could be made for a rising were in the act of being made by the Dublin clubs; and it is not impossible that

the success of the Parisian citizens gave strength to Mitchell's violence.

A deputation was accordingly sent over to the French Provisional Government, to state the grievances of Ireland and seek for aid. Lamartine, who was at that time President of the Republic, told them, very coolly, that the object of French policy was not to interfere with international law. Ireland, he said, was a component part of Great Britain, in a political sense, and joined to her by a recognised law, and that it was not for France to interfere between two countries so situated, and so united.

Soon after their return the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act* was passed, as was the "Arms Act." Mitchell was arrested, tried, and transported. Proclamations were issued, offering rewards for the apprehension of the leaders. This occasioned a dispersion to which that of the Ten Tribes was nothing. They fled like quicksilver to Slieve-namon, and there, without money, without men, without food, without discipline, officers, arms, or ammunition, in the glowing heat of their valour—big with the hopes of a successful revolution, for the accomplishing of which they were so admirably provided—they attacked—a police barrack, and were defeated in—a cabbage garden! Let there be no misunderstanding upon this subject. These men made this insane attempt without a single provision for success. They had neither the priests nor the people with them. The former, in their battle upon the rival forces, had supported O'Connell and the moral movement, and opposed the Young Irelanders; whilst the latter were

broken down and prostrated by two years of unprecedented famine, and the certain prospect of a third. Such are the men from whose political wisdom—had they succeeded—the Irish people were to expect the advantages of great statesmanship, and the incredible benefits of sapient legislation. It is due to them to say, however, that, apart from their folly as politicians, it would be impossible to find a more high-minded and honourable set of men; but by far the ablest among them was Gavan Duffy. Mitchell, however, outflanked him by his violence and precipitation, and destroyed the steady progress which the movement was making,—a movement which we now condemn, and—as the Young Irelanders well know—have always condemned. In fact, we believe that a greater curse could not be inflicted on the country than to give it a Parliament of its own making.

We do not speak this unadvisedly, and we will give our reasons. If Repeal were granted to-morrow, the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland would start up into a formidable body of politicians, with nothing in their aim and object but the interests of their Church. We may be asked why we make such an assertion; and we shall reply. We are now discussing a public subject, and we beg those gentlemen to believe us, when we say that we mean them no offence. But the truth is, we know the spirit of their religion, and of the country, as well as any man in it, and we support our assertion by facts that have recently occurred in Ireland.

There is an agitation now in progress amongst us,

conducted by the members of the "Tenant League." That agitation is a wholesome and a necessary one. Its object is at once just, humane, and noble. That object is to place the tenant in a situation of independence; to rescue him from his position as a mere serf to his landlord; to make land a free commodity, and to enable the cultivator of the soil to hold it at such a price as may allow him to live, and at the same time render in payment to his landlord such a rent as the land is really and absolutely worth. It also proposes to extend the principle of tenant right over the whole kingdom; guaranteeing to the tenant a fair compensation for such improvements as he may make by the expenditure of capital and industry upon the property. Now, all this is just and fair, and until it shall be obtained, the country will never be prosperous nor quiet.

In this agitation the priests of the south and west unite very cordially with the Presbyterian clergymen of the north, and everything seems to go on very amicably. It did rejoice our heart to witness this generous community of good feeling and principle between classes who had hitherto looked upon each other only through their theological spectacles, with jealousy and mistrust. Another object of the tenant league is, to see that no members shall, if possible, be returned to Parliament, unless such as will pledge themselves to support it. To this the Roman Catholic priests pledged themselves; and it was taken for granted that they would have exercised their boundless influence over the people, in order to carry out

this desirable object. What, however, is the fact? Church principles took place of the rights of the people; ecclesiastical interference predominated. Longford, that had declared for the tenant league, owing to sacerdotal influence, returned a friend of Government, merely because it was taken for granted that he would oppose the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill. What the influence was that prevailed in Cork and Dungarvan, we will not pretend to say; but in both, the rights of the people were neglected. The return of Lord Arundel, however, for Limerick, is a case in which the interference of the priesthood cannot be overlooked. In order to support him, they turned themselves into a set of slavish politicians; they walked in procession; they bore everything before them; and the gentleman opposed to Lord Arundel, conscious of his support, and aware that the contest could not be determined without great injury to public morals, probably without bloodshed and loss of life, humanely declined to engage in such a barbarous struggle, and resigned.

Now, we say that the act of these priests walking in public procession, was not only disgraceful and intolerant, but unconstitutional. What would be said if a body of Protestant Clergy were to act in such a manner? Why all Europe would ring with it. Her Majesty would receive memorials to no end, and the grievance would be proclaimed, and justly too, from every altar and platform in the three kingdoms. No, if we had a repeal of the Union, no man would have any chance for a seat in an Irish Parliament, unless upon Roman Catholic


---

Church principles. Ultramontane doctrines are now predominant in Ireland, and Pope-worship is the standard creed of our bishops and priests who belong to that persuasion.

In connexion with this subject we cannot overlook the proceedings at the Synod of Thurles, and the illiberal obstruction which that Synod attempted to throw in the way of enlightened education among the middle classes. It was felt that the sources of education and knowledge in Ireland were quite inadequate to the necessities and the demands of so large a population. At a late hour the British Government resolved to obviate this great evil, for such it was. The middle classes, both Protestant and Catholic, felt that the expenses attendant upon a course of academical education in Trinity College, were beyond their means, and the consequence was, that the learned professions, together with other honourable and scientific pursuits, were completely out of the reach of their children. The Roman Catholic especially felt aggrieved, and justly aggrieved, by the principles of a university which excluded his son from all academic honours beyond a Sizarship, unless upon the condition of abandoning his religion. This state of things was not only shameful in itself, but disgraceful to a country in which the Roman Catholic population are six to one. We say the Government felt the want of the country, and resolved to meet it. After the most mature consideration; after frequent consultations with many heads of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland; after grave deliberations with the

most eminent, liberal, distinguished men of the day, a system was formed so just, so fair, so free from all possible objection, from all cause of suspicion, that it was actually attacked by the bigotted on *both* sides; and these admirable institutions, so guardedly established, were considered by the Protestant and Catholic bigots, as worthy of no other name than that of "godless Colleges." In fact, such precautions were taken against every possible objection, that not a single scruple was left unconsidered or unprovided for. The Roman Catholic student had his religion and morals guarded with more vigilance than if he resided in his father's house. The system, in fact, was perfect; the *curriculum* admirable, nothing wrong, nothing to be fastened on in the way of objection. Yet all this would not satisfy the priesthood. The Ultramontane bigotry prevailed in the Synod of Thurles, from which a document emanated disgraceful at once to pure Christianity and civilised life—a document stamped by an intolerance of the advance of science, civil liberty, and education.

Those who composed that Synod, however, are quite mistaken, if they suppose that their illiberal fulminations will put down either the mind or spirit of the country. They may wield their authority over the lower population, who have long been accustomed to slavery in all its shapes; but as for those who constitute that class for whom the cause of education in these colleges is intended, the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy may rest assured that their opinions, whether private or official, will be taken at



their proper worth, and the colleges will go on and prosper in defiance of priest, Pope, and Synod.

We have now stated what we have *to fear* for the country, viz., an apprehension that the introduction by the Catholic priesthood of Church principles into every element of civil, political, and social life, will, by causing a corresponding re-action in opposite creeds, lead to disunion among parties that are now disposed to unite and forget their sectarian differences for the sake of their common country.

In the next place we have to state *our hopes* ; and these are very cheering indeed. Education, in spite of all obstruction, is progressing rapidly and prosperously. We subjoin an extract or two from the last Report of the Education Society, which is highly gratifying. The increase of schools and pupils is not, in this instance, an ordinary increase ; especially when the frightful decrease of the population is taken into consideration. This society is extending the sphere of its exertions liberally and nobly ; but the fact is, it is cramped for want of means. The mass of ignorance it has to combat with and enlighten is enormous ; and we do assure the prime minister that an additional grant of fifty thousand a-year, placed at the disposal of this admirable society, would be more valuable to the country than all the legislative enactments that he has ever made, or may make, for it. We think it is admitted that we know the country well ; and the ministry may rest assured of the truth which we assert.

The society in question is, as we said, extending the



sphere of its exertions in proportion, as far as its means allow, to the pressing wants of the country. It has established the ordinary education schools; it has gone into the workhouse, where it is teaching the neglected pauper; it has established seventeen *model* agricultural schools, and thirty-seven *ordinary* ones. Neither is the industrial department neglected. At present it is supporting nineteen *industrial* schools; and many new applications are under consideration. It is also about to establish *maritime* schools, which, in connection with our fisheries, will be of the greatest importance; and we trust that, through their means, the senseless and ignorant superstitions of the Claddagh, and other such places, will be abolished. The following extracts are from their last Report:—

“NUMBER OF SCHOOLS, &c.—On the 31st of December, 1849, we had 4321 schools in operation, which were attended by 480,623 children. At the close of the year 1850, the number of schools in operation was 4547, and of pupils on the rolls, 511,239, showing an increase in the schools in operation, of 226; and an increase in the attendance for the year 1850, as compared with the year 1849, of 30,616 children. In addition to the 4547 schools in operation, there are 160 schools not yet in operation, towards which, at various times, we have made building grants; of these grants, 46 (involving liabilities to the extent of 2982*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.*) were made during the past year. When these 160 schools shall have been completed, and in operation, they will afford accommodation to 15,343 additional pupils. The number of schools struck off the

rolls, during the year 1850, for various reasons, was 154; 12 schools are suspended, which may hereafter be re-opened; and 287 new schools were added to the list. The number of our schools on the 31st December, 1850, was 4719, including those in operation, those suspended, and those towards the building of which we have promised aid. The actual and expected attendance in these 4719 schools would amount to 526,582. There has been a steady increase in the attendance at the national schools every year, except in 1847 and 1849, the decrease in which years is attributable to the causes already adverted to in previous reports. The total attendance in 1850, of 511,239 children, in the 4547 schools in operation, gives an average, on the rolls, of  $112\frac{1}{2}$  to each school. The number of national schools in each province, with the number of children in attendance, on the 31st of December, 1850, were,—Number of Schools: Ulster, 1871; Munster, 1074; Leinster, 1158; Connaught, 616. Attendance: Ulster, 154,469; Munster, 154,019; Leinster, 140,831; Connaught, 68,534. We have promised aid to build and furnish 160 schools. Many of these have been for some time in progress, and will be soon completed; others have been only recently commenced, and, towards the erection of the remainder, no steps have yet been taken. The outstanding grants, made in various years, to these 160 schools, amount to 12,701*l.* 11*s.* In addition to these, we awarded grants of salaries and books to 227 new schools in 1850. The number of applications for grants to new schools, in the year 1850, was 424. To 287 of these we

promised the requisite assistance, either for building, or for salaries and books. The remaining 137 applications were rejected for various reasons, of which official records are kept. We are happy to state, that the number of applications received, during the present year (1851), for aid towards the establishment of new schools, continues to be very considerable.

· “**MARITIME SCHOOLS.**—We have had under consideration, during the year, the important subject of maritime schools. It appears to us desirable that a limited number of schools of this description should be established in a few of the most populous towns on the coast of Ireland. A grant of salary to the teachers, and of a sum towards defraying the purchase of suitable instruments and apparatus, comprise the whole amount of aid we propose to give. Before laying down any plan for conducting such schools, we have considered it desirable to call upon our head inspectors for a special report on the subject. In our next report we shall state the arrangements we have made for imparting instruction on maritime subjects to some of the children attending our ordinary national schools.”

There are other public topics which, as this is a book written expressly upon Ireland, we would not be justified in overlooking. The Board of Works, for instance, under the able direction of Major Larcom, is rendering vast and important services to the country; and the system of Arterial Drainage—conducted, we believe, by a man of eminent ability, Mr. Commissioner Mulvany—is also

doing, and will do, an immensity of good to such a soil as ours. Then we have another admirable institution, conceived and founded by the late Peter Purcel; we mean the Royal Agricultural Society—a society which is steadily advancing the best interests of the country by diffusing among the people the very description of knowledge in which they were most deficient, and which is so essential to their progress and prosperity.

We have also two Boards of Irish Manufacture, which really have been surprisingly active and efficient, and who have established a principle among us which, if persevered in and carried out as there is every reason to believe it will be, must eventually fasten upon the heart of the country a spirit of manly, patriotic, and independent industry, that will tell powerfully for the improvement and self-reliance of our people. They have not only established a great number of schools for the industrial education of poor young females in the lower classes, who have been thus rescued from idleness, vice, and poverty; but they have also engaged the sympathy and interests of ladies among the higher ranks, who, instead of relaxing themselves into indolence and lassitude over the trash contained in fashionable novels, are now engaged, as they ought to be, in discharging those important duties to their dependants, that are inseparable from their condition. A great number of the ladies of Ireland, both titled and untitled, have established, and are every day establishing, in connexion with these Boards, Industrial Schools for poor young females; and we have reason to


know that the work produced in some, if not in all of them, is, considering the short period they have been in existence, astonishingly beautiful and ingenious, both in execution and design. But this is not all. English merchants, always shrewd and alive to their own advantages, are beginning to be stirred into interest by this praiseworthy and respectable agitation. Again, we find upon investigation and experiment, that our own mechanics and artisans are capable of producing articles not only as good, but better than those which we have been in the habit of importing at a cost much above that for which they can be produced at home. The spirit of mechanical and artisan industry is therefore rapidly progressing, as is that of agricultural improvement. In point of fact, the country is assuming a new shape and a healthier tone. The people feel that it is their duty as well as their interest to give up the senseless rage for politics, and to depend upon their own exertions, instead of the hollow promises of agitators, of whom they are thoroughly sick, as they have a right to be.

This salutary change in the spirit and condition of the country is delightful to contemplate, and is a proof that the first principles of regeneration and prosperity have set in.

In connexion with this improved state of things among us, we cannot avoid referring to two topics which at this moment are exciting deep attention, not only here, but in England and Scotland. We allude, in the first instance, to the Maynooth grant, against which a cry, as senseless


---

as it is bigoted, has been latterly got up by a few narrow-minded men, whose principles are a century behind the present time. We do not think, however, that Lord Derby is the man who will set a seal upon the fountains of knowledge. He, above all men, could not do it. Lord Stanley was the first statesman who, by the great conception of the Education Society of Ireland, loosened its springs, and set them a flowing throughout the land, liberally and freely. He it was who struck the Rock of Ignorance among us, and drew forth healthy waters for the benefit of a neglected and thirsty people. In truth, the value of the great establishment of which he is the founder is beyond all calculation. The principle on which he based it was fraught with a knowledge of what was necessary for the country, together with a spirit of broad and manly liberality. In the name of God, then, in the name of that liberality, in the name of progress and the advance of social comfort and civilisation, how could Lord Derby extinguish the light of knowledge which he himself kindled among us? His position is the highest which any subject can enjoy under the British throne, but his character and genius are still higher than his position. By lending himself to this ignorant and illiberal cry against the Maynooth grant, he will uncrown himself of the glorious diadem which, as the friend of education, he has already won, and worn with honour. Those men who join in this ferocious bigotry against Maynooth are persons who wish to revive the barbarous and exploded principles upon which our country was formerly



governed, when education was made a crime, whilst the unhappy people were punished for the ignorance which the want of it occasioned. At this present time we question whether there is a more enlightened or liberal college in the three kingdoms than Maynooth. The President, Dr. Renehan, is a man whose piety is simple, pure, and exalted, and whose liberality is equal to his piety. Indeed it is only necessary to mention the names of Murray, Russell, Croly, Kelly, Whitehead, O'Hanlon, and others, men not only of profound learning, but of large and liberal minds, and from whom, unless the Institution which they adorn is cramped by a penurious policy, a liberal, pious, and enlightened priesthood may be expected. My Lord of Derby cannot, then, without casting a blot upon his hitherto stainless escutcheon, attempt, after what he has already done for education, to extinguish the lamp of knowledge, by diminishing the means of acquiring it in this College of Maynooth. As a proof that it has made rapid advances in an extended course of education, we give the following *curriculum*, which is unquestionably highly creditable to the heads of the Institution; and, we may add, a very different one from what it was forty years ago, when it was sunk by the neglect of an adverse government in embarrassment and struggle :—

“No scholar shall be admitted upon the establishment who shall not be capable of answering in the Latin and Greek authors set down in the following entrance course :—



## LATIN.

*For admission to the Second Class of Humanity.*

Cæsar's Commentaries, first and second books, *De Bello Gallico*.  
 Virgil's Eclogues, first, second, third, and fourth books of *Æneid*.  
 Cicero's Four Orations against Catiline.

## GREEK.

Greek Grammar,—Gospel of St. John.  
 Lucian's Dialogues, first book,—Murphy's or Walker's.  
 Xenophon's *Cyropædia*,—first, second, and third books.

## LATIN.

Cicero's Orations on the Manilian Law, for Archias, Milo, Marcellus, and Ligarius.  
 Horace,—Odes and Satires.  
 Livy,—first, second, and third books.  
 Virgil,—fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth books.  
 Juvenal,—first, third, fourth, and tenth satires.

## GREEK.

Enchiridion of Epictetus.  
 Xenophon's *Anabasis*,—first and second books.  
 Homer's *Iliad*,—first, second, third, and fourth books.

For admission to Logic, besides the authors contained in the foregoing lists :—


## LATIN.

Tacitus,—first, second, third, fourth, and fifth books of the *Annals*.  
 Livy,—fourth and fifth books ; Cicero's *Offices*.  
 Virgil's *Georgics*, and four last books of the *Æneid*.  
 Horace's *Art of Poetry*.

## GREEK.

Homer's *Iliad*,—fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth books.  
 Demosthenes's *Philippics* and *De Corona*.  
 Longinus *de Sublimi*.

“Henceforth no scholar can be admitted into Maynooth





who shall not be found capable of answering in Murray's Abridgment of English Grammar, a short system of Geography, and the Elements of Arithmetic—for entrance into Humanity.

“The aforesaid elementary branches, together with Grecian and Roman History, and Algebra, as far as Quadratic Equations included—for entrance into Rhetoric.

“For entrance into Logic, the above two courses are required, with English and Irish History, and six books of Euclid's or Darras' Geometry, to be taught henceforth in the Rhetoric class.”

There is also an able Professor of Natural Philosophy, the Rev. Dr. Callan, who has an excellent apparatus for making experiments, and whose class, we believe, is numerous and eagerly attended.


Now this *curriculum* is highly creditable to Maynooth College, and there is nothing more certain than that, under the administration of Professors so pious, learned, and liberal, a class of Catholic clergymen will proceed from it, who will elevate and purify the character and passions of the people, and thus contribute to establish the peace and advance the prosperity of the country. It is thus by liberalising the course of education in that establishment, that we have the best possible guarantee against the principal danger we dread—as we have already stated—which consists in an apprehension lest, owing to ultra-montane influence and papal corruption, the priesthood of the country should yield a slavish and unmanly submis-

sion to it, and sacrifice the spirit of liberty and the welfare of the country, to the subtle policy of foreign ambition—a spiritual ambition of the worst class, entertained and acted upon by a purposeless hypocrite who commenced his career as the friend of liberty—yet who is at this moment a slave to the continental despotism of Europe.

It is then only by an enlarged and enlightened education, bestowed upon the Irish priesthood, that the danger we have alluded to can be met: and it is not surely by withdrawing or diminishing the means of acquiring such an education that a class of Catholic clergy will be formed capable of conferring important advantages upon the country. We believe that the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh is personally a man of unquestionable piety, but on the other hand he is neither more nor less than the slave and servant of Pio Nono. The fact is, that this same Pio Nono is a narrow-minded and unscrupulous bigot. After the death of the late amiable, pious, and liberal Dr. Croly, Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, the names as is usual, of three eminent and learned Catholic clergymen were transmitted to Rome, of whom the Rev. Dr. Keiran, parish priest of Dundalk, and vicar-general of the diocese, ranked by the number of votes as *Dignissimus*. But what was the fact? Pio Nono trampled with scorn upon the wishes and sentiments of the Irish Catholic clergy, and appointed Dr. Cullen, then Superior of the Irish College at Rome, and a comparatively young man, to this important office. Now, why was this done? We think about thirty years ago—we will not be certain as to

the time—the Irish priesthood insisted on the right of Domestic Nomination. Their conduct in this instance was independent and actually noble. They felt very properly the spirit of freemen—because they felt that the Pope, unless guided by the free votes of the Irish Catholic clergy, could act only in the dark, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should take the sense of the Irish priesthood upon the appointment of their own bishops. Accordingly domestic nomination was conceded, and it was arranged that three individuals should be selected by vote—he who had the fewest votes was marked *dignus* ; he who had more than the lowest was marked *dignior* ; and he who had the largest number *dignissimus*.

Now the Pope is bound by the principle of domestic nomination to appoint some *one* of the three names returned to him ; but in the case of Dr. Cullen he completely set aside the accredited arrangement which had been solemnly established between the See of Rome and the Irish Roman Catholic Church—and, trampling without scruple upon all ecclesiastical diplomacy, he set *the whole three aside*, and appointed his reverend friend Dr. Cullen, to the highest and most honourable order of the Irish priesthood. In connexion with this subject, we cannot overlook the fact, which, indeed, if nothing else did, bears out our assertions—that the narrow and ignorant principles of papal policy are about, if possible, to be obtruded, not only on the ecclesiastical polity of this country, but also with a view that that polity should mix with, and ultimately predominate over, those glorious



principles of civil liberty under which we live. We trust, however, that the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood will never become the slaves to any system which would sap and undermine civil or religious liberty, or their own independence. They themselves have been too long and too unjustly deprived of it, and surely *they* ought to be the last persons in the world who would tamely submit to have a contrary principle imposed upon themselves or the country. As for Lord John Russell's bill, it is waste paper, and we do not think it was ever intended for any other purpose; but if it so happen that through such agents of papal ambition as Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Cullen, an Italian spirit shall be introduced among the Roman Catholic priesthood of this country, subversive of civil freedom or the existence of the Established Church of Ireland, then, at once, and with equal energy and decision, let Lord John Russell's bill be carried out to the very letter. It is astonishing what mischief may be done by one wily and ambitious churchman.

Before we close this part of our subject, we must say a few words upon the appointment of Dr. Cullen to the Catholic Primacy of Ireland.

For a considerable time a principle of contest upon the subject of general education had been going on between the Roman Catholic Bishops of this country. For an education, in which the Catholic and Protestant children of the country might meet and associate with each other, and cultivate those amicable feelings of regard and affection which naturally proceed from such an intercourse,

and soften down the asperities of religious and party feeling, there were seven bishops, we believe, against twenty. We will give the names of these noble-minded men and of their respective sees. First, the Right Rev. Dr. Croly, Catholic Primate of Armagh; Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin; Dr. Denvir, Bishop of Down and Connor; Dr. M'Gettingen, Bishop of Raphoe; Dr. M'Glaughlan, Bishop of Derry; Dr. Kennedy, Bishop of Killaloe; and Dr. Browne, Bishop of Kilmore. Honour be to the names of such of them as are yet amongst us, and to the memory of those who are now enjoying in a better world the reward of their piety, and that Christian charity, which would promote the education, the peace, and the happiness of their fellow-creatures! The matter was frequently discussed and debated, and at length an appeal was made by each party to the present Pope. Two deputations—one on each side—were sent to Rome; the Rev. Messrs. Ennis and Maher on the part of the liberal and Christian minority; and the Rev. Mr., or Dr., M'Hale on the part of the intolerant majority. This majority was headed by the Right Rev. Dr. M'Hale, a man whose ability is equal to his bigotry, and we do not think that we could pay his intellect a higher compliment. The result is now well known. Pio Nono, who started upon his papal career with liberty upon his lips and tyranny in his heart, took the illiberal side, and set himself against knowledge, progress, and civilisation. In the meantime the pious and amiable Primate died, and the Pope—may Heaven preserve us—felt so much alarmed at *the want of*

*unity* among the Irish bishops, and the scandal it must give to the Church, that he came to the resolution of appointing no priest who might possibly have imbibed the principles of his liberal diocesan as his successor. The consequence was, that the three Rev. and learned gentlemen who had been nominated by the Irish priesthood were treated, as we have said, with contempt, and Dr. Cullen was sent over here as the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh. This was one motive ; but another was evidently to establish the slavish principles of ultramontane policy in Ireland, and to crush everything like ecclesiastical freedom among the Catholic priesthood of the country.

And now a few words upon the aforesaid Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland. We believe, and are certain, that there is a great mass of bigotry among them. But still, let us do them justice. We are of opinion that their conduct as ministers of religion is an example worthy of imitation by every priesthood, whether Catholic or Protestant, in Europe. At the bed of death and of sickness—in the pest-house—in the remote and solitary cabin—in the prison—in the cell of the convict—and, in fact, wherever the administration of Christian support and consolation to the sick and dying—to the poor and neglected—to the expiring victim of oppression, or the soul burthened with crime—is required, they are always at their post, willing to sacrifice health, and life itself, sooner than that the soothing consolations of Christian hope should not ease the guilty heart, and direct the unhappy spirit to the mercy of God. Let the Protestant clergy, both in

England and Ireland, imitate the faithfulness and energy with which they discharge their duties. A great number of conversions to the Church of Rome have taken place for some few years past in England; but we tell the Protestant clergy of that country, that if they had not slept upon their posts, the enemy would not have got into the fold as they did and are doing. It is not the cold discharge of mere routine duty that will protect their flocks; but an incessant and anxious attention, in season and out of season, to the spiritual wants of a people, among whom, especially the lower classes, there is a mass of ignorance that is not only frightful and appalling, but disgraceful to the ministry of the Protestant clergy of England. Let them arouse themselves from their lethargy, from their indolence, and their sloth, and reflect deeply, and with a view of amendment, upon the important duties which devolve upon them. It is not by acts of parliament, or penal statutes, that these conversions to Catholicism can be prevented; but by an active, humble, and energetic discharge of their spiritual functions, and the example of well-ordered and pious lives. The English people are a thinking people; and when persons of intellect and education contrast the conduct of the two priesthoods, it is not surprising that the inference drawn from the contrast should be against the cold, negligent, and slothful. In this case, the men are taken as the exponents of their creed; and the consequence is, that the purity of that creed suffers through them.

There is only one other topic in connection with Ireland

to which we feel ourselves bound to advert, and it is, like the Maynooth grant, of deep importance to any ministry that wishes to establish a firm hold upon the gratitude and affections of the Irish people. The administration of Lord Derby is already popular in Ireland—but, at the same time, it is but right to say that that popularity is based more upon the future than the past—more upon what it is hoped he will do, than upon anything he has yet done. Now we beg to assure him that, next to his support and continuance of the Maynooth grant, there is no public act which he could perform as a minister, which would so completely bind and knit the hearts of the Irish people to him, as setting the Irish State Prisoners free. Besides this, the act itself would be worthy of a great mind—a mind that looks not back to cruel uncivilised examples, but forward, to a better, higher, and more elevated class of public principles. Their free pardon would be an act worthy of Lord Derby. God knows it is time in their peculiar case, at least, that the old heartless code of political vengeance should be replaced by one breathing more of humanity and mercy. These men were wrong, but then they were not the means of shedding blood. The country at the period of their attempt—if attempt it can be called—was not in a disposition, neither had it inclination, to support them; and we feel quite certain that, if the Irish Government had not issued its proclamations, offering rewards for the apprehension of the leaders, there would have been no attempt whatsoever at an outbreak. In fact before the



issue of the proclamations, the thing was found by these persons to be a complete failure. Upon investigation they discovered that they had neither the priests nor the people with them, and felt that it was rather a difficult matter to conduct a rebellion without men, arms, or money.

Be this, however, as it may, we can assure Lord Derby that, whatever the feelings upon this subject—among a few young men and some of the mechanics of the metropolis—had been, not only has the metropolis undergone a most wholesome and beneficial transition, but the country at large. The spirit of industry has dispelled the idle dreams of a few foolish young patriots, from whom, had the Government known them as well as we did, it would not have entertained the slightest apprehension of an insurrection. Besides, it is neither just nor generous to identify a political error with the vice of a criminal. In all the relations of private life these men were not only stainless but exemplary; and when we heard Sir George Grey defend the conduct of that slavish and tyrannical tyrant Denison, we almost thought we had gone back to the period and the principles which brought a Russell to the scaffold. No—it is too bad that a love of country, even when carried to excess, should be classed with the crime which sends the common convict to the penal colonies and the felon to the dock. Why if George Washington had failed, it is not improbable that he would have been hanged like a thief or a murderer. Who, for instance, would think of William Tell as a criminal? There

lingers, however, about the British constitution, a remnant of the old spirit, upon which it is impossible to look back without shame and horror. If it still influence, or abide among British councils, we trust to Lord Derby's great and comprehensive mind to banish it from among them, and that his first act of repudiating it will be to restore these men to their friends and country.

THE END.

